

SHE IS EXPOSED.

Bacchante on View for
the Boston Public.

Her Charms Seen Through a
Veil of Water.

Many Persons Object to
Even This Drapery.

All Kinds of Opinions on
Bronze Siren.

From an Artistic Point of View
She is a Great Success.

Bacchante is now posing before the people who have paid for her environment. On the whole, she appears so far to have pleased the unprejudiced proprietors of the building, although, as might be expected, a few suggestions were thrown out.

The consensus of opinion of the visitors yesterday afternoon appeared to be this: Bacchante herself is all right, but they ought to turn the water off.

The visitors were inclined to be critical, and that Bacchante passed through the afternoon's ordeal without exciting much that was uncomplimentary and deprecatory should be something in her favor.



A CONNOISSEUR.

She was first exposed to the public gaze at 2 p.m., and from that time until dark there was continually a group of about 200 standing before the statue and a crowd in the balcony looking down upon the figure.

There were all sorts among the visitors, the connoisseur, or the man or woman whom everybody else thought must be a connoisseur because he or she presumed to compare the bronze woman's curves with other nude celebrities, the clergyman looking possibly for a text, the stout woman with the lorgnette, the girl with her drawing materials who spends her days in front of De Chavanne's and Abbey's mural decorations, students of both sexes galore, down to the man who simply "knew a good shape" when he saw one.



HULLY GEE! DEY'S
TURNED DE NOSE ON HER!

Bacchante was later in entering than a great many of the curious expected, for several hundred curious persons waited around for her all the forenoon. It took some preparation, however, for this exhibition. Not that Sarah Brown's double spent the morning titillating before the mirrors in the basement of the library, but simply that she is not allowed to appear unless veiled behind the transparent streams from a score of jets, and it took time to arrange for this concession to modesty, or whatever it might be called.

Bacchante stands on a green pedestal placed in the center of a pool in the courtyard of the public library, with her coquettishly smiling face toward Brookline, balancing herself on her right leg.

A circle of water jets around her throw their streams upward over her head, where the spray scatters over the little bronze figure and runs down in tiny streams from the arms, shoulders and thighs, and especially from the end of the toe of the upraised foot.

In order to provide enough water for

Continued on the Seventh Page.

OUR NEW HIRED MAN.

O, our famly' ez er big un,
'N' et ain't no easy job
T' keep th' kittle o' contentment
Allus singin' on th' 'b.
'N' th' milk of human kindness
Allus foamin' en th' pan,
Yit, that's jes' what ez expected
Of

Our New Hired Man!

'Tain't no sinecure—th' contract
Fer four year—he's undertook;
Yit er life o' quiet comfort
En his own house he's forsook,
Fer ter make himself the servant
'O red, white, 'n' black 'n' tan,
'N' be known to all creation

Ez Our Head Hired Man.

He must set our boundless acres
All er-smilin' 'neath th' sun
O' prosperity—he's promised,
'N' we want ter see et done,
From th' Great Lakes ter th' Gulf, 'n'
From Alaska ter Cape Ann,
People's hopes ez all er-hangin'

On Our New Hired Man.

If pertaters don't prove payin',
Er th' price et draps for corn,
'Twould be glory in his halo
Ef he never hed been born!
After all, he's only human—
Let him do th' best he can,
Ther'll be dead loads disappointed

In Our New Hired Man!

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

UNCLE RUFUS ON PESSIMISM.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]
This world is full of folks that growl
And are dissatisfied;
Who've found life ain't worth livin'
'cause
They've never fairly tried.

And they git others all stirred up,
And so the trouble spreads,
And then, first thing you know, you'll
hear
They've gone to breakin' heads.

It's wrong, I tell you—all dead wrong—
God didn't put us here
To jest find fault and try to prove
That things is out of gear.

This world's all right, if folks'll try
To take it at its best,
And not eat things their stomachs ain't
Intended to digest.

MISLED.

[From the Chicago Record.]
Love in her eyes—oh, ecstasy!
My heart leaps with a hope divine,
Love in her eyes—but not for me,
She sees an ice cream soda sign.

BRONZE BEAUTY GIVEN A SHOWER BATH.



BACCHANTE AS IT APPEARS IN PUBLIC LIBRARY COURTYARD.

TOGETHER FOR 77 YEARS.

Joseph Manuel of Cape Porpoise is 101 Years Old, and Mrs Manuel Only Three Years Younger—He is Not Expected to Recover From an Attack of Pneumonia.



FOR BUSINESS MEN.



FOR TRAVELERS.



As a Holiday or Birthday Gift.



MR AND MRS JOSEPH MANUEL.

When The Globe's representative called at the cape Porpoise cottage occupied by one of the oldest couples now living in this section of New England, he found the old lady, now 98, ministering to the wants of her aged, invalid husband, who for the past few weeks has been suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, from which it is very doubtful if he will ever rally.

One hundred and one years ago, in the little hamlet of St Ubes, in Portugal, the cure was called from his thatched roof cottage to assist at the birth of a male, afterwards called Joseph Manuel.

Three years later, 1799, a girl was born at Cape Arundel, Me., thousands of miles from the home of the little Manuel boy, and they named her Sarah Wildes. There she lived an uneventful life until a bold sailor came all the way from Portugal to Kennebunkport and laid siege to the prettiest maid in the little seaport.

Soon a clergyman was called upon to seal the compact made among the craggy hills and rough bowlders that form Cape Porpoise. Ten children were the result of their union and of these six are still living.

In their resting room is an old-fashioned post bedstead, an antique chest of drawers, lamps that still show traces of whale oil, an old Bible thoroughly thumbed, soiled and bespattered by tears of sorrow that have flowed as one after another has left these loving ones behind.

The old clock with its case and works of wood marks the passing hours after a service of several average lifetimes.

The mugs, platters and blue-edged plates, sugar bowls and pitchers ranged along the open shelves, reflect the light from a White Mountain stove that has seen long usage. The deal table marks a period of time almost forgotten.

Everything about the house calls up historical descriptions of 100 years ago, even to the crude bunk in a corner of the kitchen that serves in place of the modern lounge.

For 60 years Capt Manuel successfully managed vessels on foreign and coastwise voyages, but during the past 25 years and up to quite recently he has been engaged in piloting vessels for deep sea and shore fishing.

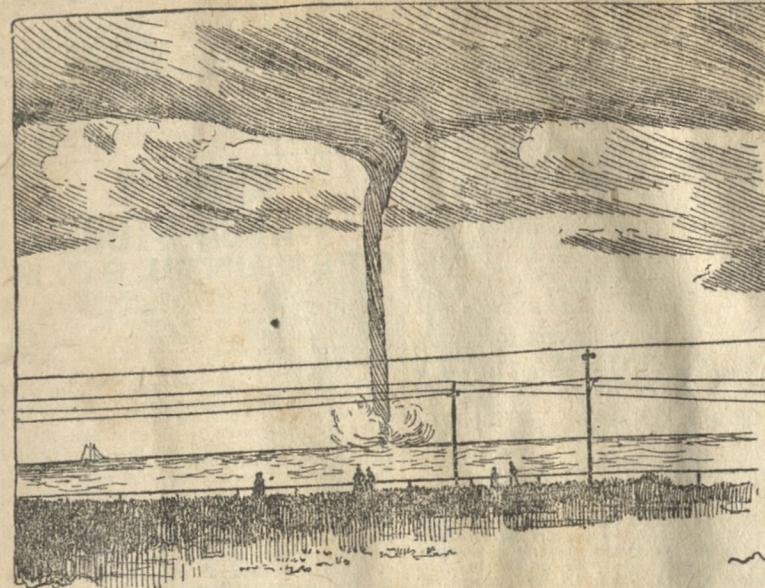
Both Mr and Mrs Manuel belong to the Calvin Baptist church and believe most fully in the extreme doctrines of heaven and hell as promulgated 100 years ago.

It is the prayer of these Christian people that when death calls them they may go together. Mrs Manuel said in speaking of the end: "I cry a good deal and often wish that I could go to the Savior that I love so well. I know there is something more enjoyable than I am finding here; father does not say much about this, but we both have the same hope."

Seventy-seven years of married life seem to have but more firmly united this loving old couple and Mrs Manuel still wears the wedding ring of the old-fashioned yellow gold. It is worn smooth and thin, but graces a still shapely hand.

Joseph Manuel Jr., their son, now lives near them and keeps a continued oversight of them.

WATER SPOUT IN VINEYARD SOUND



THE BIG COLUMN OF WATER AS SEEN FROM OAK BLUFFS.

The waterspout in Vineyard sound, the wreckage of which detailed accounts were given in The Daily Globe, still continues to be the topic of conversation. The old sea dogs who have seen dozens of the phenomena declare it to be the most perfect specimen they ever saw, and consequently it was a great treat to the summer population. Several small vessels were in close proximity to the spot, but no one received any damage. In the immediate vicinity of the display there was a great noise and gusts of wind, while beyond this there was almost a dead calm.

Waterspouts at sea are usually more regular and better defined than those on land, which would in reality be termed tornadoes. The whole area of disturbance is generally smaller, so that the spouts may be approached with safety within a short distance, as was the case in this instance.

The destructive gyratory winds, even in large spouts, extend only a short distance from the center. The reason for this is, meteorologists say, that the surface of the sea being smoother than that of the land, there is a more nearly perfect development of the gyrations and

a greater concentration of energy on sea than on land, since this arises from the unstable state, which is more liable to occur, and to a greater degree of instability, on land, where the surface of the earth becomes much warmer than that of the ocean.

It was formerly supposed that the waterspout consisted of water drawn up into the clouds from the sea, and that the real waterspout was formed on lakes and seas only, hence the name. It is true that a great amount of water may be drawn up from the sea, but this is merely an incidental and secondary matter, and has nothing to do with the formation of the spout.

The amount of water drawn up is usually so small, in comparison with the amount of rainfall, that the latter is never observed to be sensibly affected by it at sea, but always appears to consist of fresh water. When we consider how horses, men and various kinds of heavy bodies and debris are drawn up into the vortex of land tornadoes and thrown out in all directions it is not surprising that much water would be carried up in tornadoes at sea.

Waterspouts are frequently seen along the eastern coast of this country in the vicinity of the gulf stream, not only during the summer season, but also in the winter. Yet this is the first display of this nature observed in Vineyard sound for 27 years.

OBITUARY.

CROSBY.—In the death, a few days since, of Mr. William H. Crosby, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, another representative business man of Nantucket's prosperous whaling days has gone. Mr. Crosby, who had been in poor health for some time, passed peacefully away at his late home on Fair street. He was identified with the oil and candle trade and ship-owners of his early years, as a member of the firm of Matthew Crosby & Son. He bore beneath a somewhat blunt exterior a warm and generous heart, and his kind and generous hand made his quiet nature golden.

THE SUMMER GIRL OF '86.

O the summer days are coming, yes, they're coming right along,
And the beaches will be crowded pretty soon;
And 'way back in the country, the old farmer sings a song
Of welcome to the paying month of June.
Mosquitoes, too, are breeding now, man's comfort to destroy.
Soon at them choice anathemas we'll hurl,
But there is a divinity we hail with greatest joy.
The sweet, seraphic, stunning summer girl.
O the music in her laughter as it floats forth on the breeze,
And the glimmer of the sunbeams in her hair.
For while her pa tolls on at home his daughter takes her ease,
Remote from all the bustle and the glare.
Yet though, perhaps, she'll break our hearts and cause us strange alarms,
We cannot but admit the man's a churl.
Who's not at all affected by the dizzy, dazzling charms
Of the sweet, seraphic, stunning summer girl.
Boston. John F. Smith.

The Dreaded Microbe.

She (on osculation bent)—George, do you smoke?

George (not knowing why)—Never, darling, on my word, never!

She—I am sorry, George, deeply sorry, but it can never be!

George—Speak, darling Emily! Why this dread refusal?

She—I am a Vassar girl, and know the value of tobacco as a microbe destroyer. I could never kiss a man who does not smoke.

George—Is that all? I but deceived you. I smoke like a chimney.

She—You do? O, rapture!

Then—

(Curtain falls.)

—(New York Herald.)

Out for the Afternoon.

"Is Mr. Jones in?"

It was the soft voice of a woman that asked the question, and the business manager rose at once from his seat. He glanced at the advertising man's empty place and then at the hooks where the hats hung.

"No," he answered. "He is not here."

"I suppose you don't know whether he will be back this afternoon?"

"He will not be back."

"Isn't that his hat?"

"Yes; that's how I know. He has taken mine."—(Chicago Tribune.)

"In the Sweet By and By."

It was midnight. The clock had just struck. Without the wild wind whined dismally. Within all was peace and love. Her fair head rested on his manly bosom, and the joint between that bosom and the collar creaked under the pressure.

"Darling," he said, "do you think that we'll know each other in heaven?"

She loved him, but love did not make her wholly blind to his faults. There rose before her such scraps of his life as she had heard of.

"Do you think we'll meet?" she asked.—(Chicago Tribune.)

Wanted to Get Down.

"What you want to avoid," said the publisher to the struggling author, "is writing over the heads of the people."

"I know it," was the answer. "I was depending on getting you to take this book so that I could come down out of the attic and do my work on the parlor floor hereafter."—(Washington Star.)

When is It Time to Stop?

Jack—Half a dozen of my girl's cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to whether I should stop kissing them. What do you think?

Will—There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy it, then it's time to stop.—(New York World.)

All the Same.

Teacher—For what is Nantucket noted?
Johnny—For slippers.

"Why, no; it's noted for whaling."

"Well, I knew it had something to do with slippers."—(Adams Freeman.)

The Three Graces.

Teacher—Johnny, what are the three graces?

Johnny—Breakfast, dinner and supper.—(Adams Freeman.)

Only Nine Will Tell.

"Wright-Mann" was the headline over a wedding reported in the newspapers the other day. It is to be hoped he was.—(Somerville Journal.)

Mice With Pink Legs.

In the Missouri river, near Plattsburgh, Neb., is an island which is overrun with curious mice. They have a golden brown coat, while the lower part of their bodies is pure white. Their legs are pink and their eyes jet black. No such mice are found anywhere else.

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

Chicago 5-Year-Old With Gift of Prophecy.

She Was "Born with a Cowl" and Since
She Could Talk Has Told Future.

Nearly a Mile Straight Down is Depth
of a Michigan Copper Mine.

Several stories about Mabel Miller, a little Chicago girl with a strange gift for seeing into the future, have appeared in the western newspapers during the past week.

Little Mabel's home is on Houston av., near the corner of 90th st., in the south end of Chicago.

From her earliest infant days, in fact, since she learned to talk distinctly, Mabel Miller has been in the habit of foretelling coming events in such a simple and natural way that no one took her words seriously.

But when Mabel was 2 years old it suddenly dawned upon her mother that whatever the child foretold came true, as sure as fate. Mrs. Miller then began to take notes and watch her little girl closely.

Often Mabel would remark something like this: "Mama, hurry and get your work done. Aunt Anna is coming this afternoon." And the aunt arrived; or when she announced:



MABEL MILLER, THE BABY PROPHET.

"Grandma is coming tomorrow, and I am going home with her," her grandmother invariably came and invited her to accompany her home.

It is only recently that Mrs. Miller remembered that there was anything remarkable about the child's birth. Then a neighbor happened to speak of some superstitions in regard to people who are born with a cowl over their faces, and it occurred to her that Mabel's face was covered with this peculiar little veil when she was born, and she began to associate it with her unusual powers.

The grandfather of Mabel Miller on her mother's side is a Frenchman, her other relatives are Germans, and are all members of the Lutheran church. None of them know anything of Spiritualism, and the little girl has never heard of or been brought in contact with people

who claim to have mysterious powers of mind.

Illness in the family she invariably foretells, and when asked why she thinks the person she names is going to be sick she says because she sees him in bed. When pressed to tell how she sees them she invariably says: "O, I just sees 'em," and will say nothing more about it.

Sometimes she will answer questions when asked in regard to future events, but quite as often she will say nothing. Whatever she announces in regard to the future seems to be in response to a strong impulse within herself, and when this impulse does not move her she is simply a shy little girl much like others of her age.

She is passionately fond of music, and if she hears a song twice she can sing it without missing a word or a note, and often she accompanies a new song with the most fetching little dance of her own composition. She is a natural actress and never assumes a crude or ungraceful attitude.

Nell and I.

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "N. P."

WE WERE SWEETHEARTS, NELL AND I.
Today as I watched at my window at home,
The raindrops that chased down each pane,
Strange visions I saw, as I sat there alone,
Of youth's happy days again.
I took from a box, where for years it had lain,
A package so dusty and old,
My Nelle's love letters, in silence I read,
While a fond smile fell from the fold.

CHORUS.

It was only her faded picture, but I'll cherish

it till I die,

It calls back once more, youth's golden hours.

We were sweethearts, Nell and I.

The same gentle face, and the same eyes of blue,

I fancy her voice I can hear,

In soft tones repeat, "I love thee, my Jack."

"I was false, you'll forgive me, my dear!"

The old story of love, pet, it don't sell for gold.

In courtship both hearts beat the same,
My Nelle's love letters I'll read o'er and old,
And her image I'll always retain. Katie.

PROBABLY A SOUTHERN ROAD.

They tell this story about an electric line which runs in a city in the southern part of the State, but which might be the North Pennsylvania Street Line. The car was leisurely coming along when a woman ran out and hailed it. The car stopped and the motorman asked her if she was going into town.

"No, I'm not going," she said, "but I want to send in a dozen eggs. I have only 11, but the old hen's on the nest, and if you'll wait a little while I'll have the dozen."

The car waited.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel.

THOSE GENTLE CREATURES.

Miss Oldun (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am."

Miss Caustique—"I doubt it."—Chicago Record.

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

The young man had gone into a department store to buy a fountain pen. The girl in charge of the fountain pen showcase had supplied him with a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink and several of the pens, and in trying them, one after another, he covered the sheet with the words "Tempus Fugit," the girl looking on with a kindly interest.

"If you buy one and it doesn't suit you, Mr. Fugit," she remarked, "you can bring it back and change it."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Miss Antigue (school teacher)—"What does w-h-i-t-e spell?"

Class—No answer.

Miss Antigue—"What is the color of my skin?"

Class (in chorus)—"Yellow!"—Tit-Bits.

FLEET OF STEEL CANAL BOATS

BRILLIANT HELEN KELLAR

Promises to Go Through the Entrance Examinations to Radcliffe College With Flying Colors.

When Helen Keller was a mere baby, as the whole world now knows, she was bereft of her hearing, unable to speak and unable to see.

She is now attending a training school for Radcliffe college in Cambridge, and has already passed with proficiency a



HELEN KELLAR.

Now Taking Entrance Examinations to Radcliffe College.

portion of the examinations such as are required of Harvard freshmen or applicants for admission to Radcliffe. And she is but 16 years old.

Miss Keller studies Latin history and arithmetic with the classes. Miss Sullivan is with her constantly at school, and the two friends live together at Howells' house.

Mr. Gilman, the director of the school, wished, when Miss Keller was first brought to him, to find out how great had been her progress in the different subjects which she had studied. To this end he gave her some of the preliminary Harvard examination papers—the same papers which were presented to candidates at Harvard and Radcliffe colleges last June.

Though she had never had any preparations for college examinations, in fact had never had examinations of any sort, she passed the papers submitted with great credit. The time allowed for each paper was precisely the same as that given at regular examinations, but the question had, of course, to be read to Miss Keller, which made the time left for answering them considerably less.

The answers were type written, in clear, precise English, and almost without mistake, either in spelling, punctuation or subject matter. The Harvard examiners, to whom they were submitted, agreed that, judged by the same standard by which they were accustomed to judge all papers, Miss Keller passed in every subject tried.

These subjects were English, French, German and history. Thus, she has already passed five hours of Radcliffe's elementary examinations; this, too, at the uncommonly early age of 16, after only nine years of conscious development.

Will Debate 12 to 1

KNEW HER GUEST.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Hostess (to guest)—Allow me to introduce to you a charming dancer.

Guest—Thanks; but I do not dance.

"Then would you like to take a hand in a game of whist?"

"No; I never play cards."

"Supper will be ready in a few min-

AH! THAT'S THE QUESTION.



She—Why does a woman take a man's name when they get married?
He—Why does she take everything he's got?

Nerve Enough to be a Politician.

"Nerve!" said the enthusiastic man.
"Jerrold has the most nerve I ever knew one man to carry. What do you think he did while the doctors were sawing his leg off?"
"Give it up," said the man who was listening with one ear and watching for the car with both eyes.
"He lay there and sang, 'Just tell them that you saw me; that's what he did.'—(Indianapolis Journal.)

Pointer for the Business Manager.

"Johnny," said Mr. Flynt Skinner to his youngest son, "I don't want you to be buying any more soft lead pencils like this one. I calculate that in 40 years I have saved at least \$1.25 by using only the hardest brands of pencils I could find; and a dollar and a quarter is not to be sneezed at in these hard times."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

THE CHILDREN.

(Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.)
Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to—that's what I say!
Never wuz yit any children that ever got into my way!
Talk erbout stompin' an' rompin'—bless you! that's joy to my soul!
An' never a child wuz too little for these big arms to hug an' to hol'!

Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to—that's what I say!
Pelt me with snowballs in winter, or roses—God bless 'em!—in May!
Talk erbout trouble—it's nothin'! I'm never so happy—not me—
As when one's in my arms an' another has bridled an' saddled my knee!

Jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to—that's what I say!
The worl'—it belongs to the children; it's wher' the Lord tol' 'em to play!
Talk erbout worry—it's nothin'! Never wuz sorrow but smil'd
An' melted away into music at a kiss from the lips of a child!

So, jest let 'em make all the noise that they wants to—that's what I say!
The Lord made the roses fer children, an' I think that he piled up the hay
Perickler fer children to roll in! An' I thank God with all o' my soul
That never a child wuz too little fer these big arms to hug an' to hol'!

QUICK CHANGE OF HEART.

Deacon Skinner—"I can't tell you how blessed I am in my son now. You know I always had trouble in getting him to go to church, but of late he has been going willingly, not only on Sundays, but on weekdays. He never misses a service, and I feel at last that his soul is safe, and that we will all meet together in that far-off heaven of love, and peace, promised to the faithful."

Neighbor—"Your boy is in love with Miss De Poore, who sings in the choir."
Deacon Skinner—"What! That poverty-stricken minx? If he goes near that church again I'll disinherit him!"

—New York Weekly.

"The Deserted Homestead."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to request of "M. A." I send the poem, clipped from an old scrap book. It was published several years ago in a small weekly newspaper. J. W. H.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

It stands obscure, so grim and old,
Deserted by its old-time friends;
Its merry scenes I would unfold,
Its painful ones should end.

Of yore, when winter's icy king,
In fetters grasped both hill and dale;
This quaint old home, its merry ring,
Now leaves no voice to tell its tale.

In springtime when the meadow's green,
And blithesome birds chirp o'er the lea;
No cheerful housewife here is seen,
No husbandman plods home to tea.

Then summer comes around again,
No city squire with his new bride,
Is seen in walks o'er hill and plain,
Nor behind "old Charlie" takes his ride.

Autumn returns with chill and frost,
No children sport upon the lawn,
But crickets chime with music lost,
And muse away till early dawn.

The barn, the shed, the fences all
Grown old, from sheer neglect and care,
Now show that sure they soon must fall.
No wife or husband now are there.

This dear old home, deserted now,
Was once the domicile of peace,
And once the shrine of faithful vow,
But now forever past new lease.

Let's cast one ling'ring look behind,
And view again this ancient home,
Sweet recollections call to mind,
No matter where our steps may roam.

None has a better wife than I,
And every morn she seems more sweet
When at the door she says goodby
And sees me vanish down the street.

But though she trembles at my kiss
(A lonely day to her remains).
She has no other words than this—
"Turn up your trousers, if it rains."

Who it her love I could not live,
I'd sooner die than give offense;
But why does not my sweet wife give
Me credit for a little sense?

If I were leaving her for years,
Though racked her breast with cruel pains,
This same remark would greet my ears—
"Turn up your trousers when it rains."

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, COME HOME.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the club,

As soon as the session was done.
The baby has spasms, and father's worn out
By long nights of watching and care;
His face is a terrible thing to behold,
For a week's growth of stubble is there.

Mother, dear mother, come home right away,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The country will wobble along for while
Without further guidance from you.
The home you're deserted is chilly and bare,
There's nothing left in it to eat,
And father, poor father's converted the last
Clean tablecloth into a sieve.

Mother, dear mother, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The hired man's wearing your bloomers, and O,
He's a horrible object to see!
Come home with me, mother, before it's too late,

For father's losing his grip,
We've run on the rocks and the deuce is to pay
Since you have deserted the ship—
Come home, dear mother, come home, come home—
O, mother, dear mother, come home!

WHEN SHADOWS FALL.

(Olive Beatrice Muir.)

When shadows fall
I need thee more, loved one, than thro' the day,
For then 'tis saddened thoughts oppress my heart;

Vague fears and tort'ring doubts, dear one,
Hold sway

When shadows fall.

When shadows fall
The gloom of endless sorrow sweeps around
And starts a-throbbing fresh some unhealed wound
And crushing, bears me to the very ground,
When shadows fall.

When shadows fall
Dim ghosts of long ago, with haunting tread,
Pass by, with grieving eyes of ones long dead
And touch, regretfully, my low bowed head—
When shadows fall.

When shadows fall
I long to enter in a world unknown,
A dreamer's world where I should roam alone;
In Lethe's waters there forgot my moan—
When shadows fall.

When shadows fall
And this life's little sphere has found its rest,
I would, if thou couldst grant my one request,
Drift out to meet my God while folded to thy breast—
When shadows fall.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

A patient, helpful, loving life has been closed, after a long and wearisome illness, borne with Christian resignation and fortitude. In the passing away of Mrs. Mary Dow Easton, wife of Mr. Albert Easton, of this town, there comes a feeling of tender admiration for the quiet little soul that has gone. Hers was a nature folded sweetly and firmly like the heart of a rose, ready to yield unto others all that was hers; and bearing the burdens and crosses of life with the bravery and endurance of the true Nantucket stock; and with a silence of uncomplaint that was golden. In every sense a "home body," she made no stir in the outside world, but the currents of her soul ran deep, and she did what her hands found to do with a faithfulness that was as heroic as it was unflinching. Her gentle heart has ceased to beat; her poor, tired hands are folded to rest; the smile that has softened the home with mother-love for so many years, has settled now most peacefully over the aged face; and, finding at last the longed-for rest, she has been rewarded by the Master's assurance that "she hath done what she could." Besides her husband, she leaves a son and two daughters. Two brothers and one sister (Mrs. William Foster Mitchell) survive her.

A. S. J.

CHEERINESS.

(Lewis W. Smith in The Independent.)
Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right;
Sing your heart a song of cheer,
Give your eyes the light.

Luck is with the bold of heart,
God with those that smile;
We but need to do our part
Yet a little while.

Fortune, but to hide her frown,
When she sees your eye
Dimmed with tears and dropping down,
Lightly passes by.

Meet her look with ne'er a fear,
Soon her eyes will light.
Let us stop the worry, dear,
Things are coming right.

THE WISH OF A DYING MAN.

A Short Story of the Civil War Told by an Old Soldier.

"Here was a battle going on," said an old soldier, "nothing very heroic about it nor anything very tremendous except that men were getting killed and wounded all the time. Patches of woods with open spaces intervening, the line stretched along the edge of the woods and across the open spaces. Along in front an open space and on the other side of that the Confederates, in woods like ourselves, where there were woods, but in light earthworks and rifle pits between. That was their position, and we had advanced toward it as a part of some general movement, and our business was to stay there and keep the troops in front engaged."

"Veteran troops ours were, except for such recruits as were scattered among us and except for a few enthusiastic men that liked to shout, using ammunition sparingly and not shooting much unless they thought they had some sort of chance for hitting something. Thoughtless, sometimes, about themselves, but pretty careful generally, and protecting themselves as much as they could. But even with that and with the fighting slow we managed in the course of the day to lose a pretty good lot of men."

"Here, now, was a man in my regiment shot through the body. He crawled away toward the rear. I don't know why he wasn't picked up by the hospital men, but he wasn't. Just back of that part of the line where our regiment was stationed was a farmhouse. In front of this house was a sort of open yard or space, in which there was one tree. It wasn't a very big tree, and I don't remember what kind of a tree it was, but I remember that two of its roots ran away from the trunk a little above the ground for four or five feet, and between these roots there was a little hollow, just a little sort of a depression in the ground. The front yard was maybe eight or ten rods back from the line—that is, it might have been that much back to the tree. The man crawled along slowly until he came to the tree, and he crept partly into that little depression. I suppose it looked sort of inviting; it was a place; it wasn't just out doors, but was a kind of place by itself, and the tree gave it a kind of companionship too. He crept partly into the little hollow and then stopped and raised himself up so that he was half sitting up, propped up on one arm and hand,

and he sat up in that way and looked at the brigade commander, who was standing in the yard. The brigade commander had been the colonel of the wounded man's regiment, and he knew every man in it. He knew this man, and of course every man in the regiment knew the colonel—the general, he was now—and from knowing him so long and so well the men had all come to rely on him and to look to him.

"Red was creeping out around the wounded man and staining the little hollow as he sat there, propped up on his arm looking at the general. There was a sort of wistful look on his face, as though he thought the general could help him, and the general looked down on him very soberly—in fact, with a very great pity. Just a few feet away, more or less, men were being killed and wounded all the time, but that was going on in an orderly, business fashion. This man was just dying, just simply dying by himself, and you could see his life fade as you looked at him, and you could see the red stain spreading in the little hollow and making scallops here and there where it ran up into little shallow gulfs and bays making off from the main depression.

"He was getting weaker and weaker and was going fast, but all the time looking up at the general with that look on his face.

"'If I could only have one more shot!' he said. You see, he wasn't thinking of home or friends. He was thinking of the battle. His last wish was for one more shot, and a second later he collapsed and fell dead."—Chicago Tribune.

HOMeward Bound.

Back to my dear New England
I hasten home again;
Back from the wide west country—
Its billowy seas of grain;
Back to its hills and valleys,
That seem to welcome me
With laughing streams and whispy ring trees,
To my cottage by the sea.

Grand are the leagues of verdure
That wave in the western wind,
And yield their bounteous treasure
To comfort all mankind;
Grand are the placid rivers
That on their bosoms bear
Their precious freight of fruit and grain
With other worlds to share.

And large as the goodly harvest
That, through his gentle art,
Requite the western farmer,
Still larger is his heart.
As bursts the boundless prairie
Into songs of harvest glee,
So swells the heart of the western man
With hospitality.

Yet ever my heart is aching,
No matter where I roam,
To greet its own, its loved ones—
Its dear New England home.
So, waiving adieu to the prairies,
To the grand and boundless west,
I haste away on wings of love
To the land I love the best.

Islington, Mass. Emile Pickhardt.

ANOTHER MISFIT.



She—What profession are you studying for?

Youth—Well, my friends tell me I'm cut out for the church, but the devil's run away with the pattern.—(Sketch.)

THE CORN-SILK CIGARETTE.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

When autumn dries the field corn's fleece
And browns its waving blade;
When all the trees in brilliant cloaks
Are handsomely arrayed,
And summer's parting messages
Inspire a vague regret—
'Tis then the rural youth enjoys
The corn-silk cigarette.

The brittle filler vents no fumes
To foul the fragrant air;
The yellow husk he wraps about
With quick but loving care
Exhales no oiate odors—
No foreign scents, but yet,
He smokes with all a sultan's pride
His corn-silk cigarette.

He has, perhaps, attained the calm
And serious age of ten,
Wherefore he sits and meditates
The destiny of men;
Betimes to younger comrades tells
Adventures he has met,
What while for each he deftly rolls
A corn-silk cigarette.

He recollects a city boy
Who came to see the Grays,
And who (until he licked him)
Besought in various ways
To prove the pale, ill-smelling tubes
He sent back home to get,
Were finer far than any form
Of granger cigarette.

How now, my pipe—what trick is this?
Your soothing savor's gone;
Is it eclipsed by subtler scents
From memory's garden drawn?
Ah! well, I grant you're ill-equipped
To pay the heavy debt
Incurred by your progenitor—
The corn-silk cigarette.

They Make Men Look the Other Way.

"I just can't understand it," said the cheerful idiot.

"Can't understand what?" asked the new boarder.

"Why bloomers, being undoubtedly plural, should make a woman look so singular."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

In Chelsea, Too!

A Chelsea man has been arrested for deceiving a widow. While his crime is to be abhorred, it must be admitted that his genius commands admiration.—(Roxbury Gazette.)

BEAUTY HORSE.

Actual Length of His Tail, 13 1-2 Feet!
Sworn Length of His Mane, 14 Feet!

The Prize Winner of the French Exposition of 1894.

Marquis

Admired by the Horsemen of All Europe.

Marquis

Raved Over by the Parisian Ladies.

Marquis

Beloved by the Children Everywhere.



There is not a man, woman or child in Boston or vicinity who will not be anxious to see this beautiful, spirited creature. The universal desire is confined to no special class, age or sex. Enormous crowds are sure to attend his day and evening receptions, and we would here announce that special and complete arrangements have been perfected by which, in spite of these great numbers, a full and satisfactory view will be insured each visitor, and particular care and courtesy will be extended to the aged, and ladies, and children, who always make a pet of this princely fellow.

UNANSWERED.

A WARNING.

(W. J. Lampton in Life.)
Paulina's lips were all a-pout,
And wrinkles wreathed her brows,
As wrinkles do when pretty girls
Engage in petty rows.

The mother of Paulina had
Refused to let her go
A-wheeling with the nice young man
Paulina had for a beau.

"Nay, nay, Paulina," her mother said,
"You must not go alone;
And being stout, you know that I
Won't act as chaperon."

"But, mama, listen," urged the maid;
"You know, or ought to know,
How many miles I've gone when I
Am out an hour or so."

"You know that my cyclometer
Is certain to betray
The minutes that, perhaps you think
We dally on the way."

Her mother frowned. "My dear," she said,
"Last night I chance to see
Your beau and you absorbed in talk
Beneath a spreading tree."

"And as you talked, he whirled your wheel
Until the figures showed
That you had traveled twenty miles
Or more along the road."

L'Envol.

O, maidens fair and lovers true,
If you would win your fight,
Don't play your cyclometric game
Unless you're out of sight.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

PUSSY'S PLEA.

Now is the winter of my discontent;
When summer comes, and all the world is gay
With Nature's smile, my mistress lies away
To fields and pastures new, while I am pent
In backyards lone and empty. Weak and spent
From lack of food, I prowl by night and day
O'er fence and gate, and howl my doleful lay,
But there is none to heed a cat's lament!

Sad is my lot! Why was I born a cat?
My mistress' ugly poodle takes his nap
On some hotel piazza in her lap;
Without a care he feasts and waxes fat
The summer long. Please, editor, give space
To plead the cause of my ill-treated race!
Boston.

Henry Coyle.

(Newburyport Herald.)

Why is it the tenderest feet must tread the
roughest road?
Why is it the weakest back must carry the
heaviest load.
While the feet that are surest and firmest have
the smoothest paths to go.
And the back that is straightest and strongest
has never a burden to know?

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon
dim with tears?
Why is it the lightest heart must ache and
ache for years.

While the eyes that are hardest and coldest
shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest
has never an ache to fear?

Why is it that those who are saddest have
always the gayest laugh?

Why is it those who need not have always the
"biggest half,"

While those who have never a sorrow have
seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive
and struggle to live?

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones
that are never expressed?

Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones that
are never confessed,

While the thoughts that are like all others are
the ones we always tell,
And the deeds worth little praise are the ones
that are published well?

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its sister—
a sigh?

Why is it the strongest love is the love we
always pass by,

While the smile that is cold and indifferent is
the smile for which we pray,

And the love we kneel to and worship is only
common clay?

Why is it the friends we trust are the ones
who always betray?

Why is it the lips we wish to kiss are the lips
so far away?

While close by our side if we knew it, is a
friend who loyal would be.

And the lips we might have kissed are the lips
we never see.

Why is it the things we can have are the
things we always refuse?

Why is it none of us live the lives, if we
could, we'd choose?

The things that we all can have are the things
we always hate,

And life seems never complete, no matter how
long we wait.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

ON THE TROLLEY.

(Ella Randall Pearce in Puck.)

I like all the seasons; the weather clerk's ways
Don't annoy me a jot, though they sometimes
amaze,
And I never complained of the drear winter
days.

With evenings made pleasant by Molly.
But I'm glad that the season of birds, bees and
flower.
Will be pushed right along by the showers;
For it's sure to bring mirth in my happiest
hours—

And the summer night's ride on the trolley.

You may talk of the pleasures the wealthy con-
trol;
Their yachts may sail on and their carriages
roll;

There are no pangs of envy to torture my soul
While a nickel can make life so jolly.
With Molly beside me, the breeze on my face,
My arm around hers, just to keep her in place,
We seem to be flying through infinite space—
O, the summer night's ride on the trolley!

We chatter in voices to low notes inclined,
And we smile at remarks of the couple behind,
Disposed to regard with a lenient mind
All phases of romantic folly.

The cyclers speed by with their lanterns' bright
spark,
The house lights grow dimmer and less through
the dark,

Hilarity grows, for it seems a great lark—
The summer night's ride on the trolley.

Nearly every one rides to the end of the road,
And the car starts again with the same merry
load.

On some manly shoulders, fair heads are be-
stowed;

But, O, never the head of my Molly.
'T is enough she's with me. And when, some
fair June,

The wedding bells ring out their merriest tune,
One couple, perhaps, will begin "honeymoon"

With a summer night's ride on the trolley.

2351

DON'T BODDER ME.

(Arthur J. Burdick in Chicago Record.)
My papa says he's busy 'n I mustn't bodder
him,

'Cause he's fixin' up ve door-yard fence to
make it slick and trim.

'N mama's got a caller 'n she says: "Don't
bodder me."

'N what a little boy's to do, I can't istzakly
see.

My sister hain't got home from school, 'n
baby is asleep,

'N if I stay about ve house, I dasn't hardly
peep.

Vare isn't any place roun' here for lonesome
little boys

As wants to play 'n have some fun 'n make a
little noise.

I guess I go to uncle's 'n see what I can find,
Perhaps ve'll let me make some noise, 'n
maybe vey won't mind

If I ax some little questions 'bout fings vat
puzzle me,

I fink I'll ist go over for a little while 'n see.

O! dearie me vat shall I do? I never see such
times!

Uncle said: "Don't bodder me,"—he's busy
makin' rhymes—

'N auntie, she was busy, 'n she said: "Vare,
run away!"

Vare hain't nobody anyvare vat wants a boy
today.

No; vare hain't no one wants a boy, so I know
vat I'll do.

I'll slip into our pantry, get a piece o' pie or
two,

'N get some cake and cookies 'n eat ist all I can,
can,

So I can hurry up 'n grow to be a great big
man.

Making the Most of His Opportunity.

Mrs Talkalot—What does make you
talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?

Joseph—Gosh! It's the only chance I
ever get.—(Truth.)

SKY-HIGH.



Our artist (one of the fag end) going to the art museum to find his picture. He couldn't find it at all last year—it was so high up. He means to see it this time, though!

WALES RIGHT IN IT.

(R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.)
The prince of Wales is now on top. His big red letter day
Smiled on him when his gallant steed, Persimmon, led the way,
And finished for the Derby first, and won the handsome pile,
Which must have caused the jolly prince to caper and to smile,
O, lucky prince, to win the race and many a golden bet,
Just one day after you had got in Waldorf Astor's set!

The heavens all were full of clouds, as black as blackest night,
Before Persimmon started on his record-breaking flight.
The prince was brighter than the day to see his horse fly round
On Epsom Downs, with many a long and acrobatic bound.
But when he smiled, it was because he knew not fume or fret.
He smiled to realize he was in Waldorf Astor's set.

St Fruquin didn't have a chance, and Earwig might as well
Have lingered in his little stall, the simple truth to tell.
The others, running in a bunch, and running like the wind,
Saw swift Persimmon, and they all felt very far behind.
And then Persimmon said, while out himself he gayly let,
"Hurrah, the prince at last has got in Waldorf Astor's set!"

Ne'er can the glory of the race fade out of his to-ree;
Ne'er can Persimmon's prestige wane across the roaring sea;
Ne'er can the prince forget the time when age his lifetime crowns,
The time he won two victories—the one at Epsom Downs,
The other, and the greater one, he likewise can't forget—
The victory of getting into Waldorf Astor's set.

Johnny Was Excused.

Johnny had not been at school Monday afternoon, so when he came on Tuesday morning the teacher sent him home to get a written excuse from his mother explaining his absence. After about an hour he returned with ink on his fingers and a somewhat soiled note which read as follows:

"Miss Brown please excuse Johnny for not being to school yesterday I could not come because I tore my pants and oblige Mrs J Smith."—(Life.)

WHEN THE FLORIST'S OUT OF FAVOR.

O who cares for the flowers of the florist,
For his bowers made of palm and of smilax,
When, in old-fashioned gardens, shy lilies
Of the valley are vying with lilacs
To load ev'ry light zephyr that passes
With a rich freight of odors so fragrant
As to tempt from his snug winter quarters
Each gay gold-belted pilfering vagrant?

Who but millionaires, now, with his prices
For rare orchids and roses would grapple,
When the breeze that is blown from the orchard
Brings the breath of the blooms of the apple?
When dear Nature so gladly is giving
Of her riches to all in due course, her
Most impatient of children must find it
Hardly worth while to try now to force her.

When her treasure-house doors stand wide open
While she's steadily storing up honey
For the bees and the humming birds, who, pray,
Would buy perfumes with prosaic money?
Who'd make beauty a matter of barter,
When from hedgerow, from field and from forest

It invites us? In blossoming Maytime,
O who cares for the flowers of the florist?

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin,"
To the Editor of the People's Column—Will some reader kindly send in Miss Perry's first published poem, "Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin?"

J. W. L.

"Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to your correspondent I send this ballad.

F. H.

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POORHOUSE.

What? not can it be they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old
(O, God! may their crime be forgiven),
To perish out here in the cold.
O, heaven! I am saddened and weary;
See the tears how they course down my cheeks;
O, this world is lonely and dreary,
And my heart for relief vainly seeks.

CHORUS.

For I'm old, and I'm helpless and feeble,
And the days of my youth have gone by,
When over the hills to the poorhouse
I wandered alone there to die.

Ah, me! on that old doorstep yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee;
No father was happier or fonder
Than I with my little ones three.
The boys, both so rosy and chubby,
And Lillie, with prattle so sweet;
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.

It's long years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful and affectionate wife;
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life.
The boys grew up to manhood; I gave them

A deed for the farm, aye, and more—
I gave them the house they were born in
And now I am turned out from its door.

O, children! loved children, yet hear me—
I have journeyed along on life's stage,
With the hope that you all would be with me
To comfort and cheer my old age;
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To shield and protect you—but, hark!
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it, you've
driven
Me out here to die in the dark.

But, perhaps, they'll live happier without me;
Farewell, dear old home, ah, farewell!
Each pathway and tree here about me
Some memory precious can tell.
Well, the flowers will bloom as bright as ever,
And the birds will sing as sweet as morn,
When over the hills to the poorhouse
Next spring the old man shall be borne.

THE LATEST THING IN GIRLS.

Her very soul was in her eyes,
What time my lady said
That from afar she came to me,
By occult forces led.

I felt that I had met my fate—
The threads, that Klotho spun,
But waited for Lachesis now
To wind them into one.

And when she said our souls were twins,
Indissolubly linked,
I thought that Atropos, tho' blind,
At Love and Hymen winked.

But, when I asked my lady would
She be my wife, she slew
Fond Hope by saying she was born
To be my own "guru."

She'd be my guide, philosopher,
And friend—a mystic tie
Should bind us—but of wedlock she,
In short, was fighting shy.

And so it goes! The girls today
Are all too "new" for that;
The man who speaks of marriage now
Is "talking thro' his hat."

Since Woman seeks such lofty flights,
He's lucky who lassos
A wife. Girls all are sisters now
To men—or worse, "gurus!"

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"The Blackberry Girl."

The poem, "The Blackberry Girl," has been sent in and will be forwarded to "A. L." upon receipt of postage.—(Ed.)

Liverpool.

To the Editor of The People's Column—Which city, Liverpool or Chicago, has the more tonnage by water?

C. W. P.

"Sing Me the Old Songs Tonight."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to request of "W. L." I send this song.

SING ME THE OLD SONGS TONIGHT.

Sing me the old songs tonight
Touch the strings softly and low;
Fill my sad heart with delight,
Let the sweet strains gently flow.
Sing the old songs that I cherish,
Let the notes fall on mine ear;
Never to me will they perish,
But be to me ever dear.

Chorus.

Sing me the old songs tonight,
They are most dear to my heart;
Thrill me again with delight—
Let not the old songs depart.

Sing me the old songs tonight,
Sing of the days that are gone—
Days that were ever so bright,
Life with its radiant morn;
When we told o'er the old story,
With our young hearts light and gay,
Life seemed to me full of glory
That could not fade or decay.

Sing me the old songs tonight—
Songs of the beautiful past;
Let the dear visions most bright
Deep in my mem'ry be cast.
Sing of the joys now departed,
Murmur the notes sweet and low;
Sing of the days happy-hearted,
Sing of the long, long ago.

Corner of State and Washington.

"What's the matter here?"
"Man broke his neck."
"What story did he fall from?"
"Didn't fall—tried to see the top of
the building."—(Truth.)

They Waited.

We saw an engaged couple meet at the depot yesterday, after a separation of at least six months. They didn't kiss each other, but they gave a terribly glad hand.—(Atchison Globe).

A COMMONPLACE LETTER.

(Margaret E. Sangster in Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.)

It seemed so little, the thing you did—
Just to take the pen in your hand,
And send the warm heart's greeting, bid
'Neath the common two-cent stamp of the land.

But over the mountains and over the plain,
And away o'er the billowy prairies went
The small, square letter, to soothe the pain
Of one who was fretted with discontent.

She was ill and tired; the long, hot day
Had worn itself to the merest shred,
The last of the light, as it ebbed away,
Fell on her patient needle and thread.
A shadow came flying across the space
Where the fading sunlight flitted through;
There was just the gleam of a sweet young face,
And a voice said, "Here is a letter for you."

The quick tears blurred in a sudden mist,
But she brushed them away, and then she smiled,
And you should have seen how she kissed and kissed

The postmark's circlet, like a child.
Why, the name brought back the long ago
When she dressed in her best of afternoons,
When she found it a pleasure to sit and sew,
And her seams were hemmed to tripping tunes.

Poverty, change, and the drudgery
Of work that goes on without an end,
Had fettered the heart that was light and free,
Till she'd almost forgotten she had a friend.
The people at home so seldom write,
Her youth and its pleasures lie all behind;
She was thinking bitterly but last night
That "out of sight is out of mind."

Now, here is your letter! The old hills break
Beyond these levels flat and green;
She thrills to the thrush as his flute notes wake
In the vesper hush of the woods serene;
She sits again in the little church,
And lifts her voice in the choir once more;
Or stoops for a four-leaved clover to search
In the grass that ripples up to the door.

It was very little it meant for you—
An hour at best when the day was done;
But the words you sent rang sweet and true,
And they carried comfort and cheer to one
Who was needing to feel a clasping hand,
And to hear the voices she used to hear;
And the little letter, the breadth of the land,
Was the carrier-dove that brought home near.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Friday.

To the Editor of the People's Column—On what day did Jan 29, 1869, fall? H. B. M.

"The Lords of Creation."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In my boyhood days I was always pleased to hear the song sung called "The Lords of Creation." I would like to get the words of the song from some reader. I remember the first verse, as follows:

Harris.

The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under woman's control.
As ever since the world began
It has always been the way,
For did not Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman obey, obey, obey,
The very first woman obey?

Perhaps He Was Richard Roe.

First detective—The more I think of it, the more firmly I am convinced that the man I arrested last night did not give his right name.

Second detective—What name did he give?

First detective—John Doe—(Brooklyn Life.)

Warranted to Last as Long as Most Love.
Glass engagement rings are offered for sale at Portland, Or., as the newest fashion.—(New York Sun.)

THE DOT'S SUPERIORITY.



Dolly—My pa has to get up awful early to go to the office and see if the clerks are there.

Dot (very proudly)—My pa hasn't—he's a clerk!

DEAR WOMAN'S DELIGHT.

Tho' tender-hearted all may be,
Today there's scarce a daughter
Of mother Eve who ever shies
At signs of "wholesale slaughter,"
Or counts a "sacrifice" as aught
But luck kind stars have brought her.

Does she but see a little mouse
Her screams are like to rend us;
Yet—whee bit body though she be—
With courage that's tremendous,
She's ever glad to hie her where
The slaughter's most stupendous.

E'en she whose sensibilities,
So fine, have made her shut down
On tales of executions—whose
Small foot is firmly put down
'Gainst legal murder—strikes out for
The spot where there's a cut-down.

Tho' woman's eye diurnally
May scan the papers, one day
More avidly she doth devour
Their close-packed contents. Sunday,
Twould break her precious heart to miss
The "ads" for "Bargain Monday!"

M. N. B.



GROVER CLEVELAND AT 22.

A Plan Peculiarly Chicagoesque.
"Mrs Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor."
"What did she do?"
"She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—(Chicago Rec-

SPECIFIC.



"I don't believe you bachelors have any hearts."
"O, yes, we have! Most of us have two hearts."—(Truth.)

WHEN THE SNOW COMES DOWN.

How the children shout for gladness when the snow comes down,
There is laughter in the country and rejoicing in the town.
With the keen air's frosty tingle
And the sleigh-bells' merry jingle,
Happy voices meet and mingle
When the snow comes down.

"Tis a sin to be a croaker when the snow comes down,
To spoil the children's gladness with a word or frown.
Smile, instead, at sleet and snowing,
Sing to match the wild wind's blowing,
Keep the ruddy hearthfires glowing,
When the snow comes down.

For the frozen earth rejoices when the snow comes down.
You can hear her myriad voices under dead leaves brown.
Warm and cozy is the cover
Winter's hand is folding over
Daisy fields and beds of clover
When the snow comes down.

Then, children, shout for gladness when the snow comes down,
For the snow is winter's ermine and the ice his crown.
With the keen air's frosty tingle,
Let your merry voices mingle,
Christmas comes, and old Kris Kringle,
When the snow comes down.

Milford, Mass.

Annie E. Smiley.

The Little Ones are Smartest, Though.

Length in female clerks is required for some reason by the British postoffice, which proposes to discharge all girls who at 19 are not 5 feet 2 tall.—(New York Sun.)

Trying to Impress Some Young Girl?

You are all familiar with the giddy old fellow who dyes his mustache black. Well, Atchison has a man who dyes his mustache gray.—(Atchison Globe.)

"Exchange" Here Means Exchange of Kisses.

He—I am going to kiss you.
She—Well, I like that.—(Exchange.)

A POLITIC LASSIE.

I wouldn't change places
With Muses nor Graces,
I wouldn't be one of the Nine nor the Three;
I know I'm not pretty,
Nor wise nor yet witty,
Yet just as I am now my laddie loves me!

E'en though I did cozen
Some one of the dozen
To dower me, O what a rude thing I should be!
'Twould reflect on his taste, now,
To change in the laste, now,
Since just as I am now my laddie loves me!

M. N. B.

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A QUESTION OF PATIENCE.



The old lady—Say, my little man, you don't mean to commit suicide, do you? I have been watching you, and you have been sitting there some time.

The little man—Yes, I know you've been watching me. As soon as you go away I'm going in swimming!

THE GRASS WIDOW.

(Cotsford Dick in London World.)

We met upon a P & O.
At Malta and at Plymouth Hoe
We took to terra firma;

She was so winsome and so weak,
Had come to England health to seek,
And left (for tears she scarce could speak)
Her better-half in Burmah.

At Paddington she did entreat:
Might she to choose a modest gite
From my experience borrow?
I indicated an hotel
Where she sans peur might safely dwell;
We parted, and I promised, well,
To call upon the morrow.

And many a morrow after that
My feet compelled me to her mat;
We seemed to suit each other.
Lest Bob in Burmah should be vexed,
An ancient cousin she annexed,
Who heard her, with an air perplexed,
Call me her "little brother."

We spent our evenings at the play,
And whirled on wheels thro' half the day
Around the wonted Stadia;
And into picture-shows we dropped,
And now and then we "Monday Popped,"
And thro' long noons together shopped
In Burlington Arcadia.

And now I'm broke, my leave is up,
No more to sing, no more to sup,
I softly kiss her fingers;
"Goodby," a smile a sigh conceals,
She keenly her position feels,
And yet, in spite of all appeals,
Bob still in Burmah lingers.

A CHOICE.

(Washington Star.)

Yer gold plank an' yer silver plank hez all the 'tention, now.
Ye hear their praises sounded night an' day;
But weth the weather warmin' up, I'm re'ly forced ter low.
They don't impress me quite the proper way.
They're mentionin' a compermise. That kind o' suits my taste.
Fur these lazy days 'll hardly let ye think.
Yer argymnts an' theories seems mostly gone ter waste.
Ez ye sit an' wish the mercury would sink.
I've withdrawn from the debatin' whur they's no chance to agree.
An' I'm goin' fur ter straddle an' keep ca'm:
I'll jes whisper the opinion that the plank ez best suits me.
Is the spring-board whur we dive, by Jones's dam.

SAMANTHY'S ON TH' STUMP.

When I come home from work, at night,
I find things all mixed up:
The fire is out—th' kids all day
Ain't had nur bite nur sup:
Our troubles allus seem ter light
Erpon us in er lump;
It's now, when Baby's got th' croup,
Samanthy's on th' stump!

I s'pose I'm jes' en selfish cuss,
Ter want ter hold her here—
She sez I am—when duty p'ints
Her towards er higher sphere;
She sez this blessed land uv ours
Is goin' down kerslump
Ter ruin—"n", to head et off,
Samanthy's on th' stump!

No quiet life ter home fur her!
She says she can't abide
Sech sinful selfishness, "n" so
She lets th' fam'ly slide;
Her heart warn't built ter hold 'er few—
Her philanthropic bump
Hex bulged 'n' bulged until, ter day,
Samanthy's on th' stump!

Th' People's clamor fur their rights
Drowns out th' Baby's cry!
Too busy shoutin' fur th' "Cause,"
Ter sing er lullerby—
Egged on by love of Country 'n'
Hurrah ter blow th' trump
Of Progress 'n' Humanity—
Samanthy's on th' stump!

Mary Norton Bradford.

A CAMPAIGN CHARACTER.

(Washington Star.)

A-sittin' front o' Jones' store, 'most any summer's day,
Is Jim. He's known by every one that travels round that way.
He's studied up on politics; kin figger out each chance
An' give ye bottom facts about our national finance.
I've heard folks say they don't believe Jim labors ez he should;
He gives up all his time a-thinkin' fur his country's good.
An' I feel, while readin' papers with their argymnts so slim,
That they don't know what they're missin' by not interviewin' Jim.
He won't go shovin' forrad ter electrify the crowd;
Like every man of intelleck, he's distantlike an' proud.
He's conscious that he's got the calcerations straight an' pat,
An' of his country needs 'em, why, it knows jes' where they're at.
But in the private circle of his friends he'll oft unbend.
An' feast yer mind on logic an' opinions without end.
An' ye can't help realizin', while a-listenin' ter him,
That they don't know what they're missin' by not interviewin' Jim.

Took Her Half in the Middle.
Mary and Martha, two little sisters, had been promoted to the dignity of a big bed, where they slept together. "I sleep on the front side," announced Mary, with an air of importance.
"And where do you sleep, Martha?" inquired the visitor.
"I sleep where Mary doesn't," replied Martha, with a rueful glance at her restless little sister.—(Harper's Round Table).

Thoughtful Girl!

After they had departed she wept bitterly. Suddenly she ceased.
It had occurred to her that perhaps her tears might fall on her new silk shirt waist and spot it irrevocably.—(Cincinnati Enquirer).

SILAS' SELF-RELIANCE.



Visiting Friend—Shall I place your pillow a little higher up, Silas?
Silas—No; leave it alone! Who's doing this 'ere dying—you or me?

HER "BONY" FIDE PICTURE.

(Taken by Ann Enemie.)

(Hattie G. Canfield in Cleveland Leader.)
Yes, that is her picture (I used the X rays);
Just think what a fraud she has been,
Concealing with adipose tissues galore
That pointed excuse for a chin!

No wonder her waist is quite shockingly small;
You see how the floating ribs lap?
The bones in her feet are so large, you can tell
She came from (see Illinois map).

They say that I envy her beautiful form,
And tell me her dimples are "sweet;"
I'd rather be thin as a wafer than hide
A skeleton full of deceit!

Why Not Wait and Rob Them?

"You will pardon the question, I know, if you think it obtrusive," said the enterprising newspaper reporter, as he talked through the prison bars to the captive train robber, "but why do you gentlemen always go through a train before breakfast?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied the bandit, "seeing that I am likely to be out of the business for a year or two. We do that to get ahead of the dining car pirates."—(Pittsburg Chronicle).

Where Was the Bicycle?

"Marian, here's a dray stopping at our door with a piano, a sewing machine and a parrot. There must be a mistake in the number."

"No, dear, they belong to our new cook. She's a graduate of the school of cooking, and has kindly consented to try us."—(Detroit Free Press).

Some Let the Dealer Do the Worrying.

Wickwire—You seem to be pretty well trained down since you got your wheel, and yet I never see you riding.

Mudge—I don't have to ride. It keeps me thin worrying about the payments.—(Indianapolis Journal).

He Generally Burns It Into "D-d-damn."

A stammering man told a friend of his yesterday that very frequently he had to walk from the top to the ground floor of the tallest office buildings. By the time he was able to say "Down!" the elevator was usually four or five floors below him.—(New York Times).

Owed to a Fall.

Scribbler—What did Poetas get for his "Ode to Fall?"

"Fractured skull, contusion of the neck, dislocated rib and a slight abrasion of the left ear."—(Truth).

IS 102 YEARS OLD.

Mrs Mary D. Peavey Has 40 Great Grandchildren.

Spent Much of Her Early Life in the Open Air, She Says.

To This She Attributes Much of Her Vigor and Health.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of family gatherings on Christmas day was held at the residence of Mrs J. H. Tower of 11 Atlantic st, Washington Heights, South Boston.

In the party was Mrs Mary D. Peavey, the mother of Mrs Tower, who was 102 years of age last May and who is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, woman living in New England. Mrs Peavey is bright and happy and enjoys remarkably good health.



MRS MARY D. PEAVEY,
Aged 102 Years.

Fancy what in 102 years has been seen by eyes that are not yet dim. At her birth the first Napoleon was an obscure Lieutenant in the armies of the directory. Washington was midway in his second term as president of the United States, and Mrs Peavey has, of course, lived through every presidential term but one in our history. There was not a factory and scarcely any foreign trade in the country. The people were able to go out only with their own horses or on foot. There was not a railway, steamboat, steamship, telegraph or telephone in the whole world; nor half a dozen stage-lines in America.

Mrs Peavey comes of a vigorous English stock, early settlers in Durham, an old town in the southeast corner of New Hampshire. From this place her grandfather, Zebulon Drew, went as a Lieutenant into the little American army under Artemas Ward. At the battle of Bunker Hill he received a wound which finally caused his death.

Among his children was Jonathan Drew, the father of Mrs Peavey. Jonathan married Sally Dow, a member of equally remarkable New Hampshire stock. They both lived to an advanced age. Instead of remaining at the old homestead they passed just over the line into Hollis, Me, where most of their children were born. They were: Daniel Mary D., the subject of this sketch Hezekiah, Chandler, John and Eliza.

All were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. In middle life Jonathan Drew removed to Tuftonboro, N.H., then recently settled by families from the older towns.

It was an industrious and thrifty community, but scarcely any of the people were what might be termed religious. However, early in the present century Lewis Bates, the father of Dr L. B. Bates of Boston, began to hold regular services, and later, in 1810, a series of revival meetings was held in the little red schoolhouse, and a remarkable revival was the result.

Mary Drew, now Mrs Peavey, was one of the first to rise for prayers, and 80 or more others followed. It took nearly all that part of the town into the Methodist church. Nearly all the converts were baptized by sprinkling in church, but Mary Drew, who had very positive opinions in the matter, preferred to be baptized in the stream in the neighborhood. And so she was baptized by pouring, the rite being performed by Rev Ebenezer F. Newell, who died at an advanced age, in the New England conference.

For 85 years Mrs Peavey has been an honored member of the Methodist church.

At the age of 19 years she married Joseph L. Peavey in the Tuftonboro church. Mr Peavey was an enterprising country merchant, and also carried on a large farm. The care of the household and the dairy came upon Mrs Peavey, and she proved a most efficient manager.

In all those years she was much in the open air, to which may be attributed her excellent health. She delighted in horseback riding. She was always much interested in church work, singing in the choir and finding time also to visit the sick in the neighborhood.

Of her seven children six are now living. These are, Mrs Louisa Senter of Washington, now 76 years of age; Mrs Jane Gordon of Methuen, Mass.; Hazen Peavey of Howesville, Ind.; Alvin Peavey of Meredith, N.H.; Miss Maud Peavey of Boston and Mrs Elizabeth Tower of South Boston.

Mr Peavey died before reaching 50, and soon after Mrs Peavey came to Boston and was for a few years a member of the Bromfield st church, but returned to Tuftonboro to care for her aged mother. For the past 20 years she has lived with her daughter, Mrs Tower, a part of the year, but early in the spring it has been her delight to get back to the old homestead in New Hampshire.

Mrs Peavey believes the secret of her long life is due first of all to a good constitution inherited from an honored ancestry, an equable and buoyant temperament and temperance in all things. She seems to have been endowed with what Mrs Stowe calls "faculty" or tact, and her life has been remarkably active and self helpful. She seldom uses tea or coffee, but drinks mostly cold or hot water.

Besides her six children, Mrs Peavey has 13 grandchildren, nearly 40 great-grandchildren and several in the fifth generation.

THE RING-TING-TING.

I love to take my banjo on my knee,
With a ring, and a ring-ting-ting.
De sweetes' music in de world to me,
Is de ring-a-ting-a-ting, ting-ting.
I use' to sit at de set of de sun,
When de darkey's day of work was done,
An' take up de banjo an' de fun begun,
With de ring, and de ring-ting-ting.

O, how dose darkeys would come trippin' fro
de do'.
At de ring of de ring-ting-ting.
Dey'd take deir places on de ol' barn flo',
To de ring-a-ting-a-ting, ting-ting.
Dey'd shake deir feet in de merry quadrille,
An' laugh an' sing, an' shout, until

You'd t'ongt dose darkeys would never get
deir fill
Of de ring, and de ring-ting-ting.

Dose happy days have long since passed away,
With de ring, and de ring-ting-ting.
De ol' fren's gone, an' de only fren to stay
Is de ring-a-ting-a-ting, ting-ting.
When I recall each by-gone year,
My heart grows heavy, un' de days seem drear,
An' de only solace dat will drive away de tear,
Is de ring, and de ring-ting-ting.

Frank Locke Titcomb.

LIFE IN LITTLE.

Tho' Polly's but a tot of two,
Her words conviction carry
When she protests, "Now me an' Jack
Ain't never goin' to marry!"

"I hate Jack now—I do—so there!"
Snaps Polly, all a-quiver;
And then, e'en at the very thought,
Her tears flow like a river.

Jack Jones is seven, and, since her birth,
Has been her little lover;
She's vowed she'd be his little wife,
But now all that is over.

"I don't believe in nobody
Nor nuffin' now!" cries Polly,
Turned pessimist—a baby, grown
Morose and melancholy.

"I don't believe in nobody
Nor nuffin' now—I'm never
A-goin' to love anuzzer boy,
Not if I lives forever!

"We've been a-playin' games, Mama,
An' what do you suppose? He
Kissed Katy Brown instead of me
In 'Ring Around a Rosy'!"

"An' O, I'd kissed him ev'ry time
In 'Little Sally Waters'!"
The baby cries, as jealous now
As any of Eve's daughters.

Poor Polly droops her pretty head,
Like some sweet flower that's wilted;
Tho' but a baby heart, hers knows
The tortures of the jilted.

When Master Jack comes on the scene,
Miss Polly pouts until he,
Manlike, convinces her that he's
All right and she is silly!

M. N. B.

REAL PLEASURE.



Raggety Wayside—Why did yer steal dat scilente paper, when dere wuz lots wid gals' pictures in dem lyin' 'round?

Wandering Willie—I like ter read 'bout de invention of labor-savin' machinery. Dis will be a fine world ter live in when dere's no more work done by hand.

It's a First-Class General Rule.

The Chicago board of education has forbidden that any of the city schools shall hereafter be named for a living person. The matter has been discussed for some time past, and was brought to a climax by the fact that one of the city schools now bears the name of the president of a bank which recently failed.—(New York Times).

No Partridges.

"Mark," said the major, "listen to that drumming. What does it mean?"

"That isn't drumming, William," said the national chairman, as he glanced through the nearest window, "that's the chattering of the teeth of 2000 office seekers, more or less, who are now shivering on the lawn."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

Perhaps He Can't Afford Luxuries.

A man who recently married one of the best cooks in Atchison has taken his bride to a boarding house. Men have a queer idea of showing appreciation of the good things strewn in their path.—(Atchison Globe).

Cut This Face Out.

It contains the face of a father and three daughters; you see the father, where are the daughters? If you are bright enough to find all three you are entitled to a reward. We will give FREE 17 beautiful pictures (for decorating a home), as a reward to any one who can make out the three daughters' faces. These pictures were superbly executed in colors by an Art publisher who was obliged to liquidate his business, the productions being too costly for the hard times.

NOT A NEW WOMAN.

"I am a man who believes in explaining business to women," said Mr. Rising, "and I think you'd better keep a bank account, Em'my."

"Oh, John, I can't keep accounts. I never had a head for figures," said Mrs. Rising, apologetically.

"You don't keep a bank account yourself, Em'my," explained Mr. Rising.

"But I thought you said I'd better keep a bank account," replied Mrs. Rising, in bewilderment.

"So I did, Em'my, so I did," Mr. Rising said, kindly. "It's your account, but they keep it at the bank for you, and you keep your book."

"But if I keep the book, how can they keep the account in it?" asked Mrs. Rising, in desperation.

"They keep the account in their books and you keep your own book," returned Mr. Rising, firmly.

"Then, if they keep their account and I keep mine, John, it seems easier to me just to get the money from you," suggested Mrs. Rising, hopefully.

"You don't keep your account, you keep your book," said Mr. Rising, with emphasis.

"Well, what good is the book without an account, John?" ventured Mrs. Rising.

"Em'my," said Mr. Rising, "they keep all the accounts and you keep—hold your book."

"I wouldn't like to have to go to the bank for every few cents, John," said Mrs. Rising, timidly, after a few minutes' silence.

"Of course you wouldn't, Em'my, you would draw your money from your check book," said Mr. Rising, with renewed interest.

"Why, John, do you think it is safe to keep money in a book? It seems to me it would get lost, and then I should worry so about fire," and Mrs. Rising was already disconsolate.

Mr. Rising looked seriously at his young and pretty wife, says the Chicago Times-Herald, and then concluded the conversation by saying: "On the whole, Em'my, I think it will save time just to give you money when you need it." Then Mrs. Rising kissed her husband and said she would take \$10 at once.

NO GAS BILLS.

Oh, lightning bug, thou joyous bird,
Who at thine own sweet will
Mayst hold illuminations gay
And never get a bill!

—Washington Star.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HOLES?



"What are you nailing the shirt down to the table for, Mrs Jones?"

"Well, I'm goin' to wash it this minute, and I'm takin' precautions that it don't shrink like the last one."

EXTENDING CREDIT.

(Somerville Journal.)

She promised me a kiss the other day,
For some slight favor that she wanted done,
But when I granted it she ran away,
Forgetting, for the time, to give me one.

She's such a dainty, winsome little thing!
Just four, you know, and sweeter than a rose.
So full of joyous life! She's sure to bring
New happiness to all, where'er she goes.

And, as I say, she owes me now a kiss.
Shall I collect the debt, or trust to Fate?
I rather think 'twill give me greater bliss.
Some twelve or fourteen years from now. I'll wait!

Teeth Extracted Without Payin'.

Sue—I don't see how you ever had the nerve to have your tooth pulled before a whole class of dental students. Did you scream?

Mayme—I don't know whether I did or not. As soon as the professor tackled the tooth those horrid students set up their college yell and scared me so that I don't even know whether it hurt.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Ben Bolt's Grave."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Here are the words of the song

"BEN BOLT'S GRAVE."

By the side of sweet Alice they have laid Ben Bolt.

Where oft he longed to repose;
For there he would kneel with the early spring flowers,
And plant on his darling the rose.

His heart was as true as the star to his gaze
When tossed on the billows alone;
But now it is cold and forever at rest,
For he calmly lies under the stone.

At last he is gone to the bright spirit lands,
And free from all sorrow and pain
He tastes the full rapture of angels above,
To meet with sweet Alice again.

We gather the flowers from the green shady brook,

And moss from the silent old mill,
To strew o'er the grave where now doth repose
The hearts that death hardly could chill.

And oft when the soul has grown weary and sad,

We come by twilight alone
To muse o'er the spot where together Ben Bolt
And sweet Alice lie under the stone.

L. H.

AN EASY THING.

"I cannot deceive you," he protested.
"Darling," she murmured.
And so they were married.

After that he found he had taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation. He found as a matter of fact he could deceive her with a clove and the old lodge story.—Detroit Tribune.

IMPOSSIBLE IN EITHER CASE.



Miss Ethel, were you ever mistaken for a man?
No, Charley, were you?—Vogue.

A QUARREL IN THE OVEN.

(Katharine Newbold Birdsall, in the Home Queen.)

O, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fay and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl,
"I'll wager my new brown hat,
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand—
But what is the good of that?"

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way,
"O, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can be,
You do not know lard from a round green pea!
Is there aught that you do know, pray?"

O, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with scorn
As he looked at the flaky piecrust.
"Just watch how I'll rise in the world!" cried he,
"Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" cried she,
"While you stay the color of rust."

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in the room without,
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout;
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and small brighteyed lad
Took a big bite of each—yes, this tale's very sad—
So they'll now never quarrel again.

EMBRACING THE OPPORTUNITY.

"I've caught you at last!" cried the enraged farmer, as he stumbled over the old darky who was enjoying himself in the green middle of the watermelon patch; "I've caught you at last—you old thief, you!"

"Boss," said the culprit, as he gulped down the red heart of a fat Kolb Gem.
"Boss, 'fo' de Lord hit wuz all a axcident how I came heah. I wuz walkin'

'long de railroad des ez hones' ez could be, when 'long come a freight train, en 'fo' I could cl'ar de track de engine hit me en th'owed me clean oved de fence whar I is now, en when I fell I landed kerblamm! on dese 'eah melons, en busted 'em all ter pieces; en when I com to I wuz so hungry dat I des pitch in en eat up what I done busted!"—Atlanta Constitution.



TOMMY'S REWARD.

"See that tall, sedate fellow walking along the other side of the street?"

The young man referred to walked slowly, with a limp.

"Well, that fellow was a newsboy once, and it was on a Thanksgiving day that he started on the road that has led him to be what he is—one of the most successful young lawyers in the city."

"We all used to call him Tommy. That was all the name he knew in those days. He hobbled about on a crutch and sold newspapers.

"We business men came to know him very well, and to like him, too. No one seemed to know much about him. He was business all over, but rarely ever said anything about himself or his family."

"A certain business man, who was the proprietor of one of the largest houses on Main st., often left large sums of money in his private safe over night.

"On the night before Thanksgiving day of that year this man's daughter was married. That afternoon I had been talking to Tommy as I bought a paper from him. I asked him how he was going to spend his Thanksgiving, and he asked me if 'they wuz goin' to git out'n extra.' He said he expected they might, as he had seen so much of Thanksgiving in the papers.

"I tried to explain to him what the day meant, and ended by asking him what kind of a dinner he was going to have. He intimated that the menu would be influenced by the result of his sales. I left him, intending to find him the next day and give him a good dinner.

"The wedding that night was a pretty swell affair, and the dinner was the most elaborate I have ever seen, before or since. I was seated next to the old man, and he whispered to me that the only thing that worried him was that he had left a large amount of money in his safe; he had been in such a hurry to get out to the house.

"The dinner was almost over. The last course was being served, and the guests were all talking at the same time, laughing and jesting in high glee. I heard a sound of a scuffle near the door, and when I looked around I saw two waiters trying to keep Tommy, the newsboy, from coming in.

"I nudged the host with my elbow and pointed to the scene. He laughed and said he guessed Tommy thought he had a perfect right there, since he bought his papers from him.

"About this time my attention was attracted across the table by a remark from a young lady, and I paid no attention to Tommy until I heard a voice at

my elbow:

"Three fellers is tryin' to crack your safe down to the store. I was sleepin' in the ash barrel in the alley an' seen 'em."

"Tommy's voice was very loud, for he was excited and angry at the interference he had met with at the door. But at his first words the host had bounded from his chair and we heard the rattle of his carriage on the way to the police station.

"Tommy started to go, and I called him back. He told his story before the excited crowd. He had been asleep and was awakened by the man kicking the barrel. He had remained quiet, and by peeping saw them effect an entrance.

"Then he crawled out of the barrel and made his way to my friend's house as fast as his lame leg would allow. Why he did not hunt the police was a question he could not answer.

"What became of Tommy? O, he was given all the wedding dinner he could eat, and the next day he ate Thanksgiving turkey at my host's table. The old man sent him to school and later to college. He was educated for the law. You know what he is now."—(Odds and Ends.)

FOLLOW.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsel guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again,

Chorus.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

This hymn has been translated in many languages. The music for it was written by W. G. Tamer, an intimate friend of the author.

"One More Unfortunate."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I notice a call from your correspondent, "H. W. H.", for a poem entitled, "One More Unfortunate." In perusing some old poems I have preserved I find the verses commencing with the four lines as given by said correspondent.

J. W. H.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

The night was dark and dreary,
Icy cold the bleak wind swept;
Beneath some sheltering casement,
The friendless outcast crept.
A silken mass of raven curls
Fell o'er her brow so mild,
On bended knee a prayer she said,
As taught her when a child.

"O, God," she cried, "look down on me,
A mortal weak and lowly;
Come wash me in your cleansing blood,
Thus make me pure and holy."
A faint voice softly whispered,
"I've been waiting long for thee;
Come, outcast, from thy wanderings,
Once more come home to me."

Next morning, stark and rigid,
They found her—lying dead.
Some said it was exposure,
Some said she needed bread.
In an ambulance they laid her,
In the storm of rain and sleet;
Only a wretched outcast,
Found perished in the street.

To the "Potter's field" they bore her,
Laid her down in a grave unknown;
To gaze on her matchless beauty,
Would soften hearts of stone.
O, God, who reigns in a fairer land,
Where partings are no more,
May all mistakes committed here,
Be righted on that shore.

WANTED HIS FRIENDS TO KNOW.



"Officer, I want you to lock me up for shooting game."

"Well where's the game?"
"O! I haven't hit anything; only I want my friends to think I have; and if you'll have my conviction inserted in the Evening Snoozer, I'll give you a dollar."

MY WIFE COMES HOME TODAY.

(New York World.)

Away with jest and halting rhyme!
Away with all the rhymster's woes!
Away with household dust and grime!
(There comes her train, the whistle blows!)
Fling to the winds this stilted pose
Of shackled thought in rhyme's array!
Away with crude burlesque in prose—
My wife comes back to town today!

To grind out verse is a waste of time!
Why gain more editors as foes?
Why write when "feet" club-footed climb?
(There comes her train, the whistle blows!)
Of poker games no sign now shows,
The sooty pipes are hid away,
The beer mug through the window goes—
My wife comes back to town today!

The broom has done its work sublime,
Yet 'neath the bed the floor overflows
With 'baccy ash—a ghost of thyme!
(There comes her train, the whistle blows!)
In place of bottles blooms the rose!
I pump up tears so to display
To her a sad and ruddy nose—
My wife comes back to town today!

L'ENVOY.

I'll tell her of my daily throes!
(There comes her train, the whistle blows!)
Of lies I'll chant a roundelay—
My wife comes back to town today!

A TIRED MOTHER.

Fire to build and breakfast to get,
Faces to wash and baby to pet,
Then a drill in the spelling line,
Coats to mend, and 'tis only nine!

Off to school the children run,
And mother's work is just begun;
Pies to shell, and pies to make,
Doughnuts to fry, and fish to bake.

Dinner to serve, the clock strikes twelve,
True to the old rhyme, "dig and delve;"
Just like a treadmill, on she goes,
And where it will end no one knows!

Table to clear, dishes to do,
Same old routine, nothing new;
Kitchen to sweep, rooms to right,
Stove to black, flies to fight.

Half-past two by the kitchen clock,
Stockings to darn, baby to rock;
A caller or two, 'tis only four;
Children home from school once more.

Must have a lunch, hungry as bears,
They crumb the carpet, litter the stairs,
And bring five boys, all armed with sticks,
To play Sioux war and stay till six!

Spread the table, draw the tea,
Not a moment to breathe has she;
Do the dishes and make up bread,
Wash and put the children to bed!

This is one day of 365;
Don't you wonder she's still alive?
Norway, Me. Alma Pendexter Hayden.



First visitor—That's Doubois, the famous novelist.
Second visitor—Oh! They say he has made a fortune by his romances.
First visitor—That is a fact.
Second visitor—Yes, but founded on fiction.—(Sketch.)

THE BOWSERS.

The Head of the House
Has a New Notion.

This Time He Is Going to
Be the Family Doctor.

The Experiment Was a Per-
sonally Painful Failure.

Mr. Bowser is not a man of hobbies—no husband is. He simply brings home patent disinfectants, cough cures, liver invigorators, new-fangled fire-escapes, consumption remedies, burglar alarms, fly-killers, dandruff eradicators, smoke dampers, canning syrup and mad dog dodgers from a sense of duty to himself and family, writes M. Quad in the Detroit Free Press. He also believes in the efficacy of each and every one from another sense of duty. When he came home the other evening Mrs. Bowser knew by the important and triumphant look on his face that something was up, and when he carefully deposited a parcel on the table, she somewhat acidly demanded:

"Have you been buying some more stuff to be thrown out of the window?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he answered, "how many doctors and drug stores are there in this country?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you don't. It isn't your business to know. I do know, however, and I'll tell you that there are over 2,000,000 doctors—one to about

every 30 of our population. Just think of that! There are also nearly 2,000,000 drug stores, each one supported by about 40 such people as you are."

"Well?" she asked.

Easy Enough to Be a Doctor.

"Well, it must follow that there is mighty little sense among average people to run to a doctor every time anything gets out of kilter. Think of the money thrown away!"

"But nothing ever ails any of us but a headache," she protested.

"No, of course not. But why not? Simply because I'm a prudent and far-seeing man. I lock the stable before the horse is stolen. In other words, during the years we have been married I have saved us from at least 50 fits of sickness, each one of which would have cost at least \$50 in cash."

"Well, have you been getting anything today?" she asked. "If so, you might as well throw it out of the window, for we don't need it."

"Don't need it, Mrs. Bowser—don't need it!" he echoed, as he stood up and waved a paper package aloft. "But we do need it—all of us need it—need it bad. Do you know what season of the year this is?"

"Of course, it's summer."

"Well, what takes place in the summer?"

"Various things."

He Specifies Symptoms.

"Yes, and one of them is a sort of collapse of the physical system. We lose flesh. We are spleeney. We are illious and subject to chills. We are in just that state to invite a fever to seize upon us, and in nine cases out of ten it would be fatal. Is it prudence to tone up the system or to have a funeral in the house?"

"What have you there?" she asked, avoiding a direct answer to his question.

"Roots, Mrs. Bowser, roots! Nature furnishes man all the medicines needed when it causes roots to grow in the same soil he treads. Here is a burdock, sassafras, sarsaparilla, sweetbud, blackberry and two or three other tinctures, each a specific in itself—all combined, a sure panacea for nearly all the ills human flesh is heir to."

"And you are going to eat them—all of us must eat them?" she anxiously asked.

"Wait and see!" he replied with a pomposity that quite settled her; and in due time she saw.

After dinner Mr. Bowser took possession of the kitchen to make his root tonics. He put the roots in the teatettle, started a good fire, and at intervals of every five minutes he walked out to cool his face and say to Mrs. Bowser:

Prepares the Decoction.

"Doctors! Drug stores! Faugh! In a week from now you won't know yourself!"

After a couple of hours Mr. Bowser soured off two quarts of dark liquid, which gave out an odor similar to that of a ripe cucumber flung against the smoke-house door in August. Being alone in the kitchen at the time, he, of course, took down the roller towel to strain it through. He then added to the liquid half a pint of whisky, half an ounce of cloves, one nutmeg and half a pound of sugar, and put the whole in an old fruit jar.

"There—that's off my mind!" he said, as he returned to the sitting room. "The dose, Mrs. Bowser, will be one tablespoonful three times a day for you and half that for the baby."

"If we need it."

"If you need it. Do you suppose I'd go to all this trouble if we didn't need it? I saw the signs of collapse in your eyes 10 days ago, and I may not be in time to save our child. The ignorance and obstinacy of some women is amazing!"

She was interested in a book, and did not care to pursue the argument further, and nothing more was said about the tonic until bed time. Then he went to the pantry and took a hearty pull at it, and as he came out wiping off his chin, he said:

A Fine Tonic.

"You can begin tomorrow morning. Lands! but that is a tonic! I really feel a year younger for that one dose!"

"Then you won't need to buy any other stuff this summer?"

"Stuff! Stuff! That's you, Mrs. Bowser! If you can't have your way about things you are down on the whole world! You can sit there and pine away and become a dime museum skeleton if you want to, but here goes for the elixir of life and five pounds of fat per week!"

Nevertheless, in the course of half an hour Mr. Bowser seemed restless and anxious. At bed time he was pale and had a scared look. At 11 o'clock, after tossing around in a troubled sleep for an hour, he suddenly sat up in bed and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser, I—I believe I'm a dying man! There must have been some poisonous root in that tonic! Send for a doctor at once!"

"I don't see the need of that," she calmly replied. "It will only make expense for nothing. You have 432 different bottles and boxes of remedies in the closet. Go down and take a specific for summer invigorator poison."

He half fell out of bed, lighted the night lamp and he was almost bent double as he made his way down stairs. Mrs. Bowser followed him half way, knowing what was coming. She heard him clattering the bottles around for two or three minutes, and then, seeming to hold one in either hand, he muttered:

A Total Failure.

"Is this which, or that which, or which in thunder is which? It's the first time I ever needed any medicine in the night, and now I can't tell a cure for hydrophobia from a remedy for fits! Mrs. Bowser!"

"Well?"

"Come down here. I'm dying! Look this infernal old drug-shop over and

find me something to cure these colicky pains!"

"All I want is the mustard from the pantry," she said; and in half an hour she had him in bed and asleep again. Next morning he was as blithe as if nothing had occurred, but just after breakfast, when she asked him if he'd forgotten his summer tonic, he turned on her with:

"Mrs. Bowser, conscience should have prevented you from ever mentioning those words again!"

"How?"

"How! Am I blind? Can't I put three and two together and make five?"

"Explain yourself. Your language is ambiguous!"

"I understand all about the ambiguous business! You were determined not to take that tonic. You also made up your mind that if I took it it would be the worse for me. Any jury in this land would convict you on the evidence!"

"What evidence?"

"Never you mind! Let your conscience answer for you. I may feel it my duty later on in the day to see a lawyer—see a lawyer, Mrs. Bowser—and if so I shall, of course, be guided by what he says!"

And he drew himself up with great dignity, put on his hat and walked out doors with a feeling that Mrs. Bowser would stay crushed for all day.

HOW STATES GROW.

HIS ALUMINUM EAR.

What Science Has Done for a Man Who Lost His Left Auricle.

We have had people with glass eyes, porcelain teeth, and artificial whiskers, and now along comes a man with an aluminum ear. He is 63 years of age and was admitted into the queen's hospital at Birmingham, Eng., in April, 1893, with an epithelioma of the left auricle.



THE MAN WITH AN ALUMINUM EAR.

The greater part of the diseased ear was cut off by the attending surgeon and a plaster of paris cast was taken of the left side of his head. Then an artificial ear was built up in wax to match the healthy one on the opposite side. This bogus ear was then made in vulcanite and aluminum, tinted and enameled to harmonize with the complexion. No artificial contrivance, such as a spectacle frame, was made use of to support the aluminum ear, and adhesion to the head was effected by means of a saturated solution of mastic in absolute alcohol.

The man now can hear as well as ever, but he takes care to sleep on his right side at night so as not to break off his new ear. At the same time he has no fear of having it frost bitten, and he is probably the only man alive who could even partly comply with the request of Marc Antony: "Lend me your ears."—*(The World.)*

REST.

(Margaret L. Woods.)
To spend the long warm days
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,
To see, not gaze,
To bear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for
dreams;

See clouds that slowly pass
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint dawn,
And ripening grass,
While yet the meadows wear their starry
crown;

To hear the breezes sigh,
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,
Pause and go by,
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain;

See far from all aghast,
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,
And, night by night,
Low in the west the white moon's folding
flower.

Thus lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature and to hear
What songs she sings
Low to herself when there is no one near.

THE GHOSTS THAT RIDE WITH CUSTER.

I was with Reno, fightin' hard an' pressed on ev'ry side,
Till Terry came, an' then we l'arned how Custer's men had died;
An' hastenin' down, we saw 'em dead—wide eyes an' faces gray.
An' that red scene will ha'nt me, sure, until my dyin' day.
But you ken see no ghosts, not you!—you ned no comrade thar,
While I hed Clark o' C troop, little Joe, with sunny hair.
An' girlish face, an' eyes an' lips aye full o' smiles an' thanks.
An' I found him near by Custer, whar he dropped down in the ranks.
The place is thick with dusky shapes an' visions all around.
With gun smoke trailin' up the hills, dark splashes on the ground,
An' airy mutterin's in the wind, an' voices, like as not,
O' those who ride by Custer's side about the bloody spot.
An' on the march, each wind-shod troop, the purple midnight thru,
Now at a walk, now at a trot, like passin' in review.
With sabres drawn, an' misty banners wavin' over all,
An' moanin' up'ard to the stars a desolate bugle call.
The phantom sounds o' battle float along the peopled air.
Muffled commands, an' shoutin', an' a desprate, distant cheer,
An' shudderin' steeds, an' sabre gleams, an' pistol echoes, too.
An'—God ha' mercy!—down'ard rains a gashly, crimson dew.
When lightnin' spreads, o' summer nights, its pennons on the breeze;
When winter's icy squadrons clatter thru the quakin' trees;
But most o' all in June—in June, when the blood-red roses blow—
The troopers ride by Custer's side, whar' the Big Horn waters flow.
—Army and Navy Journal.

AS TIME PASSES.

(Will Stokes in Army and Navy Journal.)
I hev' seen the sojers marchin'—marchin'—marchin'.
Lines on lines o' glancin' baynits down the sullen South;
All flame with song an' story,
Side by side the young an' hoary,
Dreamin' dreams o' fame an' glory at the cannon's mouth.
I hev' seen the sojers marchin'—marchin'—marchin'.
Blasted ranks an' riddled colors back'ards from the war,
From the fury an' the fightin',
Home agen, all hearts delightin',
Victory's dauntless eyes upliftin' the triumphal car.
I hev' seen the sojers marchin'—marchin'—marchin'.
Arms reversed an' banners craped toward the churchyard lone,
Where the fresh May buds are peepin'
O'er the war-worn veterans sleepin',
An' a grateful nation weepin', mournus the heroes gone.

DYING AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

Nantucket, Mass., Feb. 4.—Mrs. Valentine Aldrich, one of Siasconset's oldest inhabitants, died this afternoon. Mr. Aldrich, who is in his 92nd year, is in a critical condition himself. The par had lived together 60 years.

RAINY TWILIGHT.

(L. Frank Tooker in April Century.)
O, put thy hand in mine, and we'll take the road together;
With gold the west is dappled above the rainy hill;
Yet raindrops kiss upon the twigs in token of foul weather;
The twilight is deserted; these haunted ways are still.
But who with love and youth would hesitate to follow?
This little cart-track running through sumacs to the sea?
Sweet is the veil the rain has made for love in every hollow;
The gay winds kiss to beauty thy happy face for me.
Each wheel-rut is a pool to glass the leafless thicket;
The dry reeds clash like cymbals, or sway like men at war;
Into the dusk a rabbit darts; in antiphons the crickets
Weave happy songs to shatter the silence they abhor.
Wide, inaccessible, there lies the solemn level
Of darkened meadows stretching unto the ocean's rim,
Seamed with the winding waterways wherein
shy creatures revel,
The meadow hens brood near, the slow tide-waters brim.
The spray from off the sea blows salt across our faces;
Thy brow the cool rains kiss; thine eyes with love-light shine.
What bits of happy song we sing! What laughter haunts these places,
Thrilled with the far surf's thunder, damp with its sweeping brine!
The strong gales buffet us; the rain hosts fight with lances—
With leveled lances set, against us ride in vain;
Far and forgotten now is grief; no care with us advances;
Our gay gods haunt alike the sunshine and the rain.

"Drifting Away."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Here is the full text of the poem asked for by your correspondent:

Reader.

DRIFTING AWAY.
Drifting away from each other,
Silently drifting apart,
Nothing between but the world's cold screen,
Nothing to lose but a heart.

Only two lives dividing
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.

Only a man's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its dole;
Only a hand, tender and bland,
Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do bat endure.

The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb, and women change;
Nothing here that is worth a tear,
One love less—nothing strange.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart—
No wrong to each, that the world can reach,
Nothing lost but a heart.

Woman's Keen Intuition.

"Darling," he said, falling upon his knees before her and covering her little white hands with kisses; "darling, can't you see—can't you guess that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height, looked at him for a moment and then said: "Well, I should hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company." —*(Cleveland Leader.)*

MODERN LIFE.

OPTIMISTIC.

Talk about the price of gas!
It'll be before we're through
Less in houses and in streets—
And, maybe, less in Congress, too.
—Washington Star.

CATS, CLOCKS AND TROUBLE.

"A cat," remarked the exchange editor, "is a good deal like a pendulum. It always comes back."

"Not always," replied the financial editor. "Not without waits, anyhow." "It could come with a spring, couldn't it?" retorted the other.

The two eyed each other suspiciously.

"I don't believe you've got it right," observed the financial editor. "If a cat is like a pendulum it's because it goes just so far—"

"Of course I might have said," interrupted the exchange man, snapping his shears viciously, "that a cat is like a pendulum because it seems to make the most noise in the silent watches of the night, but you wouldn't have the capacity to—"

"You ought to know enough to know that pendulum couldn't make a noise in a silent watch! There's no pendulum in a watch, anyway. If there were—"

"Or I might have suggested that you can always get one on tick."

"Or that when one cat moves another always seconds the motion—"

"Like sixty it does!"

"Certainly I'll make a minute of that. Or—"

"Or I might have said it came over in the arc—"

"If it did," exclaimed the financial editor, heatedly, "it wasn't after any rat!"

"Chestnut!"

"If that's a chestnut, who furnished the cat to rake it out, I'd like to know!"

"A cat," vociferated the exchange editor, "a neighbor's cat, particularly, is also like a pendulum because it tells hours—"

"It doesn't!" howled the financial editor, "and a man that talks like that ought to swing for it!"

He jammed his hat on his head and went out into the open air to get cool.

—Chicago Tribune.

HANDY.

Ruby—"Does Miss Gusher get her beautiful complexion from her mother or father?"

Garnet—"Her father, I believe. He keeps a paint store."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE MISTAKEN HEN.

A hen once overheard her master praising the song of the nightingale in the most extravagant manner and saying to his wife:

"If we only had a bird which could sing like that I would admire him from daylight till dark."

"That's a pointer for me!" chuckled the hen as she snatched for another potato bug, "and he'll hear something drop before long!"

Next evening, as the farmer and his wife sat on the door step and hoped the nightingale would come again, the hen flew into a tree and made a heroic attempt to warble as she had heard the bird do.

"Good lands, but what in Goshen ails that 'ere hen!" exclaimed the farmer as he jumped up.

The hen posed anew and sent forth a fresh "Clack! Clack! Clack!"

"Gosh durn her hide, but she's neither a hen nor a bird!" exclaimed the farmer, "and I'll clear her off the place before she makes a fool of the ducks!"

Moral.—Many a farmer has been spoiled by trying to become a legislator.—Detroit Free Press.

A KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

"He dropped me for a girl with more money."

"Yes, but that's no sign he doesn't love you."—Life.

EM. SIR ALEXANDER CASSIL.

TWENTY-ONE.

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

Hurrah, I'm twenty-one!
Whatever can be nobly won,
Or what another man has done,
I'm ready now to do.
Thus far I've been a silly ead,
And though I'm not exactly bad,
I've followed every foolish fad
That fancy led me to.

But now for other things,
I'll try what education brings;
(But still love fun—that leaves no stings
To pierce my youth and age.)
And stocks and bonds and railway shares,
And taming of the "bulbs" and "bears,"
And what pertains to club affairs,
My mind must now engage.

Ah, this is life's new wine!
What royal vintage half so fine?
This god-like nectar now is mine,
Richer than stores of pelf.
Fill me the goblet to the brim.
Dull care, thou hoary tyrant grim,
Withdraw thy face, I'll drink to "him,"
"His majesty, myself."

Hurrah, hurrah, for me!
Pledge in a bumper full and free,
This youth, who starts o'er land and sea
With flag of hope unfurled.
This soldier, eager for the fight!
This prince, just come into his right!
This king, ascending in his might,
A throne, which is the world!

Hurrah, I'm now a man!
I'll help "the party" all I can:
My choice shall bless the day he ran
For judge or president.
For no such ugly word as "fail"
Shall swamp the ship on which I sail,
The way I'll ride before the gale
Will cause astonishment.

Hurrah, I'm "of age!"
Does every fascinating page,
Written by ancient peer or sage,
Such glorious news proclaim!
Of centuries I am the heir;
And all the labor rich and rare
Of busy workers everywhere,
And all success, and fame,

Are mine, the autocrat!
Upon my throue great kings have sat,
Wh owned the earth, this way and that,
And all beneath the sun.
Good day,
I go to look to my estate,
O'ersee my kingdom rich and great;
Hooray!
This is the day to celebrate,
For I am twenty-one!
(Will some kind friend please hold my coat?)
I'll now proceed to vote!

EM. SIR HARVEY H. CASSIL.

She Left the Man Who Loved Her.

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to your correspondent:

SHE LEFT THE MAN WHO LOVED HER FOR ANOTHER.

In a little country village
Lived a farmer and his wife,
She was young and rich with beauty,
Sunshine of her husband's life;
But the snake crept in his Eden,
In the guise of trusted friend,
And the dreams fond love had cherished
Came they to a fatal end.
One night, when he reached his homestead,
His fond heart was turned to stone—
She, the wife he loved so dearly,
With his dearest friend had flown.

CHORUS.

She left the man who loved her for another,
She who was the sunshine of his life;
Her vows of faith and duty she'd forgotten,
Broke the link that made them man and wife.

In a handsome furnished chamber
Stand betrayer and betrayed;
He is scornful, she is pleading;
Ah, what havoc time has made!
She is white-faced, trembling, hopeless,
And she feels dishonor's shame;
For the man who stands before her
She has ruined a husband's name.
He's grown weary of his victim,
Says, "Tis better we should part."
In his soul there is no pity
For her crushed and breaking heart.

In the streets of a great city
One cold, bitter winter's night,
On the doorstep lies a woman,
'Round her fall the snowflakes white;
By her side a man is kneeling,
"Mary," is his bitter cry,
"You for months I have been seeking,
Now I've found you, do not die."
Hear her pleading for forgiveness
As he clasps her to his breast;
Just one kiss, one murmured "Goodby,"
And her soul in death finds rest.

F. H.

GREEN ENOUGH.

"Country raised?" asked the more cultivated raspberries, with a supercilious sneer.

The watermelon flared up at the intended insult.

"I'm not so green as I look," it retorted hotly.

But the doctor who came in at night and felt the boy's pulse said he wasn't so sure about that.—Rockland Tribune.

MIND THE WEATHER? NAW!

Newsboys Have to Rough It, and Some of the Small Ones Could Do With Some Mittens and Wraps.

The newsboy, if any one in Boston, earned the pittance that came his way yesterday.

Ye, who stood shivering around your blazing open fires and grumbling because the furnace did not act rightly or the steam did not come on rapidly enough, who, muffled from head to foot in the warmest clothing that money could buy, hastened by electric car or closed carriage to your warm office, think of the poor little chaps who had to turn out with the thermometer 10° below zero and take up their stand on some windy corner to watch for a chance customer keen enough for his morning newspaper to stop in the cold and search for the necessary small change in his well-buttoned-up pockets. The air seemed charged with tiny needles that pricked the skin and caused it to tingle sharply. It was useless to huddle in empty doorways or corners. They were simply cold storage boxes.

Feet would grow numb and heavy, in spite of frequent changes from one foot to the other and the practice of all the steps known to the street boy. Much blowing and beating of hands would not prevent fingers from stiffening.

But in truth the greater part of the grumbling about the cold was done by the folk who could stay in doors and think about it.

A newsboy grumble over such a thing as weather? Ridiculous! Not unless he was new to the business or had mighty hard luck. For the most part he stamped about merrily on the pavements, whistled to "keep his mouth from freezin'" and, if he found "mornin' pap" getting frozen in its utterance, he took a long breath and cried out all the more lustily to make up for it: "Papers, Globe n' Herald, mornin' paper s!"

And all day long the army of newsboys was on duty, defying weather and courting trade. Of course, among so many there had to be a few timorous, shirking fellows, who would rather lose their daily stipend than brave the elements. They hung around the mailing rooms of the newspaper offices, or in warm hallways of big buildings until they got put out, or loafed at the Howard st. the newsboys' clubhouse, or went home. But they were so few that they were scarcely missed.

The reporter looked upon the members of this fraternity as he never had before. They seemed magnified into a company of heroes and martyrs, standing at their post unmoved in the face of all discomforts. What matter though their uniforms were as motley and as shabby as those of the confederates at the close of the war, or of Coxey's followers after disbandment? Stout hearts and gritty fibre were beneath.

Some of the big boys had as warm and comfortable clothing as could be desired. Great coats with collars that turned up high around their necks, caps that pulled down over their ears, thick gloves and high boots over warm trousers. Their voices came with lusty sonority from the depths of their wrappings. They seemed like well cared for and favored officers of the highest rank. To him that hath shall be given. People seemed naturally to prefer buying of these comfortable-looking individuals, and their papers went with gratifying alacrity.

Then there were those less well clad but by no means in a destitute condition. They might have been non-commissioned officers in the newsboy army. They didn't have greatcoats, or if they had they were thinner or handed down from some one else for whom they had done good service. But they frequent had warm-looking sweaters underneath and they wore gloves or mittens.

But the poor privates—they were almost always the little fellows—would have appealed to the sympathies of the passers-by had they not been so chillie and benumbed by the weather.

The reporter came on a group of four of these little fellows who stood on the street corner with a dispirited air an

an almost undiminished bundle of news papers under their arms late in the afternoon. One rough, purple little han of each grasped his papers, the other was thrust into a sagging pocket.

"Hello," said the reporter to one of them, "haven't you made money enough to buy mittens?"

"Naw," was the indifferent reply. "What did you do with what you're taken in today?"

"Bought sumpin' t' eat."

"Aren't you cold?" asked the reporter, addressing the whole crowd.

"Naw," said two of them. One did not deign to reply, and the fourth said "You bet." He had the thinnest clothing of any, his shoes had more ventilation than was necessary and there were holes in the legs of his stockings. His bet was not taken.

Other privates were found in better spirits. "It's jolly," said one little chap drawing on his ragged mittens; "wus I could go skatin' tho'. Naw, I ain sufferin' any. Business good? We've seen it better—an' worse, too."

"Glad Christmas come before this co snap," declared another.

"See that cap?" baring his head, got that Chris mus, an' this coat, to fit aint new an' it don't fit to hurt, but it's purty good for cold weather."

"Want a paperer jes' want ter chin' asked a shrewd-looking boy who has been regarding the reporter's movements with suspicion.

"O, yes," he assented to a proposition

made to him, "I'll talk fer the price o' three papers—2-senters yer know," he added shrewdly.

"Yes, there's some fellers lays off when a day bites like this, but there's plenty at don't. Weather really don't make no difference to our biz'ness. Course they aint so many people out today, but what there's wants to know how cold it is, an' 'bout Siah Quincy hein' made mayor, an' so they buy the papers. See?"

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"People Will Talk."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I send in answer to "J. C. C.": Mina.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow,

If you listen to all that is said as you go; You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew—

For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.

And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed That your humble position is only assumed— You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,

But don't get excited: keep perfectly cool—

For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart, They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;

But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,

For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,

Some person will surely take notice of that, And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;

But don't get excited, whatever they say—

For people will talk.

If your dress is old-fashioned, don't think to escape,

For they criticise them in a different shape; You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,

But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,

For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please, For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,

Of course, you will meet with all sorts of abuse,

But don't think to stop it—it's really no use—

For people will talk.

A SUBMERGED FOREST.

Trees One Hundred Feet Tall Standing Upright in Lake Samamish.

Many years ago, even so far back that the traditions of the oldest Siwash extend not thereto, there was some vast upheaval of Mother Earth on the shores of Lake Samamish that sent a portion of the big Newcastle hills sliding down into the lake, with its tall evergreen forest intact, says the Seattle Times, and there it is to this day. About this time of the year the waters of the lake are at their lowest, and then the tops of the tallest of these big submerged trees are out of the water, but never more than 10 or 12 inches.

Unfortunately for the curiosity seeker and traveling public generally, the submerged forest is on the opposite side of the lake from the railroad, and the station of Monohon, and very few people ever see the phenomenon unless they take the time and pains necessary to reach it.

Sam Coombs, the pioneer, has just been over to view the submerged forest, and he is very enthusiastic concerning its beauties and mystery. He talks Chinook fluently, but with all his quizzing of the red-skinned inhabitants he has never learned anything that will throw any light on the history of the forest under water. The waters of the lake are very deep, and the bluffs back of the beach are very precipitous, so that the only explanation of the freak is that, either by an earthquake or some other means, a great slide has been started in early times, and it went down as a mass until it found lodgment at the bottom of the lake. At this time one can see down into the glassy, mirror-like depths of the lake for 30 feet or more. Near the banks the forest trees are interlaced at various angles and in confusion, but farther out in the deep water they stand straight, erect and limbless and barkless, 100 feet tall. They are not petrified in the sense of being turned to stone, but they are preserved and appear to have stood there for ages. They are three feet through, some of them, and so firm in texture as to be scarcely affected by a knife blade. The great slide extended for some distance, and it would now be a dangerous piece of work for a steamer to attempt passage over the tops of these tall trees. Even now the water along shore is very deep, and a ten-foot pole would sink perpendicularly out of sight ten feet from the shore line.

All over this country are found strata of blue clay, which in the winter season are very treacherous, and, given the least bit of opportunity, will slide away, carrying everything above with them. This is the theory of the submerged forest of Lake Samamish. It probably was growing above one of these blue earth strata, and heavy rains, or probably an earthquake, set it moving. The quantity of earth carried down was so great that the positions of the trees on the portion carried away were little affected. It is hardly to be believed that the earth suddenly sank down at this point and became a portion of the beautiful lake.

Few such places exist. There is a place in the famous Tumwater Canyon, on the line of the Great Northern, near Leavenworth, which is in some respects similar. At some early time a portion of the great mountain side came rushing down and buried itself at the bottom of the canyon. Now there is a considerable lake, and in the centre stand tall, limbless trees, different in species from those growing along the canyon.

At Green Lake, near Georgetown, Col.—a lake which is 10,000 feet above sea level—is a submerged forest of pine trees, some hundred feet tall, but not so numerous as in Lake Samamish. This same theory explains their presence as given above.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

BY CHARLES W. FOSTER.

Some Hope.

Editor—"Yes, there is a vacancy on our staff. What experience have you had?"
Applicant—"I was once editor of a college weekly."
"Humph! Did you give satisfaction?"
"No, I was kicked out."
"Take that desk there."

He Let Him Off.

Wife—"My dear, I need a little more of this stuff, and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Bigg, Sale & Co.'s, and get it."

Husband (a smart fellow)—"Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the store where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it."

"Y-e-s."

"Yes. I remember. That blonde girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will doubtless select just the sort of trimming you want—I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes, and sweet little—"

"There are a number of things I want down town. Never mind, dear. I'll go and get them myself."

A Great Lawyer's Carelessness.

Great Criminal Lawyer—"I worked very hard to get you off, but I failed."

Convicted Murderer (hotly)—"You might 'a' known you would. Three o' them men you let on that jury was respectable."

A Saddening Sight.

First Tramp—"Lookee here, Jim. Here's a man been killed on the railroad; all cut to bits."

Second Tramp (sadly)—"Too bad! too bad! Them clothes would 'a' just about fit me, and they's all spoiled."

Going One Better.

Mrs. Sharpe—"I'm goin' to stop tradin' here, an' deal with Lightweight & Co., the new grocery firm across the street. He lets his customers guess at

the number of beans in a bag, an' gives a reward for the correct guess."

Mr. Quicksale—"My dear madame, if you'll continue to give us your custom, we'll let you guess at the number of beans in two bags."

Pins High This Year.

Wife—"My dear, I want \$400 for pin-money."

Husband—"Humph! Pins must be high this year."

Wife—"Yes. Diamond pins are."

Are Visiting Lists Too Long?

Mrs. De Fashion (average society lady making her round of calls owing to average society friends)—"Is Mrs. Wiggins-Van Mortland at home?"

Servant—"No, madame, she's—"

Mrs. De Fashion—"Please hand her my card when she returns."

Servant—"She won't return, madame. She was buried a month ago."

Too Bad.

Mr. De Style—"Don't you think bamboo easels pretty?"

Mrs. De Style—"Yes, they are so light, and airy, and delicate, and so suggestive of nature in its pristine purity. I think they are lovely—but they're disgustingly cheap."

Gave It Up.

Mrs. Urban—"So you feared to remain in the country any longer? Were you afraid of tramps?"

Mrs. Lawndale—"No, I was afraid of the terrible dogs we had to have to scare tramps."

Bragging.

First Little Boy—"My sister wears a No. 2 shoe."

Second Little Boy—"Pooh! That's nothing. Mine wears a No. 6."

Theater-Going Under Difficulties.

Patron—"I see you have a notice outside, saying that tickets bought of speculators on the street will be refused at the door."

Theater Ticket Seller—"Yes, sir; that is our rule."

"Well, I'll take a ticket for to-night, parquette—"

"Very sorry, sir, but all the tickets have been bought up by speculators."

Good Date for Weddings.

Miss Millfleur—"What do you think the most appropriate time for marriages?"

Old Sunflower—"April first."

Perfectly Satisfied.

Crack Boat Builder—"Ah! How de do, Mr. Richman! How did that row-boat I made you last summer suit it?"

Mr. Richman—"Perfectly!"

"Ah! I'm glad to hear it. I always like to give satisfaction. Suited perfectly, eh?"

"Yes. I left it in front of my boat-house all summer, and every scalawag who tried to steal it got upset or drowned."

Arrived Too Early.

First Chore Boy (early morning)—"Guess we had better begin sweepin' out."

Second Chore Boy—"Wot's th' use? Nobody on th' streets yit."

Organs All Right.

Young Wife—"Don't you think my husband's ill health is due to weak digestive organs?"

Doctor—"No. Oh no; nothing but bad cooking."

A Rare Chance.

Jack Borrowit—"I awoke last night, and found a burglar in my room."

George Genrus—"Well! well! Did you succeed in borrowing anything from him?"

Appearances Often Deceptive.

Tramp—"Please, mum, I'm almost starved."

Housekeeper—"I saw you enter half-a-dozen houses before you got to this one, and you staid a good while in each."

Tramp—"Yes, mum, but they was all boardin' houses."

FAITH AND BRAINES.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Faith iz the rite bower ov Hope.

If it wasn't for faith, thare would be no living in this world. We couldn't even eat hash with enny safety if it wasn't for faith.

Human knowledge iz very short, and don't reach but a little ways, and even that little ways iz twilite; but faith lengthens out the road, and makes it light, so that we kan see tew read the letterings on the mile stuns.

Faith haz won more viktorys than all the other pashums ov sentiments ov the heart and hed put together.

Faith iz one ov them warriors who don't know when she iz whipped.

But Faith iz no milk sop, but a live fighter. She don't set down and gro stupid with resignashun, and git weak with the buty ov her attributes; but she iz the heroine ov forlorn Hope—she feathers her arrows with reazon, and fires rite at the bull's-eye ov fate.

I think now, if i couldn't hav but one ov the moral attributes, i would take it all in faith—red hot faith I mean; and tho i mite make sum fastre blunders, i would do a rushing bizzness amung the various dri bones thare iz laying around loose in this world.

BRAINES.

Braunes are a sort ov animal pulp, and, by common konsent, are supposed tew be the medium ov thought.

How ennybody knows that the braunes do the thinking, or are the interpreters ov thought, iz more than i kan tell; and for what i kno, this theory may be one ov those remarkable diskoverys ov man which ain't so.

These subjeiks are tew mutch for a man ov mi learning tew lift. I can't prove any of them, and i hav too mutch venerashun tew guess at them.

Braunes are generally suppozed tew be lokated in the bed, but investigashun satifsys me that they are planted all over the boddy.

I find that a dansing master's are situated in his heels and toze, while a fiddler's all center in his elbows.

Sum people's braunes seem tew be placed in their hands and fingers, which explanes their grate genius for taking things which they kan reach.

I hav seen cases whare all the braunes seemed tew kongregate in the tongue; and once in a grate while they inhabit the ears, and then we hav a good listener; but these are seldom kases.

Sum times the braunes an't ennywhere in particular, but all over the boddy in a minnit. These fellows are like an ant just before a hard shower—in a big hurry, and alwus trieing tew go 4 different ways tew once.

Thare seems tew be kases whare thare an't enny braunes at all; but this iz a mistake. I thought i had cum akrost one ov these kind once, but after watching the pashunt for an hour, and see him drink 5 horns ov poor whisky during the time, i had no trouble in telling whare his braunes all lay.

I hav finally cum tew the konklushun that braunes—or sumthing else that iz good tew think with—are excellent tew hav; but yu want tew keep yure eye on them, and not let them phool away their time, nor yures neither.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me! My head

Dropped low on your breast

With a feeling of shelter

And infinite rest.

While the holy emotions

My tongue dared not speak

Flashed up in a flame

From my heart to my cheek.

Your arms held me fast!

O! your arms were so bold;

Heart beat aginst' heart

In your passionate fold.

Your glances seemed drawing

My soul through my eyes,

As the sun draws the mist

From the sea to the skies.

Your lips clung to mine

Till I prayed in my bliss

They might never uncasp

From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart,

And my breath, and my will,

In delirious joy

For a moment stood still.

Life had for me then

No temptation, no charms,

No visions of happiness,

Outside of your arms.

And were I this instant

An angel possessed

Of the peace and the joy

That are given the blest,

I would fling my white robes

Unrepiningly down.

I would tear from my forehead

Its beautiful crown

To nestle once more

In that haven of rest—

Your lips upon mine,

My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul

In a bliss so divine

Reeled and swooned like a drunken man

Foolish with wine.

And I thought 'twere delicious

To die there, if death

Would but come while my lips

Were yet moist with your breath.

If I might grow cold

While your arms clasped me round

In their passionate fold.

And these are the questions

I ask day and night:

Must lips taste no more

Such exquisite delight?

Would you care if your breast

Were my shelter as then;

And if you were here

Would you kiss me again?

SLEIGHING.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

I love to hear the sleighbells' tune

Ring out in icy air—

That is, when at my side there sits

A dainty maiden fair.

The frostier the wintry wind

The better 'tis for me;

For closer to my sheltering side

She nestles tenderly.

But sweeter than the moonlit road

O'er which we lightly skim,

It is to play we're sleighing still

In the back parlor dim,

When on the sofa quite as close

Both snuggle up for fun;

And I devote two hands to her

Instead of only one.

Miss Willard's Big Angora Cat "Mr Toots."

Likes to Get Intoxicated, But Only on Violets and Carnations.

Kentucky Family of Six Who Have Over a Thousand Descendants.

Probably thousands of people in the United States are wondering what disposition Miss Frances Willard made of her famous cat, Toots, when the home life at Rest cottage was practically broken up by her protracted residence abroad.

Toots has undoubtedly been the most talked about animal in two continents, both on account of his distinguished pedigree and his own aristocratic pedigree. An Angora of extraordinary size and beauty, he has been worshiped, not only by temperance workers, but by all who appreciate royal blood, whether it flows through the veins of human beings or beasts.



MISS FRANCES WILLARD'S CAT, "MRToots."

When Toots was a kitten he was ceremoniously christened "Gladstone." But the "grand old man's" attitude on a certain temperance question displeased Miss Willard and womanlike she deprived her pet of his distinguished cognomen and renamed him "Toots," and Toots he has been and Toots he will remain until the end of his life chapter.

At present he is cozily established at the home of Mrs Leland Norton of Drexel boulevard, says a Chicago paper; she has the largest number of blooded cats of any society woman in this country.

Toots weighs 23 pounds, and nearly 300 of his photographs have been sold. When at Rest cottage he developed an extremely irascible disposition, for every visitor coveted the privilege of cuddling their faces in his beautiful soft white fur.

But now that he has retired to private life he has regained his equilibrium and no longer uses his teeth and claws to discourage his admirers' advances. But Toots gets intoxicated. Now this is perfectly scandalous in the prize pussy cat of a great temperance reformer. However, to his credit be it said that he never imbibes anything stronger than the perfume of English violets.

The odor of these blossoms electrifies him. He cries for them, nor can they be placed beyond his reach. With his big eyes a flame and his splendid tail waving like a plume, he will bound on to a mantel or piano, and securing the flower will lie down on the floor and roll and purr with sensuous delight. He will gather the fragrant blossoms in his velvety paws, cradle them under his

chin, toss them in the air, roll on them and finally go to sleep with his nose luxuriously buried in the flowers.

He also has a penchant for carnations. One evening, as the family sat reading at Rest cottage, Toots suddenly awoke from a blissful dream and beheld a bouquet of crimson carnations. In an instant he sprang on the table and selected a stem having three blossoms.

After he had played with it for a few moments one of the family, with an eye to economy, took it away and gave him a single carnation. He was deeply affronted and sniffed at it distainfully, and then deliberately climbed on the table and again secured his first choice.

Again it was taken away from him and again he recovered it. At the third test he meekly took the despised carnation in his mouth, laid it on the bouquet, and then triumphantly retired with his three-blossom stem.

ANCIENT PROVERB—"TIS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT TELL."



De Gauche—I am sorry I have broken that plate; tell me, my dear madam, what can I do to repair the damage.

Mrs Flash—Oh! don't mention it—no importance, I assure you, my dear captain.

Gertie—No, don't matter at all, it's only a borrowed one for Christmas, ain't it, ma?

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

(Chicago Record.)

He lived next door to Promisetopay, And across the alley dwelt Deepindebt; Collectors came to the street each day, But the Other Man went his quiet way, And never was once beset.

Not one in the street who knew his name; He might have died or have gone to smash— The street would have wagged on just the same—

Collectors gone and collectors came— For this man Paid in Cash.

When Promisetopay went out of town, A hundred tradesmen would question "Where?" And Deepindebt, from sole to crown, As he moved him up and moved him down, Was bulletined here and there.

And these were the fellows who "stood in line"—

When they did pay bills they got cigars, Or at Christmas season a case of wine— Or other souvenir quite as fine— And drinks over polished bars.

The Other Man? Nothing; they took his gold And tucked it away in savings banks, With never a thought that they should hold A present out to the Man who told His money to barren "Thanks."

They even figured in flushest times, How Cash-in-Hand would easily square Those frequent losses in dollars and dimes That came from customers skipping to climes Which hadn't collectors there.

MORAL.

And thus is a premium put on debt, Thus bids are made for going to smash; Just pay as you go if you'd like to bet Some slower fellow will come and get Your prize for letting the trade forget That your name isn't "Cash."

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

(Eva M. Westley in Sunday School Times.)

A farmer dropped two grains of corn In the cold, dark earth one April morn; Together they sank in their cheerless bed, And the earth fell lightly overhead. "O, cruel fate!" cried one in fear, "What evil chance has brought me here! It is not meet that such as I Lie in the earth to waste and die. Within this stone a nice dry shelf Invites me to take care of myself."

The warm sun shone and the soft rain fell, The grain in the earth began to swell. The wise one cried from its snug retreat, "How prudent am I! no rain nor heat Can reach me here. I'm fair as at first, While you, poor thing! look ready to burst. You owe a duty to yourself— There's room for two on this dry shelf; Come out of the earth so close and wet, Perhaps you may save yourself even yet."

"Nay," answered the other one from the earth, "Only from pain and death comes birth. Of such as we spake the Holy One, 'Except it die it abideth alone; But if a seed of common grain Die in the earth, its death is gain.' So let me yield in patient trust To the hand that laid me in the dust."

September's fields stand brown and sere, Now comes the "full corn in the ear."

The grain that died in the darksome mold Has yielded more than a hundred fold, While that which cared for itself so well Lies alone in the earth, an empty shell.

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

(Laura E. Richards in St Nicholas for September.)

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
Hadn't been hers a week.
One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;
Rosy and fair was my cheek.
Now my head lies in a corner far,
My body lies here in the other;
And if this is what human children are,
I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read
For fifteen minutes together;
Now I am standing here on my head,
While she's gone to look at the weather.
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way,
There's jam on my opening page;
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay,
Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
Last night at her birthday feast.
I am the frock that Nancy tore
In seventeen places at least.
My buttons are scattering far and near,
My trimming is torn to rags;
And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear
I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
When these things were brought to her view.
All of us ought to be painted red,
And some of us are not true.
We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap,
We shoulder and smoke and blaze;
And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

And a Knave.
Soxey—Did you meet any royalties when you were in Europe?
Knokey—Yes, I witnessed the meeting of four kings.

Soxey—Well, you must have been flying high.
Knokey—I flew off the handle, for the other fellow held the meeting and I went broke.—(Pittsburg News).

Speculative Astronomy.
"If there is a man in the moon—" said Spriggins.
"Well?" inquired Spatts.
"Then he must either be a bachelor or have a devilish good excuse for staying out nights."—(Philadelphia North American).

HIS CURIOSITY SATISFIED.



"why, my man, there used to be two mills there." "Yes, sir, but they found there was only wind enough for one."—(Sketch.)

THE WEATHER.

(Chicago Record.)

A youth and a maid out for a lark
One day I met at Lincoln park,
The youth was tall, the maid was fair,
'Twas plain that neither had a care,

Even of the weather.

The twilight fell, likewise the dew,
And still they sat and cooed, these two,
But when I paused to ask what they
Were talking of, he sprang away,

And said: "The weather."

Oh! wondrous is the story told,
'Tis the same tale yet never old.
When lovers meet to talk, at eve,
The subject always is, I grieve

To say, the weather.

Red blushed the maid, the lover too.
I smiled and then they knew I knew,
And laughter echoed through the dell,
But as I passed she called: "Don't tell

About—the weather."

And then I thought how years ago
I, too, such pleasures used to know,
How Nell and I would go to walk,
Or on the sofa sit and talk

Of—well—the weather.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

Today, if I were dead and could not feel
Your kisses or your tears upon my face,
If all the world could give of woe or weal,
Could find within my heart no resting place,
You would not think of any bitter past,
You would not chide me for a careless word,
You could not be so cruel at the last
As to condemn me, unconfessed, unheard.

If I were lying wrapt about in white,
With flowers all around me, on my breast
And in my hands, and on my face the light
That angels shed upon their dead at rest—
If I were lying thus, and one should say
Such bitter things as you have said to me,
With sternest anger you would drive away
That one and swear 'twere all base calumny.

I'll not rebuke you, though my heart be full.
I dare not chide. I, too, may be astray.
Experience yet may teach—a bitter school—
Me what to do and what, perchance, to say.
And yet I ask you, humbly, tenderly,
If I should answer nevermore your call.
Would you not grieve of all most bitterly
For words and deeds that are beyond recall?

BE WEAKENED AT LAST.

(Washington Evening Star.)

He feared no bucking broncho that went snort-ing o'er the plain:
He had tamed the brute for pleasure and could do the same again.
He had steered the ponderous mail coach where the rocky passes sweep
In mystifying zigzags close to chasms broad and deep.

And sometimes he had ridden, in an economic stress,
Out in front, upon the pilot, of the cannon-ball express;

His reckless hungering for speed often tempted him to seek
The joy of a toboggan down the nearest mountain peak.

But success must have its limit. Ere his mad career was through,

He boasted once too often, and he met his Waterloo.
He thought no pace too devious or swift for him to strike.

But he howled for help and weakened when they got him on a bike.

TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT.

"Whate'er induced you to marry me, anyway, if I am so distasteful to you?" he asked fiercely.

"I think it was the advertisements," she said.

"The what?"

"The advertisements. The household bargains, you know. I thought it would be so lovely to go to the department stores and buy icepicks for nine cents, real eight-cent dippers for only one cent, and all that sort of thing. Of course, I had no use for that sort of stuff as long as I remained single."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

SHE KEPT HER WORD.

"And yet to think that only one short summer ago," he hissed, "you vowed to me that you would never marry for gold."

The maiden smiled with the air of one who had a lead-pipe cinch. "So shall I not," said she. "His wealth is all in real estate."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

MADE AN IDEAL CORRESPONDENT.

FARMER BENSON—Do you often hear from that boy of yours at college?

FARMER JOHNSON—Every other day. You see, we arranged to let him have his money by \$10 instalments, and he was always to write and let us know when he needed the next.—(Town Topics.)

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

"CAN YOU WARRANT THE HORSE TO BE PERFECTLY GENTLE?"

"Gentle? He wouldn't bat his eye if he met a procession of bloomer girls in red."

"He wouldn't? Then I don't want him. I like to see even a horse have some sense!"—(Chicago Tribune.)

HE HAD REASON TO REMEMBER IT.

"BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, HENRY, YOU USED TO BRING ME A POUND OF CANDY EVERY EVENING."

"I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN IT, AMANDA. BY THE WAY, DEAR, I PAID YOUR LAST DENTAL BILL THIS MORNING. IT WAS \$47.50."—(Chicago Tribune.)

JUST INCLOSED.

"I UNDERSTAND, GRUMPY, THAT YOUR WIFE WAS SHUT UP IN A FOLDING BED."

"SHUT UP? NOTHING ON EARTH CAN SHUT THAT WOMAN UP. SHE YELLED TILL THE POLICEMAN ON THE NEXT BEAT HEARD HER."—(Detroit Free Press.)

NIPPED AGAIN.

PRIMUS—YOU HAVE A TERRIBLE COLD. ARE YOU TAKING ANYTHING?

SECUNDUS—CERTAINLY. WHERE SHALL WE GO?—(Yale Record.)

HE IS ROCKING IT NOW.

GEN HARRISON SAYS HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE A SENATOR. HE WOULD RATHER STAY AT HOME AND ROCK THE CRADLE.—(Globe, Dec 11, 1896.)

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

J. Pierpont Morgan's Three-Legged Collie Dog.

French Man of War Arranged to Carry a Balloon on Its Cruises.

New Jersey Farmer Declares He Saw the Virgin While He Was Fishing.

J. Pierpont Morgan will go down to fame for another reason than his connection with bond sales and Wall St operations. He is entitled to all the distinction attached to being the only man in America who owns a three-legged collie pup.

The Cragston kennels, where the puppy is now awaiting Mr Morgan's orders, stands on the right of the main road between Highland falls and fort Montgomery. On the opposite side is the summer residence of the millionaire banker and railroad magnate. The kennels cost nearly \$20,000, and are furnished with all modern kennel conveniences and appliances.

The three-legged puppy is as well formed as any of the others, except that the left forward leg is absent and the right one grows almost out of the center of the body. Even at this early



J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S THREE-LEGGED DOG.

stage (he is only 2 weeks old) the front leg seems to be stronger than the hind ones. Yesterday the puppy attempted to walk. It went forward with a peculiar jerky movement which looked very ridiculous.

It is a female, and its color is a dirty drab. It is blue-blooded in the highest degree. Finsbury Hero, its father, was the winner of more than a score of gold medals and silver cups in England. Its mother, Blue Ruin, is a direct descendant of the famous Sefton Hero. Mr Morgan's favorite dog. The mother is a blue merle, an unusual color among dogs.

The puppy is treated with great care and attention. Twice a day it gets a bath and has its hair nicely combed.

Half a dozen museum managers have been in town lately to see the three-legged dog, and a handsome offer was made for it by a circus manager. Armstrong referred all would-be buyers to J. Pierpont Morgan.—(New York World.)

She Didn't Wear 'Em Yesterday.

Mary had a little lamb
(So the wide world rumors).
She cut the wool all off its back,
And made a pair of bloomers.
S. H. Charlestown.

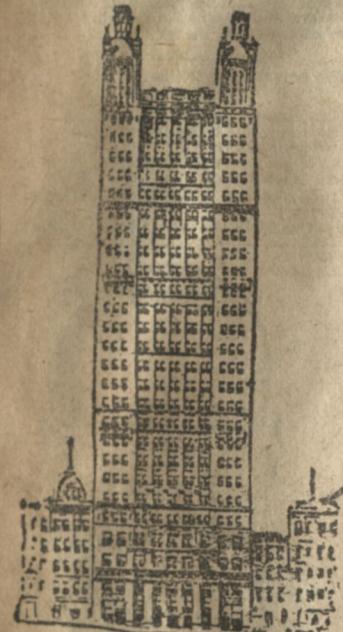
GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

New York Building Towers Over Chicago's Pride.

Is 386 Feet High with 29 Stories, Nine More Than Masonic Temple.

Methuselah, Sir John Lubbock's Ant, is Dead at the Age of 15.

Chicago must give up one of its boasts—that of having the tallest office building in America.



NEW YORK'S TALLEST.
386 ft high, 29 stories.

The Masonic temple, long the pride of the windy city, 300 feet high to the apex of the roof, with 20 stories, is quite surpassed by the Ivens syndicate building in New York, now in process of erection, which will have 29 stories when it is completed, and will be 386 feet high, beating the Chicago building by nearly a third.

SEZZEE DONT WANTIT.

(New York Sun.)

Sezzee Dont Wantit (does his tribe increase?) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it brilliant and like a candidate's boom, McKinley writing in a book of gold. Exceeding nerve had made Dont Wantit bold, And to the Presence in the room he said: "What w'itest thou?" The Major raised his head And with a sigh that sounded like a sob, Answered: "The names of those who want a job." "And is mine one?" asked Sezzee. "Nay, not so." Replied the Major. Sezzee spake more low, But cheerily still, and said: "You know me, Bill. Just fix it, won't you, so it never will?" The Major wrote and vanished. The next night He came again with a great wakening light, And showed the names of those should have the best, And Sezzee Dont Wantit's name led all the rest.

mind, is the only inventors' farm in the

He Sold \$3 Worth.
"I want to see the lady of the house," said the wandering gentleman.
"I am she," answered the lady.
"Indeed? You look so perfectly happy and independent that I hope you will excuse me taking you for the hired girl." —(Indianapolis Journal).

Three Have to Live Cheaper Than One.
"Do you mean to say, Chumley, that you spend less money since you were married than you did before?"
"That's what it amounts to. I have much less to spend." —(Detroit Free Press.)

His Little Lapse.
Her mother—You assume a grave responsibility when you marry my daughter. Remember, she was brought up in the lap of luxury.
Her admirer—O, she's pretty well used to my lap now.—(New York Truth.)

Is Love-Letter Writing a Lost Art?
Roses—Deep in my soul the tender secret dwells; if I breathe your sweet name, who would hear? Fondest greetings; longing to see you.—(New York Herald "Personal.")

CARRY THE NEWS TO HANNA.

Of a crime my lady's guilty,
And I ought to prosecute her;
She has threatened to dismiss me
If I do not vote to suit her.
Since the happy day, when first I
Found a place in her affection,
Ne'er a cloud had come between us
Till we talked of the election.
Grave or gay, kind or coquettish,
All her ways I found endearing,
Till the epidemic seized her,
And she took to 'lecteoneering.
When I wouldn't yield my conscience
To my lady's domination,
First she coaxed and cried a little,
Then she tried intimidation.
Nor by preaching nor by praying,
Could she compass my conversion;
Now, to conquer my convictions,
Sue's resorted to coercion.
All the tender ties that bind us,
She has sworn she'll surely sever;
And, her heart once closed against me,
I'm out of it forever.
Of the most barefaced bulldozing,
Here's a case for Mr Hanna:
It's "your ballot or you're bounced, sir!"
With my beauteous Bossiana!

M. N. B.



CHICAGO'S TALLEST.
300 ft high, 20 stories.

JEST A-ROAMIN' ROUN'.

Ain't it pleasant in the springtime, jest a-roamin' roun',
Doin' nothin' in partic'lar but a-walkin' up an' down;
Now along the hedgerow strollyin',
where a boy yer uster roam,
A-lookin' and a-lookin' for the robin's new-built home;
Now a-walkin' cross the medder with its carpetin' of green,
An' the flowers bloomin' roun' yer, makin' purtier the scene;
While the sunshine up above yer is poured out in golden floods,
An' yer heart is swellin' in yer like the almos' bustin' bud?

Ain't it pleasant in the springtime, jest a-roamin' roun',
An' a doin' simply nothin' but a-gettin' over groun'?

Now ye've crossed the pleasant medder with its thoughts of makin' hay,
An' yer climb into the orchard in that ne'er forgotten way;
Here's the row of ol' Ben Davis—now they're loaded down 'ith pink—
Here's them willer twigs so lucious, and the pippins—only think!—
Oh, I tell yer, it is pleasant fer to hear the hummin' sound
Of the bees a-buzzin' 'bove yer, when a feller's roamin' roun'.

Now you're walkin', slow and stiddy, to the ol', ol' paster gate,
Where yer uster stand an' holler fer the cows, an' then ye'd wait,
An' when they'd come to where yer wuz ye'd turn 'em in the lane,
Then ye'd shet 'em in the cow lot—don't it come back jest ez plain?—
Now a-strollin' in the wood-lot with the hick'ries standin' there
Where we uster climb up in 'em an' strip 'em almos' bare;
Then we'd come from up the tree tops, pick the nuts from off the groun'—
Don't it stir up pleasant mem'ries when ye'r jest a-roamin' roun'?

—Chicago Tribune.

MEMORY IS KIND.

The storm may rage in the night, dear,
While you dream is can never depart,
And grief may refuse to take flight, dear,
Till you moan it has broken your heart.

With the coming of morn
New hope will be born
And in sunlight you'll find, dear,
That memory is kind, dear:—
Yes, memory is kind.

The noonday may scorch with its heat, dear,
While parched seems your suffering soul,
And faith may lie burned at your feet, dear,
And love linger long from its goal.

With the cooling of eve
Comes joyous reprise.
In the twilight you'll find, dear,
That memory is kind, dear:—
Yes, memory is kind.

The night ever dies in the dawn, dear,
Sweet eventide follows the noon.
The storm ever lul's into calm, dear,
Brave striving is blessed with its boon.
With the dawning of joy
We forget past alloy.

In that bright light you'll find, dear,
That memory is kind, dear:—
Yes, memory is kind.

EDWARD A. WRIGHT.
North Adams, December 10, 1896.

NAGGER VERY NEATLY SCORES.



Mrs Nagger (angrily)—Club, club—you're always at the club. What is the great attraction there, I should like to know.

Mr Nagger—The great attraction there is that you're not there!

TAKE IT EASY.

(Nixon Waterman in L. A. W. Bulletin.)

Don't you worry,
Don't you hurry;
Take it easy—when you can.
Allers choppin'
'Ithout stoppin'
T' grind yer ax's a foolish plan

Don't keep mussin'
'Round and fussin'
Over somepin'. Some I know
'S so all-fired
Worn and tired,
Make the folks about 'em so.

Don't keep fightin'
'Ithout sightin'
Take yer time and git yer aim.
Don't forever
Shoot and never
Bag yer proper share o' game.

Don't you borrow
Care and sorrow;
Make more progress, so I find,
Sometim es settin'
'Round a lettin'
Things go 'bout as they've a mind.

Like a feller
'At's kinder meller
'N easy like—no time to see
Some infernal
Thing eternal—
Ly distressin' him and me.

Light Wanted on the Silver Question.

"Dearest!"

He stopped reading his paper long enough to ask what his bestest little wife might want.

"When they mark the dollars down to 53 cents, will it be every day or only on Fridays?"—(Indianapolis Journal).

He'll Find That Out Later.

"I love the very ground beneath your feet," he cried passionately.

"Alphonse!"

She was transfigured, but she didn't say a word about the ground beneath her feet being mortgaged for more than it was worth.—(Detroit Tribune).

Wanted to Complete Her Museum.

"And do you really want my photograph, Miss Ginger?" he asked tenderly. "Seriously, I do. Already I have quite a collection of such odds and ends."—(Philadelphia North American).

And More Than One Usually Gets.

Customer—Do you warrant this to be good coffee?

Grocer—if I warrant it to be coffee, sir, that is all you can reasonably ask.—(Chicago Tribune).

MODERN LIFE.

DREAMING OF HOME.

Such hotels as are fortunate enough to possess an open air dining place are overrun with custom nowadays. The result is that the regular force of waiters is insufficient and substitutes are brought in from strange places. These substitutes are the despair of the head waiter, who keeps anxious watch over them less they enliven with some Bowery methods the tedium of their duties. Last night at one of these hotels, where the good service is a feature of the house, there was a large, raw-boned waiter who made himself conspicuous by tramping heavily all about the place, in striking contrast to the velvet-footed regulars. It was easy to see that the head waiter was in a state of mind regarding the noise. But the big fellow got on pretty well until, in a lull of demand for his services, he fell into a sort of brown study.

"Waiter, bring two small coffees," ordered a man at a table near by.

"Draw two in the dark!" shouted the waiter, coming to himself suddenly, while the head waiter writhed in agony. Then, to make matters worse, he leaned over to the man who had given the order and said apologetically:

"'Scuse me, gent, but I t'ought I was back in Chat'm Square."—New York Sun.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTE.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"Pardon me, sir, but didn't I overhear you saying something about a display of shooting stars tonight?"

Alkali Ike—"Yep; we are goin' to run an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' Company out of town."—Harper's Bazar.

AGAIN ON EARTH.

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama an old man, carrying a carpet bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started, and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said in a voice plainly audible to those about her:

"Joel, we be goin' awful quick. I know taint safe."

A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"—Chicago News.

THREE DOLLARS A WEEK.

"You say you earn more money by your pen than you did a year ago?"

"I do."

"How's that?"

"I stopped writing stories and began addressing envelopes."—Tit-Bits.

DEATH OF THE EDITOR.

An excited individual climbed three flights of stairs in great leaps and yelled:

"Where's the editor?"

Nobody owned to the distinction.

"Show me the editor," he demanded, shaking a paper in his hand at arm's length.

"He's in there!" piped an indiscreet office boy, who had been hired to answer the telephone.

The man with a grievance bolted into the room designated without knocking. He shoved the paper under the editor's nose, and, pointing to a marked portion, exclaimed:

"Read that!"

The editor read, "Mrs. R."

"That's my wife," interrupted the angry visitor.

"Mrs. R." continued the editor, "gave a violet luncheon to her friends yesterday."

"What's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"What's the matter? Look at that!"

And he indicated the word.

The editor, with sinking heart, read "violent luncheon."—Indianapolis News.

A SYMPHONY.

It was at a hotel on the Scottish mountains. "Oh, Marianne, I do think that gown of yours is just too lovely for anything, and it is so appropriate to wear up here!"

The other smiled self-approvingly. "Yes," she said, smoothing down the folds of the frock in question; "I do think this gown sets off the mountains better than any other I ever had on."

Joy.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.



"Jack is in love with you."

"Nonsense."

"That's what I said when I heard it."

"How dared you!"

THE BRYAN SCHOOLMATE.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

He's comin' into prominence—wuz lost, but now he's found;

First time sence Lee surrendered that we known he wuz around;

You'll meet him in the meadows—you'll hail him on the hill;

He went to school with Bryan—you bet he did—with Bill!

He tells it in the city, he spouts it on the plain;

He never stops in sunshine, he never runs fer rain;

No matter where you meet him, he's tellin' of it still—

How he went to school with Bryan—with democratic Bill!

He's walkin' an' he's talkin' in the vilages an' towns;

Stampedin' all the circuses—the elephants an' clowns;

No matter where you meet him—the same old story still;

For he went to school with Bryan—you bet he did—with Bill!

Read This to Your Husband, Madam.

"No," said the gentleman in the grand stand, "it will be a long time before woman acquires the evenness of temper and self-control necessary to a true appreciation of athletics—What's that? Three strikes? Why, the ball couldn't have been reached with a telegraph pole by the best batter that ever lived! Take that umpire out and soak his wooden head! Robber! Robber!"—(Indianapolis Journal).

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

Explanation After Many Years of How the American Brigantine Mary Celeste Came to be Abandoned With All Sail Set Off the Azores—Fate of Her Captain and Crew—Finding of the Abandoned Craft by an English Brig.

There is many a true tale of the sea that is stranger than fiction, but not a few strange narratives of ships and their crews are robbed of their mystery and romance after many years, and this is one of them.

For nearly 20 years past there has been no secret of death in old ocean's keeping more written and talked about than the strange case of the abandonment of the American brigantine Mary Celeste, off the island of St. Mary, one of the Azores group, and the disappearance of the whole ship's company.

The Mary Celeste was found with her lower sails set, with her cargo and rigging undisturbed, the cabin just as it had been when occupied, and the effects of the captain, his wife, the mate and the crew just as they were when all hands were on board.

No satisfactory explanation as to why the vessel was abandoned and what became of the people who sailed in her, has ever been given, though many columns of finely spun theories of mutiny and murder have been printed in narratives of the peculiar case.

Through the kindness of a relative of one of the officers of the vessel The Globe is enabled to give in this article a solution of what has for nearly two decades been known as one of the strongest sea mysteries on record.

The Mary Celeste was a small vessel for a square rigger, as they are built nowadays, being between 300 and 400 tons register. She was built as a brig, but just before her departure on the eventful voyage with which this story has to do, her rig was changed to that of a brigantine, her owner, Capt. James Winchester of New York, thinking her sailing qualities would be improved by fore and aft rig on the mainmast instead of square rig. The vessel was also put in dry dock and overhauled, so that when ready for sea she was in the best shape possible.

After being loaded with a cargo of alcohol in casks, the Mary Celeste sailed from New York for Geneva, Italy, Oct. 17, 1872. Her captain was Benjamin Briggs, a young man, but one of ample experience as commander of a vessel. He was accompanied by his young wife and their only child, a girl, about 2 years old. Capt. Briggs was a native of Marion, Mass. He had been married but a few years before, his wife being from the same town.

The first mate of the brigantine was Albert G. Richardson of Stockton Springs, Me., a village on the Penobscot river. It was from his sister, who resides on Perkins st., Somerville, that the facts given here were obtained. His father is living in the old home by the Penobscot, at the age of 80.

William Head of New York city was steward. He was unmarried, and made his home with his widowed mother. The crew was picked up in the shipping offices of South st., New York, and included Turks, Italians and Portuguese, as unpromising a lot as ever swabbed down decks.

It was the make-up of this crew which led to the theory, when the vessel was found abandoned, that the captain, his wife, the mate and the cook had been made away with by the men. The disappearance of the crew, as well as the

others, was a circumstance that made the theory more or less untenable, and the mystery deeper.

A few days before sailing from New York Capt. Briggs met Capt. Morehouse of the English brig Del Gracia, on the street, and, as they were acquainted, the two men conversed about their vessels and the voyage before them, for the Del Gracia was also bound for a Mediterranean port.

The two captains said goodby, with mutual wishes for good luck, and in due time the Del Gracia put to sea, sailing a few days ahead of the Mary Celeste.

That meeting of the two captains was their last, but the courses of their vessels were destined to cross in a strange way before the western ocean was traversed.

The voyage of the Del Gracia was without incident until Dec. 7, though unfavorable weather was encountered that kept the vessel back, and threatened a long voyage.

On the day named the Island of St. Mary, the southernmost of the nine in the Azores group, was sighted, and almost at the same time a sail was made out in the offing.

The crew refreshed their sea-tried eyes with long looks at the verdant mountains of Santa Maria, but the sail was not lost sight of.

It was mate Devon's watch on deck, and after studying the sail, which the brig was steadily approaching, he found it to be a brigantine. Capt. Morehouse took a look at the vessel, and the two men decided that it was the Mary Celeste, which, though she had left New York later than Del Gracia, might easily be in that latitude, as she was a better sailor than the English vessel.

It did not take the captain and mate of the Del Gracia long to see that something was wrong on the Mary Celeste. The vessel was yawing about as if without a helmsman, filling and luffing, first on one tack and then on another. All her lower sails were set, but her topsails were furled, and everything was snug aloft. A closer scrutiny of the vessel showed that the boat was missing from the davits at the stern. The longboat's cradle on the forward house was also empty.

The English brig ran down alongside the Mary Celeste, a boat was lowered and manned, and mate Devon went aboard the apparently abandoned brigantine.

He climbed over the rail, fully expecting to see evidence of murder or plague on the silent deck. No such sight was in store for him. The decks were as clean as if recently washed down. Every piece of rope was in its place. The sheets were all made fast. The wheel was not lashed, and as the vessel came up in the wind or filled away it turned

idly back and forth. The lashings of the ax lay on deck near the davits, just as it had been dropped, evidently, by the man who cut the boat free.

The astonished mate of the Del Gracia looked about the deserted decks, then descended to the cabin. He was nervous apprehensive of finding evidences of murder there, but in this too he was disappointed.

The cabin was just as it would be if the ship's company were on board. The captain's watch hung from the bracket of the swinging lamp over the table.

On the table was a slate, on which some notes for the logbook were jotted down. The date of the entry was Nov. 24, showing that the vessel had been left to her own devices nearly two weeks when found. Under the entry on the slate, which recorded light wind and fair weather, were the words, "Fanny, my dear wife." This, it was afterward learned, was in the handwriting of the mate, who probably started this message to his wife while his shipmates were lowering the boat, and did not have time to finish it.

Mate Devon of the Del Gracia continued his inspection of the cabin like one who expects to see the dead before him at every turn. He looked in the captain's room, and there saw the clothes of the infant, and in one of the berths the imprint of the little head on the pillow, where the child's mother had put it to sleep, and whence she had taken it when called on to leave the ship.

The other berths were undisturbed, showing that the abandonment of the vessel must have taken place in the evening. In the storeroom the ship's provisions were undisturbed, except that one drawer containing canned meats had been pulled out, and part of its contents apparently removed.

In the galley everything was just as the cook had apparently left them when clearing up after supper. In one of the sailor's chests was found a £5 English note and several articles of value left behind showed that the crew must have left hastily.

Thoroughly mystified, Capt. Morehouse decided, after hearing the mate's story and inspecting the vessel for himself, to take the brigantine to Gibraltar. Mate Devon was put in charge and was given two men as crew to navigate the ship.

It was nearly 1200 miles to "the rock," and the voyage was not an easy one to make with only two men as crew—two superstitious men who considered themselves on board a fated ship in the bargain. In all that 1200 miles the two sailors could not be persuaded to go below once. They preferred sleeping on deck to seeking rest in the cabin, and they would drink water from the butts on deck rather than go into the galley to make coffee.

Finally anchor was dropped in the blue waters under the shadow of the mighty rock of Gibraltar, and from the little white-walled city clinging to the base of the rock word was cabled to New York of the arrival. Capt. Winchester was obliged to go across to claim the vessel and settle the claim for salvage, which was finally fixed by the English admiralty court at \$50,000. This was paid to Capt. Morehouse of the Del Gracia, and after lying three months in the harbor of Gibraltar the Mary Celeste was put in charge of a new captain and proceeded to her port of destination.

When the news of the finding of the Mary Celeste became known, there was one very important point in the case which was not made public, according to the sister of mate Richardson. Mate Devon of the Del Gracia knew of it, but was not inclined to talk much about it.

Some time after the incidents related here transpired Capt. Lyman T. Richardson of the brig Valencia, a brother of mate Richardson of the Mary Celeste, fought out the mate of the Del Gracia, and from him learned the story of the finding of the abandoned brigantine.

Mate Devon said that while on the vessel he took off the main hatch to inspect the cargo, and found that the head of one cask of the alcohol was out. He made a careful examination of the cask, and came to the conclusion that the barrel of spirits had exploded, as everything about it indicated that an explosion had taken place.

This, in the minds of mate Devon and Capt. Richardson, explained the whole mystery of the hasty departure of the ship's company, who, fearing that the whole cargo might blow up, had taken to the boat with the intention of standing by to await developments.

It was learned by Capt. Richardson that the Mary Celeste's long boat had been crushed while the vessel was loading, and as Capt. Briggs did not want to

wait for a new boat to be built or the old one recruited he had sailed with only one boat, the one at the stern davits.

Into this small boat then the people on the brigantine must have hurried when the explosion took place in the cargo. In the vicinity of the Azores there is a short lively chop to the sea; caused by the strong currents and the breaking up of the ocean swell, and in this chop the overloaded jolly boat must have filled, leaving the occupants to the mercy of the sea.

It may have been the purpose of the captain to tow astern in the boat, but an accident to the painter would have been enough to cast the boat adrift, while in the darkness there would be little chance of finding the runaway vessel.

For a long time after the finding of the Mary Celeste the anxious relatives of the captain, mate and cook clung to the hope that they might have been picked up. The secretary of the navy issued a request that all vessels passing the latitude and longitude where the brigantine was abandoned should jog in the vicinity 24 hours before proceeding. This did no good, however, for not the slightest clew to the fate of the ship's company was ever obtained, and after Capt. Richardson saw mate Devon and talked with him, the widow of mate Richardson, and his mother, as well

as the widowed mother of the cook, put on mourning for their loved ones, whom they gave up as dead.

They accepted the theory advanced by mate Devon as the only tenable one as to the abandonment of the vessel, and they held the mystery of Mary Celeste as no mystery at all, in spite of the many tales that have been woven out of the facts in the case, with more or less imaginative embroidery thrown in.

One theory advanced was that the crew of the Del Gracia made away with the crew of the Mary Celeste by throwing them overboard, for the purpose of securing the ship and the salvage that would be paid after she was taken into port. Owing to the high character of the captain and mate of the Del Gracia this theory fell flat and it remains for The Globe to give to the public what the persons most interested have accepted as the key to the mystery of the Mary Celeste.

PROVINCETOWN.

AN UNFORTUNATE EXPERIMENT.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

She filled her lamp with X Ray oil that night when Willie called; And oh the sight that met her eyes! It very much appalled! For as she flashed it on his heart, and gazed intent within, So frightful to her hopes was it, it made her poor head spin.

Within its left-hand curvature she saw the face of Jane, The maid he said he loved no more, and ne'er would love again; And still that face remained therein, and lo, 'twas smiling yet! And just beneath it, smirking, too, she saw the lips of Bette!

Off to the left was Mollie Jones, and, with patrician pride, The visage of Miss Vanderbrow was beaming at her side; And lower down was Polly Wilkes, and Alice Perkins, too. And Ethel Brown, and Hattie Hicks, and pouting little Prue!

Some sixteen other maidens of the neighborhood were there, And yet he'd told her softly, yester-eve, out on the stair, That in his heart-shrine there was but one queen upon the throne, Whose face and grace and charms he loved, and they were all her own!

Ah, girls, beware of X Ray lamps; avoid this poor girl's woe: Don't gaze into your lover's heart, nor seek too much to know; For since she turned that searching light on Willie as he sat, She's been so madly jealous that she knows not where she's at!

A GOOD REASON.



"Now, Violet, can you give me any reason why I shouldn't punish you for being naughty?"

Violet—Yes, ma. Doctor said you weren't to take any violent exercise.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

Yeast—I notice Storrs calls his advertising man an artist.

Crimsonbeak—Well, that's perfectly right.

"Rather a big name for a man who writes advertisements, isn't it?"

"Well, he draws people, doesn't he?"—(Yonkers Statesman.)

No Further Cause for Alarm.

"May I kiss you, Miss Jane?"

"I am sorry to see, Mr. Briggs, that you, too, are affected by the prevailing cause of business depression."

"And that is?"

"Lack of confidence."

Then he kissed her.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Too Much of a Good Thing.

"What a wide-awake young fellow Barter is," said Alice.

"Altogether too wide-awake," responded Edith. "The last evening he called at our house he stayed till 1, and then papa had to set the burglar alarm going!"—Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON THE GOVERNOR.

It Was Also a Joke on One of His Intimate Friends.

Banker Marshall of Unionville, Mo., and state treasurer Stephens sat together in the rotunda of the Planters' house the other day.

"What are you doing up so early?" asked the state treasurer.

"Waiting for Niel," said Mr. Marshall. "He said he would be here this morning with his wife, and you can bet I wouldn't be out at this unholly hour if it had not been for that message."

Col. Stephens laughed a gurgling laugh and answered:

"Well, that beats my experience of last night. Gov. Stone told me before we left Jefferson city that he wanted to see me in St. Louis. He stopped at the Southern. After supper I went around there and offered my card."

"Can't send it up," said the clerk. "Sorry, but I have positive orders from the governor to receive no cards for him."

"Well," I said, confidently, "he will see me, I guess."

"I guess he won't," said the clerk. "I don't care who you are. The governor made no exceptions."

"Try him and see," I said.

"No, sir," he answered. "I will do nothing of the kind."

"Well," I suggested, "do you have any objections to putting my card in his box?"

"None whatever," he replied.

"Now, what do you think of a free silver, 16 to 1, democrat, who will do a thing like that?"

And both treasurer Stephens and banker Marshall laughed loud and long at their joke on Gov. Stone, who was only trying to elude the "pestiferous reporters."—(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

MODERN INSTANCES.

THE EXCEPTION.

They say that "talk is cheap,"

But this fact you will own:

He finds its price comes steep

Who rents a telephone.

—World.

WOULD NOT HAVE IT.

"No, sir," he said positively to the street fakir who had entered his cigar store; "you can't put up any fortune-telling machine in my shop."

"But this is simply to replace the old one that we took out to repair."

"I know that. But I don't want it. It ruins trade."

"Why, man, anything that interests people and brings them here will help business."

"You can't convince me of that. I saw how it worked. A man came in here to buy a 5-cent cigar. He was on his way to the counter when he sighted the machine. He dropped his penny in the slot, and what do you think it said?"

"Told him he was going on a journey, or that he would receive a letter with news in it."

"Neither. It said in big, nervous type 'You are about to encounter the peril of your life.'"

"What did he do?"

"What would any man do? You don't suppose a man would go ahead and buy a 5-cent cigar after such a tip as that, do you? He hasn't been here since, and I've just settled down in the realization that that fortune-telling snap has lost me one of the best customers I ever had."—Washington Star.

BROUGHT OUT A CROWD.

"What an unusual number of women were in church tonight."

"Well, you see, the deacons had announced a lot of hymn books marked down to half price."—Chicago Record.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Parishioner—"Your sermon yesterday morning, doctor, on the necessity of purifying our politics meets my hearty approval. Tomorrow, by the way, we hold our primaries. We are making an earnest effort this year to elect a decent Alderman, and we need the help of every good citizen in the ward. I will call for you with my carriage at any time that will be convenient. How will 9 o'clock in the morning?"

The Rev. Dr. Lastly—"Call for me? What for?"

Parishioner—"To go to the polling place to vote for—"

The Rev. Dr. Lastly—"What! Let myself down into the dirty pool of politics? Countenance by my presence the ruffianism and vulgarity of the polls? Brother Millsap, you grieve me beyond my power to express!"—Chicago Tribune.

TO FIT THE PLAYERS.

"The infernal upstart!" exclaimed the theatre manager, hotly. "Why, when I told him to write a play around a woman who had eloped with her coachman, he had the effrontery to ask if she couldn't poison her husband. As if we were making artists to fit plays, and not plays to fit artists. The idea!"—Detroit Tribune.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"Your money or your life!" shouted the footpad with more brusqueness than is permitted in social circles where real diamonds are worn.

"Permit me," said the gentlemanly book agent, opening his valise, "to offer you, in lieu of my insignificant existence, this calf bound gilt edge hand tooled Life of Napoleon in three volumes payable on the installment plan make your own terms we never disappoint a subscriber and if—"

He found himself alone.—Indianapolis Journal.

CURLEY LOCK.

Robert Brayton, millionaire, sat in his private office for the moment alone. The morning had been a busy one, and his visitors of a particularly trying kind; and now they were gone he breathed a sigh of relief, a sigh that sounded exactly like that of any ordinary individual.

Harry Temple, clerk and private secretary, sat in the outer office, wearily opening the pile of letters the postman had just left on his desk. He had sorted them in piles—the business letters in one pile, circulars, etc., in a second, private letters in the third, while the fourth held what he termed the "crank letters." The business letters were opened first, and more work given the young type writer, who sat gazing out of the window. Those requiring Mr. Brayton's personal attention were merely glanced through, in order to ascertain their nature.

Finally he reached the crank pile. It was larger than usual, but of the same nature. There were numerous demands for endowments for old ladies' homes, unheard of missions and numberless odd societies, and the usual number of requests for situations, advice, etc.

One ambitious young man wanted to borrow \$25, that he might be married at once and show the city swells whom he had cut out how things were done in Jersey.

A young girl far out in the country wanted his neckties, if they weren't too soiled. She was making a crazy quilt for the fall cattleshew. Already she had bits of silk from several noted persons; wouldn't he please oblige her?

Another wanted any old gloves his daughter might be ready to lay aside. She wouldn't mind if they were a little large; they wore better if they were.

It was the old story over again, and one after another they were thrown into the yawning waste basket.

The last envelope bore a child's handwriting. The address had begun boldly and with care; but it was too long, and the last name was crowded, and the letters ran uphill.

Half curiously young Temple tore it open. Children were not common as correspondents, and Mr. Brayton had a warm spot in his heart for children.

The paper was highly scented by a mixture of cheap cologne and soap; in the upper left-hand corner was an embossed landscape of the most impossible color and perspective. It read:

"Please Mr. Brayton won't you help me buy Nellie Fowler a new eye? Maybe you don't know who she is; well, she is a little girl who got hurt when the men blasted the road she was near, and they didn't see her and a big piece of rock hit her in the eye and then she couldn't see, and the doctor he said it must come out, and so he cut it out and now she hasn't got but one eye and it looks bad. She used to be real pretty and we called her Curley Lock, cause her hair is curly, but it makes you kind o' sick when you see that grate hole in her face, and she keeps a rag tied over it mostly, and she cries a great deal cause she looks so homely, and the dr. He says she ought to have a Glass eye, but they don't make them here, and she's too poor any way, caused her father's dead, and her mother's sick, I've kind o' adopted her and I want to get her an eye awful. Say, won't you help me. You can address me JOHNNE LEE, ESQ.
"P. S.—Ain't this paper pretty, I bought it to the Post office and it cost five cents."

Harry Temple leaned back in his chair and gave a low whistle. The type-writer looked up from her pile of letters and smiled; but Harry was busy reading the letter.

Just after the noon hour, when Mr. Brayton returned to his office, he was given his mail and as he proceeded to

open it, he noticed that young Temple lingered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Here is a letter," hesitatingly replied the young man, "which I don't know whether you wish to see or not," and he turned it over in his hand.

"One of your famous 'crank letters?'" queried Mr. Brayton. "Better let me see it, if it's a good one;" and he smiled as he held out his hand for it.

"Poor little cuss," he said to himself; "you pin all your faith in the goodness of rich men, don't you?"

Young Temple went out from the office and stood gazing down into the tumultuous street.

But in a moment his meditations were disturbed. Mr. Brayton was a man of action, and he stood in the doorway now.

"Temple!" he called. His voice was quick and incisive. "Go out and buy a ticket to that unknown place, will you? and you, Miss Curry," turning to the typewriter, "inform Johnnie Lee, Esq., that Robert Brayton will receive him in his office at Mr. Lee's earliest convenience. And inclose ticket, please."

Her fingers flew over the keys, and Temple, who was half way to the door, stopped a moment. "The youngster may not have any decent clothes," he suggested.

Mr. Brayton looked thoughtful a moment.

"Pshaw, never mind, let us see him as he is;" and the man of business went back to his stocks and bonds.

* * * * *

Three days passed and the episode had not been mentioned in the office.

Early on the morning of the fourth day, long before fashionable New York was awake, there was a timid knock at the office door. Then it opened.

It was a queer little figure that stood there, but Temple knew it at once. It was Johnnie Lee. He was a happy looking youngster, round-faced and tanned and freckled. His clothes bore the unmistakable stamp of home manufacture from cast off garments. But it was a cheery voice that spoke. "Howdy do! Mr. Brayton to home? I'm Johnnie Lee."

No, Temple informed him, Mr. Brayton wasn't in yet; he could wait; and he gave him a chair and proceeded to question him how he managed to find his way.

"Oh," Johnnie said, "just soon I got your letter I wanted to start right off; but I had ter wait fer ma to make me a new coat." He glanced proudly at the ill-fitting jacket.

"It was great fun coming 'cause in one place the cars was awful crowded and lots of folks had to stand. One fellow wanted me to give him my seat, and the conductor said I'd better, too, 'cause I was a youngster and could stand's well as not. But, sir, says I, no sir, I ain't a giving up seats this trip; and I wish to be comfortable myself, for I have business with Robert Brayton. Then he looked at me queer and walked away.

New York's an awful big place, ain't it? I've walked about a million miles, and I thought I must have got here a hundred times. I should think you'd find it pretty hard work getting here every day, don't you?"

Temple assured him, very gravely, that it was easy after one knew the way.

And as they kept on talking, Johnnie expressed his opinion on all subjects, from the revival at home to the Brooklyn strike. He was an Independent, he

SAILING.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

Come—could we choose a happier lot
Than golden autumn weather,
This sweet, fresh breeze, this little yacht,
And you and I together?
Come—for bright sun, skies broad and blue,
And whispering waters woo us;
When wave and sky and sunshine woo,
Denying would undo us.
Come—for the weather is to be
"Fair, with west winds prevailing,"
And here is room for you and me;
So you and I go sailing.

Through happy waves that laugh below
The happier yacht is leaping,

As if from very joy to know
It holds you in its keeping.
The glad sun sees you from on high
And glows to be your lover.
No fairer sight 'twixt sea and sky
He finds the whole world over,
His golden beams light up our lee
And in our wake lie trailing;
Well wags the world for you and me
When you and I go sailing.

And as we scud before the breeze,
And as the salt waves sting us,
We ask what greater joy than these
The kindly fates can bring us,
For now with never a listener by
Love's silence may be broken;
To silent sun and silent sky
Our secret shall be spoken,
We'll tell it to that laughing sea
Above the west wind's walling—
O joys to be for you and me
When you and I go sailing!

THE SEA.

(Charlotte Perkins Stetson.)

I am the sea. I hold the land
As one holds an apple in his hand.
Hold it fast with sleepless eyes,
Watching the continents sink and rise,
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,
Back to my depths they crumble slow;
The earth is a helpless child to me—

I am the sea.

I am the sea. When I draw back
Blossoms and verdure follow my track,
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,
For the wonderful race of man is there;
And the winds of heaven wail and cry
While the nations rise and reign and die—
Living and dying in folly and pain,
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain.
What is the folly of man to me?

I am the sea.

I am the sea. The earth I sway;
Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and swift to sand,
And beach grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday;
It is but a moment of sport to me—

I am the sea.

I am the sea. In my bosom deep
Wealth and wonder and beauty sleep;
Wealth and wonder and beauty rise
In changing splendor of sunset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.
Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life, without me, death.
What if the ships go down in me?

I am the sea.

A Country Squire.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Can any of your numerous readers give me the words of a song which was the rage in England, 25 years ago, entitled "A Jolly Young Country Squire"? Here are a few of the lines:

With a ho tally ho, then away we go
Over brush, over brake and over briar;
Then who can there be so happy and free
As a jolly young country squire.

Reader.

declared. He wouldn't be a Democrat, because Tom Faber was. He didn't quite like being a Republican, either. It was more convenient to be on the fence.

Just here Mr. Brayton came in. Johnnie didn't notice him particularly, for a good many had come in since he sat there. So for a moment or two Mr. Brayton listened with the others, then walked into his office, telling Temple to "send the youngster in."

And Johnnie went in; and just what conversation took place no one ever knew. The clerks in the outer office could hear the hum of voices, the rich, full voice of Mr. Brayton and the eager, childish voice of the boy. Then, when Mr. Brayton began to be in demand, Johnnie was sent out and Temple was told to make him useful until noon. So, until 12, he was kept at one thing and another; then when Mr. Brayton went out he took Johnnie with him.

First they went for lunch, Johnnie all unconscious of the interest and amusement he created, and Mr. Brayton only smiled and raised his eyebrows when his acquaintances looked, bowed and looked again.

Johnnie was modest in his desires for lunch. He despised soup—too watery for him, sir. He guessed he'd have some turkey and stuffin' and sweet potato and pumpkin pie, ice cream and nuts.

These disposed of, they went to a store, where Johnnie was told to select an eye like Nellie's and as he did so, Mr. Brayton stood near the window, apparently looking out; but his sharp eye was on the boy, and his quick ear caught the conversation.

"No," said Johnnie, very emphatically, "that isn't the color at all. It's a different blue, just like the lake in summer when there ain't any clouds."

One tray and another was brought but the blue the boy wanted was not there. Finally he spied an eye in the showcase.

"That's it!" he cried. "Let's have her."

"That is an imported one of the very finest material," remarked the clerk, with a doubtful look at Johnnie, and an inquiring one at Mr. Brayton's back, "and it cost a great deal."

"Well," said Johnnie, drawing himself up with an air of superiority, "I just guess you don't know who wants to buy that eye. Mr. Brayton, here, sir, can buy anything in all this world that he wants. I guess if you'd only one eye you'd want the other to be like it, even if it is imported," with a mimicking stress on the word.

Here Mr. Brayton interposed.

"Let the boy have it," he said; and so, with the eye in its velvet box and Johnnie's pockets stuffed with pamphlets telling how to insert and clean the eye, they left the store. And then, after they had bought a box of candy for Nellie, they went back to the office. There he told them about what he had seen, then gravely shook hands with them all, said good-by and started off. He had been gone only a few moments when Mr. Brayton came in from his office.

"Miss Curry," he said, "wouldn't you like a little trip? Our visitor has left his treasured eye behind him, and he may wish it. You might follow the youngster and see the end of this matter."

Miss Curry, nothing loth, shut her machine and departed. She caught sight of Johnnie just as he went into the ferry, and she followed him on the train and stepped off at the little village where he did.

But then she couldn't keep up with him. She saw him turn into a house and when once she reached it, she paused at the open door.

There was a little girl standing, looking expectantly at Johnnie, who excitedly was turning his pockets inside out in vain search for the eye.

"I had it—I had it!" he declared, and his face grew troubled, and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It was such a lovely eye," he moaned; "blue, just like yours, and now it's lost, and I hate myself. I'm fit to be a Democrat;" and he threw himself into a chair as if all hope were gone.

The weary-faced mother turned her face away. Nellie's lips quivered; but she swallowed the sobs.

"Never mind, Johnnie," she said, stroking the freckled, tear-stained face of the boy—"never mind, Johnnie. You know it couldn't make me see, and I guess I don't look so very bad;" and she put her hand to the bandaged eye.

Then she looked up, for a strange lady stood in the door and handed her a package.

"See, Johnnie," she said.

Johnnie dashed the tears from his eyes and looked at the package. His face grew bright, and he tore off the papers, touched the spring of the box; and there on its white cushion lay the blue eye, smiling like Nellie's own.

"The eye! the eye!" he shouted. "See, Nellie; it's your very own;" and he threw his arms about her and kissed her again and again.

And Miss Curry, the tears fast blinded her eyes, hurried away from the happy scene:

* * * * *

This is no regulation story. Johnnie Lee did not become Mr. Brayton's office boy and finally a millionaire himself. Young Temple and the typewriter did not marry each other and "live happy ever after."

In fact the whole episode was soon forgotten.

But in the far-away country town, where Johnnie is growing to sturdy manhood, the story of his trip to New York is ever a new one.

Strangers sometimes speak of the marvelous blue of Nellie's eyes, with their long, curling lashes.

Then she will repeat the words to Johnnie as he stops to leave the milk and chat, and they will laugh softly together while their faces are bright with happiness.—*Harriet Carlyle Cox in Independent.*



ENDLESS CHAIN.



"What are you crying for, little girl?"
"Because my brother keeps pinching me."

"And why do you pinch your sister all the time, little boy?"

"Because she keeps crying."—(Das Kleine Witzblatt.)

WHAT WILL THE DOCTORS DO?

Ah! what will all the doctors do,
And all the drug compounders, too,
When old and young seek meadow dew?
To cure their aches and ills?

Must hospital and college go?
And great professors learn to grow
Long-whiskered grass, and make it glow
At dawn with crystal pills?

Must doctors' future text book be
The rosy dawn and verdant lea?
Their drugs the tears that silently
Drop from the midnight's eye?

Must they unlearn whate'er they know
Of microbe lore, and simply go
Through parks on "light fantastic toe"
To make disorders fly?

Of course, some say, 'tis but a fad,
But that's what makes it doubly bad;
The young, and even ma and dad,
Are fashion-mad today.

And then it is a thrilling sight,
Most dear to duke and baldhead wight,
To see bare ankles, small and white,
Gleam in the morning ray.

Ah, me! what will the doctors do?
Of course, there are a favored few
Who own broad meadows, and can view
Their future practice there.

But for the rest, it seems to me,
Unless they plant, in dew and lea,
A new bacillus or a flea,
There's nothing but despair.

T. Gallagher, M.D.

Doctoring Himself.

The physician pondered the case for a few minutes before he ventured an opinion.

"I think your husband needs a rest more than anything else," he said at last. "If he could be convinced of that—"

"But he refuses absolutely to listen to me, doctor."

"Well," returned the physician thoughtfully, "that's a move in the right direction."—(Chicago Post.)

Went Him One Better

"To be or not to be," said the up-to-date young man, "there's no soliloquy business about this. Speak yes or no, which I don't care a darn."

The up-to-date young woman looked at him in a dreamy fashion. "Do you make it darn?" queried she.

"I do," he replied.

"Then," said she in accents low, "I'll make it nit."—(Adams Freeman.)

THE CARELESS PEDESTRIAN.

He Runs Into a Scrocher and Admits That He Was at Fault.

"Who're you runnin' into?" roared the man with a thick neck and apparently thick head, as he picked himself up from the brick pavement, brushing his clothes with one hand and holding his nose with the other. "Are you cross eyed or crazy? Don't you know enough to keep a lookout for bicycles when you're crossing the street? couldn't sell that wheel to a junk dealer now. My face is stove in, I couldn't give my clothes to a tramp and I might have broken my neck against the curbstone."

"I'd bet on that neck of yours against my curbstone in the city," coolly chuckled the big man as he stood with his hands in his pockets. "That was an awful punch you gave it. Wheel does look a little demoralized, doesn't it? Good thing that suit of clothes didn't cost over \$10. You came out of the collision in pretty good shape after all."

"Look here, mister, that kind of talk don't go with me. You mustn't get it into your head that because you're big you can go around tripping up bicyclists and tossing the riders around on brick pavements. You'll pay for that wheel, this suit of clothes and for getting my face put together again."

"So?"

"Yes, 'so,' and don't let it wander outside of your memory. What excuse have you for getting in my way like that?"

"None at all, my bull-necked friend, none at all. Of course you didn't ring any bell, blow a whistle, show a light or make any outcry, but I was too careless. I should have dashed across the street swinging a lantern over my head, waited for a policeman to come along and give me safe conduct or sat patiently down until the people that ride wheels were through with the streets. But I have lived here only since I was born and have a good deal to learn. Now, just give me what is left of the wheel and the clothes and I'll settle on the spot."

"What? Give you my clothes here? Do you mean to insult me? What's your name and number?"

Here the unhorsed wheelman made the mistake of seizing his tormentor by the collar. The big man took one hand out of his pocket long enough to knock the thick-necked man from an eighth to a quarter of a block and then strode up the middle of the street solemnly whistling "One More River to Cross."—Detroit Free Press.

POWER JESUS KNOWS.

"Wot nonsense growed up people talk," ruminated little Willie. "Pat told me t'other day that knowledge is power. It may be so w'en you're growed up, but it don't work with us fellers. W'y, only the other day Ragsy, the bootblack, came to our school for the first time in his life, as he hadn't been there two hours 'fore he'd licked every boy in school."—West Medford Windmill

Believed in Reciprocity.

He—I mean to give you an elegant engagement ring, and we'll call it your Christmas present.
She—I'm not to be outdone in generosity. I'll give it right back again.—Detroit Free Press.

Practising for New Year's.
I'll never smoke or drink again,
For I have made a vow!
That resolution I have kept
Almost two hours now!
—(Cleveland Leader.)

A RURAL OPINION.



Peasant woman (in art gallery, noticing artist copying one of the old masters)—Why is that man painting that picture over again?

Peasant—O, I suppose they don't like the old one any more, and want to throw it away, and put a new one in its place!—(Fliegende Blaetter.)

LOOKING AHEAD.

(Washington Star.)

When ye sorter git discouraged 'cause the weather's grown so hot,
When the perspiration's droppin' an' the mercury is not,
When the sun jes' keeps a grinnin' while he tortures you on high,
There comes a gleam of comfort ter console ye while ye sigh.
For it's cheerin' ter remember
Thet we're boun' ter have November;
Ef we can't enjoy the present, we kin wait fur an'-by.

We're a-waitin' fur November with the frost an' scarlet leaves;
When the elder's gittin' sharper an' they've gathered in the sheaves;
When the air is crisp an' bracin' an' the mountains far away
Seems ter smile an invitation fer ter jes' cut loose an' stray,
When the breeze is kind o' meller,
Tempered jes' ter suit a feller—
Them's the thoughts that chirks' ye up some, even on an August day.

Modesty.

(Richard Henry Stoddard in the Independent.)

You like my little songs, you say,
And have done so this many a day.
They are things that will not be forgot,
Albeit you understand them not!
You ask me what they signify;
You wish you knew. And so do I.
But neither you nor I can tell,
For I at most am but a shell,
And that which seems to sing in me,
The murmur of the distant sea!

And Yet She Sang in Silver Strains.

"He's a silver man, isn't he?"
"Well, I should say he was."
"I infer from your tone that he is very earnest in his devotion to silver."
"Earnest? Why, he even got mad and left the theater the other evening because some one sang 'Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.'"—(Chicago Post.)

No, Too Baggy.

"Bloomers," said the old-fashioned boarder, "lessen a woman's matrimonial chances."

"Dear me!" said the Cheerful Idiot. "I thought they were a distinct aid in striking a good match."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

And Yet He is Expanding Them.

Muggins—Is your son in business?
Buggins—He's a contractor.
Muggins—What line?
Buggins—Debt.—(Philadelphia Record.)

"How Absolute the Knave Is!"

"I wish I had been born a man," said the young woman, in the course of the controversy.

"Really," said the young man, "I think Adam is the only person on record who had that experience."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

AN OLD BIRD.



Proprietor of Restaurant—Chicken tough, sir? Impossible! (indignantly). Look here, sir; d'you know, sir, I first came to this restaurant 25 years ago and—

Customer—Did you bring this fowl with you?

NO ONE TO BLAME FOR IT.

Hot is no name for it, torrid were tame for it, The fieriest figures of speech man can frame for it, Bar "hell fire" itself—must fall short when they aim for it, And the worst of it is there is no one to blame for it!

Today it is true the most violent vomiter Of opprobrious epithet, tho' a psychometer, Can't say politicians depressed the barometer Or set quicksilver crazy in ev'ry thermometer!

M. N. B.

Had Sense.

"Pardon me," said the reporter, approaching the subject as delicately as he could, "but is it—is it true that—that a regular feature of your daily repast was—"

"No!" interrupted the converted cannibal, a look of intense weariness spreading itself over his age-wrinkled face, "it is not true, I never ate any roast missionary in my life, and I never knew anybody else who did. You people make me tired!"

And thus another time-honored lie rolls into the limbo of exploded sensations.—(Chicago Tribune.)

He Ought to Get a Shirt Waist, Too.

I sit by the window and gasp for air,
And mop my face and my dripping hair,
And feel my collar wilt and fall,
And know my cuffs are beyond recall,
And my blood boils up and my face doth flame,
And I say hot words that I shouldn't name—

And all this time my wife sits there,
So calm, so sweet, so debonair—
For while I fume, and fret, and fry,
She's always cool—I wonder why?

—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Not a Populist.

"There goes a feller," said the man who was whittling a shingle, "that is the ign'rantest man in this hull township."

"That's a pretty hard thing to say." "He practically owned up ter it himself, though. We wus talkin' things over in the store the other night, an' I'm dumgasted ef he didn't come right out an' own up thet he didn't know exactly how this goverment arter be run!"—(Washington Star.)

And Did That Make the Bull Mad?

"That Charlie Spindles is a horrid fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he once saved me from a mad bull."

"How was that?"

"I saw Charlie coming and went through another field."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Making a Bad Matter Worse.

Mrs Sweetser—George, you forgot to kiss me this morning when you went away.

Mr Sweetser—Are you sure of it? I certainly remember kissing somebody this morning. I supposed it was you.—(Boston Transcript.)

MRS CLEVELAND ARRIVES.

Baby Ruth Ran to the Car Door, She Was So
Glad to Get to Gray Gables.



MRS CLEVELAND,
(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

BUZZARDS BAY, June 4—The special train having on board Mrs Cleveland, her three daughters and maids, Mrs Olney and her daughter, Mrs Minot, and the latter's children, arrived at the Gray Gables station at 9.10 p m. Few of the villagers knew of the expected arrival of the distinguished visitors, and no one other than the railroad officials was at this station when the train reached here.

Those living near the Gray Gables station were made aware of the coming of Mrs Cleveland by the bright lights in and about the depot, and quite a number of the residents of Monument neck were there to greet the first lady of the land. The train was made up of two cars. Mrs Cleveland and party rode in the one next to the engine, while the detectives and the butler rode in the rear one.

When the train came to a stop at Gray Gables, Baby Ruth was the first one to get up, and was running to the door at quite a rapid rate when interrupted by her mother. When the party got ready to alight Ruth was still in advance of them, and was the first to be assisted off the train, followed by Mrs Cleveland, who, after greeting some ac-

quaintances, proceeded to the carriage with Ruth by the hand.

Mrs Cleveland and party had a very pleasant journey. She was not in the least fatigued, and was evidently glad to get back to her summer home. The children were all awake excepting Esther, and they did not in the least show the fact that they had been journeying for 13 consecutive hours. The train remained at the Gray Gables station for about five minutes, while the trunks and other baggage were being unloaded, after which it proceeded to Falmouth with Mrs Olney and her party.

Mrs Cleveland and her daughters were at once taken to the cottage, which was brilliantly lighted and prepared for her reception, while the detectives and the butler remained at the station in charge of the baggage. Then the few villagers who had assembled early in the evening wended their way homeward.

The night is cool and dark, with the faintest kind of a breeze coming in from the sea. Tree toads and frogs in the swamps break the silence with their strange noises. Happiness reigns supreme in the Cleveland household. The general welcome which is always given to Mrs Cleveland will be extended tomorrow, when her presence here becomes generally known.

A JUNE WEDDING.

(Ella Randall Pierce in Buffalo Express.)
At Marjorie's wedding,

The organ's soft notes

Float out like a song from sweet, velvety throats.

To some listening ears they recall an old tune,
And they whisper to others, "Your turn may come soon."

At Marjorie's wedding,

The bridesmaids appear

Like white doves in pairs to the altar drawn near.

And, in sight of the altar, sits many a man, Considering, perchance, how he'd alter the plan.

At Marjorie's wedding,

The bridegroom, in place,

Decides that this music's not easy to face.

He covers his weakness; that is, if you please, His weakness is covered—it dwells in his knees.

At Marjorie's wedding,

The sweet bride, at last;
On that bright, snowy vision all glances are cast.

Her father supports her a-down the long aisle—
He'll support more than one in a very short while.

At Marjorie's wedding,

The knot is soon tied:

They step forth together, the bridegroom and bride.

They step forth together, the march just begun;

But which one will lead, when the honeymoon's done?

SONGS TALK ABOUT FROM MEDDER-LANDS.

Written for the Boston Journal.

The winter scarcely gets thawed out
Afore the frogs is peepin';
Life jest gets sort of reconciled,
An' thoughts to'rd summer creepin',
When they begin their lonesomeness,
Ter make a feller sadder,
An' waken his adversity;
It allus brings a shadde
Of good-night smacks an' trundlebeds,
Whatever the ricollection
Thet comes ter me, it's brimmin' full—
Of heart-sweets an' affection,
My childhood all comes back agin,
But taint for but a minit,
For fore the idee's fully mine
My heart gits tangled in it,
An' life has sich an undertone
Of tears a runnin' thro' it,
I sometimes think its memories
'Bout all the peace there's to it.
However, we're a slippin' on
An' all o' frog-dom's chorus
Can dim spring's golden crescent bent
Within the twilight o'er us.

HERBERT RANDALL.

Joseph of Arimathea.

"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed."—Matthew.

He stood beside the gate to know

His triumph or his doom:

"What didst thou for me, there below?"

"I gave The Prince a tomb:

"I found Him 'neath the foeman's tread;
And soon, from strife apart,
I pillow'd soft His bleeding head,
And stanch'd His wounded heart.

"From hills of pain, His form I bore
To chamber cool and deep;
With whitest robes I clad Him o'er,
And left Him there asleep.

"Although, when morns had numbered three,
My Guest had gone away,
Yet still, I come to beg that He
Will shelter me for aye."

"Behold, good Heart, in joyful bloom,
The seeds so humbly sown:
Thou lendest to The Prince a tomb—
He gives to thee a throne!"

—Will Carleton, in Every Where.

Victoria's Coachman in His Gorgeous Livery.

His Clothes on Big State Occasions Cost as Much as \$1000.

New York Chinaman Causes Rebellion by Trying to be a Bootblack.

Queen Victoria's personal coachman, who drives her at Windsor, Balmoral and Osborne, and who likewise accom-



QUEEN VICTORIA'S COACHMAN.

panies her during her annual visits to the continent, is an elderly man of the name of Thomas Sands, and is a great favorite of her majesty, in whose service he has been very long indeed.

Frequently, when the drives are long, the queen causes the carriage to be stopped and the tea equipage, which she generally carries about with her, to be extracted from the rumble. Tea is therupon brewed by means of a spirit lamp, and in partaking of this gentle stimulant, with her ladies in attendance, the queen does not forget her coachman, but invariably makes a point of pouring out a cup for him, too.

On one occasion, when her daughter, the widowed empress of Germany, was with her and attempted to pour out the tea for the coachman, the queen took the cup away from her under the pretext that she did not know "how Thomas liked to have his tea sugared and creamed," and fixed it for him herself.

Both he and the state coachman are decorated with the silver medal conferred upon them by the queen on the occasion of her jubilee, and they wear it on the left breast on the coat of their livery.

The latter is of a fourfold character. On ordinary occasions both Miller and Sands, as well as their subordinates, wear liveries of plain black, white breeches and top boots, together with a hat flanked by the royal cockade.

On more ceremonious occasions, such as, for instance, the fetching of royal visitors from the railroad stations, etc., they wear a black-faced scarlet coat and gold buttons, instead of a black one, while the hat is adorned with a gold band.

Then there is what is known as the semi-state livery. This consists of a scarlet coat, embroidered at the cuffs and collar and buttoned across the breast with two rows of buttons. With this white knee breeches, black patent-leather pumps and white silk stockings are worn, while the hat is similar in shape and fashion to the one which the first Emperor Napoleon is represented as wearing.

The full state livery is a very gorgeous affair and costs an enormous sum of money. All the seams of the scarlet

coat, as well as the facing and the pocket flaps and the sleeves, are covered with thick gold embroidery. The buckles of the shoes are of silver gilt. The head is adorned with a white wig and a three-cornered hat similar to those worn in the 18th century at the courts of King Louis XIV and King Louis XV of France.

These suits of state livery cost as much as \$1000, while those of the footmen and of the subordinate coachmen range from \$500 to \$700. They are rarely used except when driving the prince of Wales or the princess from Marlboro house to either St James' palace or Buckingham palace for the purpose of holding levees and drawing rooms on behalf of the queen.—(New York Tribune).

JOHN IS ALWAYS READY.

He is a Horse that Has Seen 44 Years, and is Still Lively.

If you are a horse, or even if you are not, if you understand the equine language as well as did the author of "Black Beauty," just go down and interview "Old John" of Norwell. He has lived 44 years, a very advanced age for a horse, but he is as gay and lively a veteran as you will find anywhere, and feels his oats just as much as ever.

He belongs to Seth Foster, who regards him as the oldest horse in New England.

John used to be known as Peacock. That was in the days when he was the proud leader of the horses that ran on the famous South shore coach out of Cohasset.

John was originally the property of Nehemiah Ripley of the Rockland house at Nantasket, and was sold by him to David Cushing, the Hingham expressman. Mr Foster bought the horse during the war and has owned him ever since.

The old horse has never been sick a day, and is always ready for his meals. Many showmen have sought him for show purposes, but his owner prefers to keep him for light farm work.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

(Puck.)

Tripping softly down the aisle
With a brave religious air
And a sinful little smile,
Comes the rector's daughter.
Kneels she in the fam'ly pew,
Bends her pretty head in prayer,
As her father tells her to,
And her mother taught her.

Eyes and hair as black as night,
Cheeks and lips like roses,
Little teeth all pearl white,
Has the rector's daughter;
Form as frail as cyclamen,
Tiniest of noses—
Who shall blame the many men
That have vainly sought her?
Sings she with a hundred charms
Holy hymns and odes,
Just as though an angel's arms
Heaven-sent, had caught her.
Yet these ways of sanctity
One small soul embolden—
For today she winks at me,
Did the rector's daughter.

A FALL.

(Ella Randall Pearce in Brooklyn Life.)
Down the polished stairs came Daphne
In her gown so satin bright,
Eyes and gems and shoulders gleaming
Underneath the radiant light.
Waiting, watching in the hallway
I, enraptured by her charms.
Wondered if she'd fall—nay, hoped so—
Fall into my willing arms.
How the tiny, high heeled slippers
Gilded o'er each treacherous rim;
How serenely she descended
While my wicked hopes grew dim.
Fall? Not she. But, as she fluttered
Toward me like a gentle dove,
Retribution overtook me,
And I fell—I fell in love.

NO KIND OF ANIMAL.



Boy (pointing to animal): I wish that was mine, Bill.

Owner (rather pleased): Why? What would you do with it?

Boy (ready to bolt): Sell it and buy a dog.

A Woman in Disguise.

"Before proceeding further with this duel," said one of the principals, "I desire that the right arms of my opponent and myself be measured." This was done, and it was found that the other man's arms was two inches longer.

"Then," said the objector, decisively, "you will see how manifestly unfair it is for us to fight with swords, unless I stand two inches nearer to him than he stands to me."—(Harper's Bazar).

One Result Was Serious.

"William," she said, "will you do something that is for your own good?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to give up smoking. You are simply ruining your health and my lace curtains."—(Washington Star).

Might Want Her Bloomers Next.

"So your engagement with Jack is broken?"

"Yes; what do you think? He wanted to borrow my bicycle."—(Chicago Record).

Mary, Mary, So Contrary.

George—I wouldn't be discouraged by one refusal. There is no reason on earth why she shouldn't marry you.

Edwin—That is just why I feel sure she never will.—(Indianapolis Journal).

"Violin and Song."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Here is a poem called for by one of your correspondents:

C. S.

VIOLIN AND SONG.
He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay;
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

world has aye gone well with us,
old man, since we were one—
a homeless wandering down the lanes—
t long ago was done.
t those who wait for gold or gear,
or houses and for kine,
l youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
nd love and beauty tine,
l never know the joy of hearts
hat met without a fear,
en you had but your violin
nd I a song, my dear.

ILL HEAR THEM TOMORROW

THE MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION



1861
July

Voice at the telephone—Major, will you please bring your family and take supper with us next Sunday?

Servant girl (replies back through telephone): Master and mistress are not in at present; but they can't come to supper, as it's my Sunday out.

LEAP YEAR.

(Judge.)

"Do you know it is leap year?" she said
As she looked at the rector and smiled,
With a toss of her beautiful head
And the naive grace of a child.

"Ah, yes," said the rector: "I know,
And my heart is assailed with a fear
Lest, Cupid, in bending his bow,
Should prompt you to ask me, my dear.

If you asked me pray how could I choose
To give but the sweetest surprise?"
"You certainly must not refuse,"
She said as she lowered her eyes.

Outside was the roar of the street,
The flutter of leaves at the door;
Inside the hush, solemn and sweet—
The afternoon service was o'er.

They lingered a little apart—
It was Lent, and the two were alone.
Love lay like a kiss on each heart,
And life and the world were their own.

She raised her dark eyes to his face,
"I want you to marry me." "When?"
He bent with a courtly grace,
His heart throbbing faster, and then

He said, "Dearest, can it be true?"
His voice had its passionate charms;
He bent lower over the pew,
He smilingly opened his arms.

"Hush! Wait, dearest rector; don't tease.
You might be an excellent plan,
But I want you to marry me, please,
To another adorable man."

Did Somebody Swat Her?

"We had something great at the seance last night."

"What was it?"

"Mme Blavatsky came back and told us she was the original of 'Trilby.'" —(Chicago Record).

Odd Items from Everywhere.

In the circuses of ancient Rome elephants walked the tight rope.

The nest and eggs of Pallas' gray shrike (Lanius Major) are said to be still unknown to science.

The Chinese divide the day into 12 parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon 24 hours round, instead of two divisions of 12 hours each, as we do.

A useful charity called the London spectable mission provides spectacles for neediewomen and other deserving persons dependent on their eyesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

TWO OF A KIND.

"This bill," protested the man at the window, "calls for \$2.64 for gas burned in June, and there wasn't anybody in the house during the entire month, to my certain knowledge."

"The meter tells a different story, sir," replied the cashier at the gas company's office, "and we have to go by the meter; \$2.64 is right."

"Well, I'll pay it," said the other, taking out his pocketbook, with great apparent reluctance.

"Your name, I think, is Ruggles. Here is your ice bill for last February, amounting to \$2.96. We have called your attention to it several times, but you have always refused to pay it on the ground that you did not know any ice was left at your door during that month, and you did not need it. The books show that the ice was left there, and we have to go by the books. The difference is 32 cents, and if you will just hand over the amount—" Here they clinched.—Chicago Tribune.

LIFE'S MOSTLY WHAT WE MAKE IT'

This life's a problem very strange,
Which we are ever solving,
And, like a kaleidoscopic view,
New scenes each day evolving.
Some things are hard to understand,
When judging by our neighbor,
Why some are only useless drones
And others forced to labor.

Some lives are full of cheery smiles,
And seldom are repining,
Tho' bearing burdens greater far
Than others always whining.
Some, idly drifting down the stream,
In aimless anguish quiver,
While others sing to ease the toil
When rowing up the river.

For happiness comes not alone
To those in gilded splendor,
But often dwells with humbler ones
Who cheerful service render.
The darkest cloud will roll away
And show the sun behind it,
And life has brightness more than gloom
If we but seek to find it.

Not wealth alone can bring content
To lives with anguish riven;
Gold cannot mend a broken heart
Like loving service given;
Have resolution, firm and true,
Whate'er life's lot to take it,
For, after all, to great and small,
Life's mostly what we make it.

Roxbury. Henry V. Neal.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Mighty Columbia ransomed with blood,
Bless thou the men who so valiantly stood
Face to the foe, in that dark hour of strife
When infamous treason imperiled thy life.

Bless thou the heroes who, heeding thy call,
Left their homes and their firesides, their kindred and all,
Left the plow in the furrow, the ax in the tree,
To march 'neath thy standard, and battle for thee.

Honor their courage, their deeds and their fame,
On History's bright pages emblazon each name;
They fought for thy honor, for Freedom and God,
Then weakly and humbly "passed under the rod."

Cherish their memories, these unsullied braves,
Bring choicest of flowers to strew o'er their graves.
Of thy tears and thy prayers unsparingly give
To the heroes who died that a nation might live.

J. E. Gilman,
Junior Vice Commander, Department Massa-
chusetts G. A. R.
Post 28, Roxbury, 1896.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

Some of the Little Incidents That Happen There Daily.

Every person has seen in boarding-houses persistent musicians like Nero.—Dallas News.

"Where do all the flies go?" asked an old lady. "They have been boarding at our house this month," said the boarding-house lodger.—Tit-Bits.

Tramp—"Please, sir, I haven't eaten anything for three days." Gentleman—"Poor fellow; like myself, your lot must be cast in a boarding-house."—Texas Siftings.

"We have a new game up at our boarding-house since the shortcake season bloomed," said Clerklet. "We call it strawberry, strawberry, who's got the strawberry?"—Los Angeles Times.

"The coffee is richer in color this morning than usual," remarked the typewriter boarder. "There were heavy rains up the river yesterday, and the water is muddy," explained the star boarder.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

New Boarder (passing his tea back)—"Will you please put a little more water in my cup, Mrs. Starvem?" Landlady (beamingly)—"Too strong for you, Mr. Smith?" New Boarder—"Not exactly, but when I drink water I don't like too much adulteration."—Philadelphia Record.

"I once read," began the boarder near the foot of the table, helplessly laying down his knife and fork and gloomily eying the fragment of meat in his plate, "of a man who took his own life, and under the English law they drove a steak through his heart." "That was tough," murmured the boarder with the hollow cough. Then they noticed the glitter in the landlady's eye, and the meal proceeded in silence.—Louisville Post.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

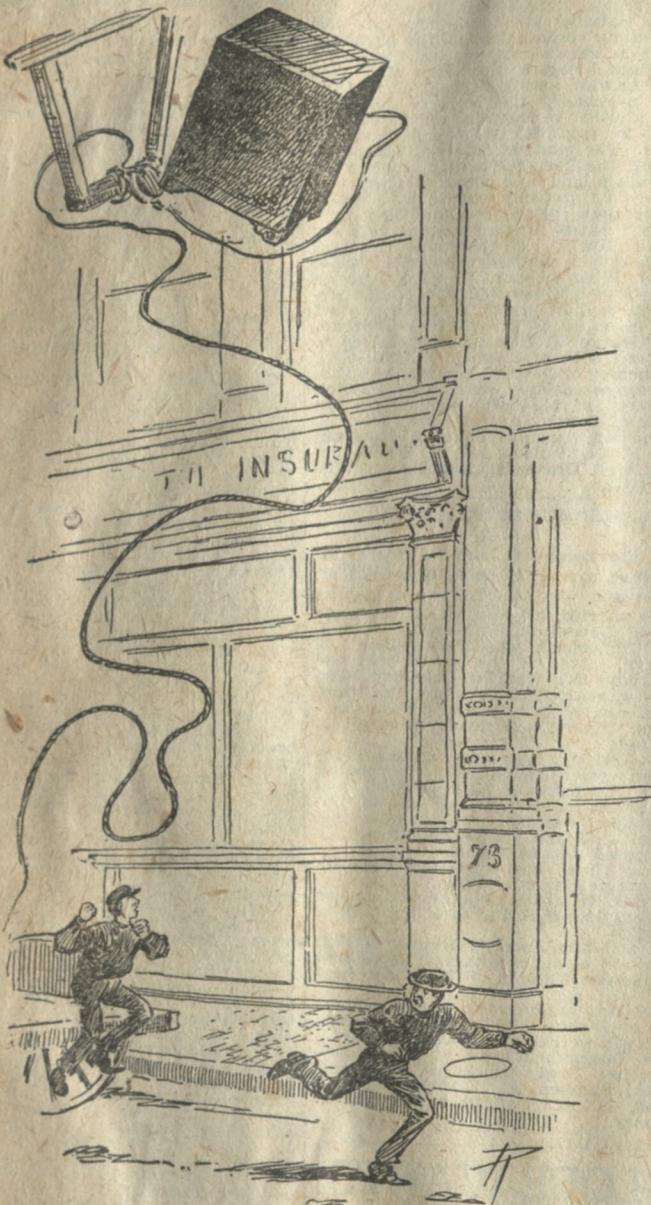
(Nixon Waterman in St Nicholas for September.)
One day, in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Flails And half-a-dozen other boys were starting with their pails To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him, said That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead. "First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells, my son— To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one." And Johnny did as he was told; and, sure enough, he found, By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said; For, while all the others looked, he worked and so came out ahead. And Johnny recollects this when he became a man; And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan; So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push, Wise, steady-going Johnny won by "sticking to his bush."

Did Anybody Ever Do That?

"Uncle Simon, what is old-fashioned politeness?" "It is a way people used to have of asking a man about his health and then listening until he got through replying."—(Chicago Record).

SAFE FELL SIX STORIES.

Ton of Metal Made a Big Hole in a Water St Sidewalk.



FALL OF A SAFE ON WATER ST.

A miraculous escape from instant death was experienced yesterday afternoon by a gang of workmen engaged in lowering a safe from the sixth story of the Cushing building, 73 Water st.

The safe was in an unoccupied office and was being lowered from the window to the sidewalk. The work was being done by experienced safe movers, and all necessary tackle was used. In some way the rigging was secured to the roof cornice. The safe had been

taken from the window and was clear and being lowered, when suddenly there was a strain and a crackling noise, then a crash and the safe, coping, tackle and other paraphernalia came crashing to the sidewalk.

The men had a few seconds warning and every one "got from under" in time. No one was injured. The safe penetrated the sidewalk to a depth of 20 inches or more. Hundreds of people attracted by the thunder-like roar, quickly gathered round and every office in the neighborhood was vacated.

"The Countersign."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "Estelle" I send this poem. —C.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

'Twas near the break of day, but still
The moon was shining brightly:
The west wind as it passed the flowers
Set each one swaying lightly.
The sentry slow paced to and fro
A faithful night watch keeping,
While in the tents behind him stretched
His comrades all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced
His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah no! his heart was far away
Where on a western prairie
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

"O for a kiss from her!" he sighed,
When, up the lone road glancing,
He spied a form—a little form,
With faltering steps advancing.
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder;
Then dropped his musket to his hand
And challenged: "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
The girl he'd left behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
She sobbed; "my heart was breaking;
I could not stay a moment, but
All other ties forsaking,
I traveled by my grief made strong,
Kind heaven watching o'er me,
Until unhurt and well—yes, love,
At last you stood before me.

They told me that I could not pass
The lines to seek my lover
Before day fairly came, but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I told my name, I found
The way free as our prairie,"
"Because, thank God! tonight," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary.' "

Apply to the Civil Service Board at the State House for Information.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Please tell me when and where the next civil service examination for city positions takes place.

M. A. S.

"Red River Valley."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "O. F. R." I send the following:

F. H.

RED RIVER VALLEY.

'Tis a long time you know I've been waiting
For the words that you never did say,
But, alas, now my fond heart is breaking,
For they say you are going away.
From this valley they say you are going,
I shall miss your bright eyes and gay smile,
And the sunshine that on me is glowing
Which brightened my path awhile.

CHORUS.

Then consider a while, e'er you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red river valley,
And the maiden whose heart beats for you.

Remember the valley you are leaving,
How lonely and dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.
As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget the sweet hours
We spent in the Red river valley.
Or the love we exchanged mid its bowers.

O, there never could be such a longing
Of the heart in a young maiden's breast
As lives in my heart, which is beating
With love for the boy who came west.
The western maid prays for her lover
To the Spirit who rules o'er the world.
May sunshine his pathway e'er cover,
Give his griefs to the Red river girl.

18
Nov

EUGENE H. RICHARDS,

ACCIDENTAL RELATIVE.

Jobson—"Is this your boy, uncle?"
Uncle 'Rastus—"No, sah. Dat's on'y mah stepchile."

"How do you make that out; neither you nor your wife were married before?"

"No, sah; but, yo' see, sah, dis hyar boy was done lef' bah somebody on our steps, sah."—Philadelphia Record.

AFFECTIONATE SNAKE.

When fishing and camping in the wilds of Cameron County a short time ago W. G. McCain of Brookville ran across a thrilling snake story. The incident happened to a man named Barber of Keating, whom Mr. McCain employed to haul his camping outfit from the railroad station to the camp in the woods. As they were driving along they stopped at a little spring by the roadside to get a drink, says the Punxsutawney Spirit. They were in a "snaky" country, and before he stooped down to the spring, which was thickly surrounded with weeds and bushes, Mr. McCain noticed that Barber eyed the surrounding pretty closely.

"I had a close call at that spring," said the old fellow after the two had drank. "I came along one time and stopped as usual to get a drink. As I had no cup, I lay down on my face, and while drinking felt something wet strike my forehead. I thought it was a wet twig sticking out of the bank from which the water trickled. As I raised up, however, my gaze encountered the head of an enormous rattlesnake protruding from the weeds, and the sensation I felt was the reptile's tongue. In other words it was licking my forehead."

"With a single bound I was out of that, but I made no effort to kill that snake. It had spared my life when it had me in its power, and I let it go. The recollection of that experience makes me sick and faint to this day."

THEY CAN'T GET RUN OVER.

"I don't believe there ever was such a thing as a Suicide Club," said she. "I don't know," replied the lady from Philadelphia; "you know the papers really say that it has gotten to be a fad for parties to charter trolley cars and ride in them by the hour."—Washington Star.

SQUIRREL CHATTER.

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)
Chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Good morning, sir!
If you wish to see me,
Come up in this tree.
I'm at home as you see.
Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy;
Her name's Frisky, mine's Spry.)
Now, as I introduce
You, don't try any ruse;
Nor think of the stew
So nice we'd make you,
For you see, we love life and liberty, too.

Chip-chip-chur-r-r!
Now, we'd much prefer
That that wicked gun
You'd aim at the sun,
Though it may be less fun
Than this rare sport to you;
But how honest and true
If a squirrel you were,
And I a hunter,
Do you think you'd enjoy
The gunning, my boy?
Would there be so much fun in a shot of decoy?

But I meant to remark,
With my chattering bark,
That my wife, sir, and I
Were most happily
Taking breakfast up high
On this wide-spreading bough,
When you happened this way,
In your ramble to stray;
For we're up with the sun,
And have had a good run
Over fences and treetops, for nuts and for fun.

And we just sit up—so!
(On our haunches, you know,)
And hold in each paw
A nut with no flaws;
Then through it we gnaw;
And we drink the sweet dew
That the sunlight shines through;
Now don't talk to me
Of your coffee and tea,
Or nice mutton chops,
Our nerves have no hops,
And dyspepsia never our junketing stops.

Chip-chip-chur-r-r!
You admire squirrel fun?
Yes, we think it's fine;
Can't well part with mine,
For it's just in my line.
If you aim with that gun,
Whisk! to this side I'll run!
Now, just one word more;
Your Columbus sailed o'er
To this world in a ship.
We just take a chip,
And spreading for sail
A fine bushy tail,
We set out to sea;

Your Columbus was no better sailor than we.

LOOKING AHEAD.

(Washington Star.)

I'm glad ter see election day so mighty clus at hand;
I'm yearnin' fur another style of music in the land;
I wanter hear, instead of all this brass band an' this boom,
The sighn' of the engine an' the buzzin' of the loom.

I wanter pick the paper up when I go home at night,
An' read on every page the news that bus'ness is all right;
An' 'stead of totin' torches where the politicians meet,
I wanter see men carryin' dinner-pails along the street.

An' ez fur campaign buttons, I am eager fur ter note
Less lavish decorations and a better style of coat.
I've been a long time hopin', but I keep a hopin' still
Thet we'll make the orators shut down an' open up the mill.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

JEST ABOUT THESE DAYS.

(A. T. Worden in Judge.)

I dunno what's th' reasen that along about this season,
When th' goldenrod is tallest an' th' garden 's gettin' brown;

When I hear th' crickets honin' an' th' locusts 's gettin' dronin',

An' th' apples in th' orchard one by one a-droppin' down,

Thet I sorter drop my hurry an' fo'git about my worry

As I loaf aroun' th' pastur an' enjoy th' autumn haze;

An' fo'git th' cricket's hummin' as I feel th' tear drops comin',

An' I somehow hear th' voices that I heard in other days.

It's a sort of a reviewin' what for years I been a-doin',

An' it seems as ef th' biggest things was on'y childish play;

While th' things most wruth th' keepin', an' for which today I'm weepin',

Too advantage of my blindness an' have vanished clean away.

Yes, this autumn air is clearer, an' it brings up objicks nearer,

Or perhaps it multiplies 'em when I see 'em through my tears.

Mebbe that may be th' reason that along about this season

I kin see th' loves I useter love arrayed along th' years.

I kin hear my mother singin'; I kin feel her han's a clingin'

Aroun' my boyish neck agin an' see her lovin' gaze.

I shall find my futur' brighter, all my loads will be th' lighter,

For the dreams that I am dreamin' as I loaf about these days.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Alas, you say that we must part,
That you can never wed with me;
You say another claims your heart,
Ah, would, sweet one, that I were he!

But, since I cannot claim you mine,
O, prithee, grant me just one thing;
I'll promise not to mope or pine,
If you'll return my diamond ring.

Lucky She Didn't Have Heart Disease.

"Am I the only woman you ever loved?" she asked.
"O, no," he answered promptly; "you are the sixth."

"The sixth!" she cried, suddenly relieved his shoulder of the weight of her head.

"Yes," he said coldly; "there were five before you—my mother, an aunt and three sisters."

And thereafter she endeavored to be more specific when she asked questions.

—(Chicago Post.)

God Bless Our Home!

Minister—You say you knew that I was coming, my little man? Now, how did you know it?

Tommie—'Cause ma told me if I ast fer more than one piece of cake at the table she'd pound the blame liver out of me tonight.—(Cleveland Leader.)

As True as Most husbands.

Stone—Is it true that two can live as cheaply as one?

Wood—Er—why—anyway, I know that I don't spend more than half as much money as I did when I was single.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

from everywhere.

Neck and Shoulder.

Now the girl is a woman. See,
She's making her debut!
Out of short dresses? Ah, yes, and largely
Out of long ones, too.

—(Detroit Journal.)

IT WAS LUCKY.



"Great Scott!" said the captain, as a shell whizzed by his back, "isn't it just lucky I wasn't turning round the other way!"

SHE'S PRESIDENT.

(C. Nisichla in Buffalo Courier.)

Since mother is the president
Of Bigville's Woman's club,
Pa's made her have a hired girl
To wash, 'nd iron, 'nd scrub,
'Cause he says: "No use talkin' now,
As washin' at the tub
Ain't just the work for mother, since
She's president, eh bub?"

"Nd t'other day he said: "Now, ma,
You go down to the store
"N get that ingrain carpet you
Was wantin' once before.
Gosh, if it costs four dollars, I
Don't care! 'Twon't do no more
To have home-made rag carpets on
The president's front room floor."

"Nd then," he said, 'nd looked at her
A-laughin' kind of sly,
"P'raps we might find some furniture
You'd maybe like to buy."
Then ma ups and kisses pa,
'N wiped her both eyes dry,
"Nd pa said: "Sho, now, 'taint the thing
For presidents to cry."

YOU'LL TELL ME I'VE BEEN TRUE.

(Written for the Sunday Post.)

You ask me if my love is true,
And answer blushing wait thee;
The query, fair one, is not new,
Nor breathes the soul, 'twixt I and you,
Could justly speak, who'd mate thee.

The vows, from fevered impulse wrung,
By fevered impulse, too,
Oft times die, frozen on the tongue,
And both with remorse are stung,
For neither love was true.

'Tis time, 'mid smiles or tears, must speak,
When years your brow have scared,
And pallor steals from your dear cheek.
The cherry, almost ripe to break—
Devotion's pure reward.

Aye, when alone in future's bower,
The past we both review,
My darling, in that lonely hour,
When thy loved lips no longer flower,
You'll tell me I've been true.
EDWARD O'DONNELL

A Widower Would Have Said "Yes."

"I am afraid it is all up between Jones and the rich widow."

"Made one of his ridiculous breaks, I presume."

"Yes. He asked her if he was the only man she ever loved."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

And Yet a Humorist!

By the way, are you eating strawberries now, or prunes?—(Globe.)
Prunes. The price of strawberries disagrees with us.—(Roxbury Gazette.)

"The Water Mill."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Here is "The Water Mill," by D. G. Mitchell, in answer to "W. A. B." F. H.

THE WATER MILL.

Listen to the water mill, through the live-long day:

How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away.

Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves;

From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves,

And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed,

And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered;

And the rippling streams flow on, tranquil, deep and still,

Never gliding back again to the water mill.

Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart, and true:

Golden years are fleeting by; youth is passing, too;

Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,

Time will never bring thee back chances swept away;

Leave no tender word unsaid, love, while love shall last—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will;

Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;

Wait not till tomorrow's sun beams upon the way,

All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy today.

Power, intellect and health may not always last—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

O! the wasted hours of life that have drifted by;

O! the good we might have done, lost without a sigh.

Love that we might once have saved by a single word,

Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard.

Take the proverb to thine heart, take and hold it fast—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

O! love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last;

For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past.

And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,

And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the true—

Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast—

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.

... Reported Missing

THE PROSPECTS WERE GLOOMY.

"How is your wife this morning?" asked a well-known Washington attorney of a brother lawyer, whose wife was ailing.

"The prospects are very gloomy," was the reply.

"Is she so much worse?"

"She was sitting up when I left, but the doctor gives me no hope. She won't die from her present ailment, but I am afraid it will break up our home."

"Is her mind affected?"

"It does not seem to be."

"Then, what is the trouble?"

"I don't know, but the doctor said she could be a new woman within a week."

"I am prepared for the worst."

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.



McScorcher—My baby has had the wind colic for two days.

Sickleface—What caused the trouble?

McScorcher—The poor child tried to cut his teeth on my pneumatic tire.

SINCE SISTER'S GOT A BEAU.

(Augustus C. Phelps in New Orleans Picayune.)

There's quite a change around at home, and all is now serene,

Where once upon a time war raged and troubles I had seen.

The reason this is brought about to you I mean to show,

It's all because a man comes here, and he is sister's beau.

I don't know how she captured him, but he comes here just the same,

And for fear that he will stay away I will not give his name;

But I only hope he'll always come, I really love him so,

For everything is now so nice since sister's got a beau.

I can spin my top in the parlor and generally have my way;

Yesterday a boy cut loose my kite and sis bought one today.

She also gave me marbles and took me to a show;

I feel so happy now to say that sister's got a beau.

The roosters and the chickens all seem to be so pround,

And the cats upon the back yard fence at night sing extra loud;

The birds up in the treetops their happiness do show,

And this has all been brought about since sister's got a beau.

I hope some one will make him come; I only wish I could.

Yes, there's two bits a week I get for keeping ma in wood.

I'll give this money to this man—sis calls him Mister Joe—

Because I'm having too good a time for sis to lose that beau.

Cutting Down the Decalogue.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.—(Spare Moments.)

She Probably Uses a Telephone.

"I'll wager that woman submarine diver doesn't stay under the water more than 10 minutes at a time."

"Why?"

"Nobody down there to talk to."—(Chicago Record.)

THE REASON WHY.



Employer—I can't understand how your former employer could recommend me to such a lazy fellow as you are!

Clerk—O, he's a rival in business of yours!—(Fliegende Blätter.)

THOUGHTS OF WINTER.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)

I'm stidin' 'bout the winter time,

With fires blazin' bright,

When all the cottage walls air green

An' medders mostly white.

When from the breezy country side

The blus smoke up'ardscurls,

An' the mistletoe is temptin'

The red lips o' the girls.

Then it's, "Balance to yer pardners!"

An', "Ladies to the right!"

An', "Han's all roun', my Honey!"

That makes a winter's night!

I'm happy in the winter time;

Fer what's the snow an' sleet,

When the fiddle makes the music

Fer a feller's willin' feet?

When the gals are candy-pullin'—

The old folks noddin' nigh,

An' the mistletoe is temptin'

The red lips—on the sly!

Then it's, "Balance to yer pardners!"

An', "Ladies to the right!"

An', "Han's all roun', my Honey!"

That makes a winter's night!

Not One of the Newspaper Riflemen.

"Dunn is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."

—(Tit-Bits.)

He Got the Car All Right.

He—Miss Luella, I love you madly. Will you be mine?

She—This really is so sudden, Mr Bits. I must have time to think it over before I answer you.

He—Can't give you much. Last car goes in 15 minutes.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Unless It's a Lean and a Fat Woman.

There is nothing in nature more pathetic, perhaps, than the sight of a lean man and a fat man casting envious glances at each other.—(Boston Transcript.)

Well, That's the Kind to Marry.

She—Do you intend to go abroad on your wedding trip when you get married?

He—I do, if I marry the right girl.—

Everybody Please Groan.

"I saw a lovely fur boa down town," said he, "and I had half a notion to get it for you—"

"O, how good of you!"

"But the price was so high that I fur boa."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Stuck Together, of Course.

An Atchison woman picked up her prayer book yesterday for the first time in a year, and opened to a dollar's worth of stamps.—(Atchison Globe.)

Odd Items

TAKES HIS SLEEP STANDING.

Massachusetts Man Who Lives in a Sentinel Box and Never Lies Down.

Jake Rogers says that he is the only man in the world who sleeps standing up. Jake also says that the reason he is so healthy is because he sleeps the way he does.

The place where Jake has his home is not a very well populated one. It is in Mendocino county, only a few miles northeast of Los Robles, and the nearest neighbor is some distance from his place. But then Jake doesn't want neighbors, so that feature is really an inducement for him. In fact, Jake says that the reason he took up his present abode was to get rid of neighbors.

It is safe to say that Jake's house is the only one of its kind in the world. It is built to sleep standing up in, and it would be impossible for a person to sleep in it any other way unless he curled up like a bear.

Jake built the house himself, out of boards and logs that he picked up in different parts of the country. It is a queer-looking affair, having greatly the appearance of a chimney with a roof on it, and a very dilapidated roof at that. But the shanty is a strong one, and keeps out the wet, and that is all that is required.

While the outside of the house may look queer the inside looks queerer. There is only one piece of furniture, and that is what Jake calls his bed. It really looks more like a coffin standing on end, for it is a sort of box tilted back only a few inches from the perpendicular. It is nailed at the bottom and also at the top, so that it is immovable. The inside of it is lined with straw, covered with cloth, to give it a little comfort in cold weather, Jake says.

When Jake wants to sleep all he does is to lie back in his box and close his eyes. He says it doesn't take him long to forget his troubles. At the next breath he will tell you he has no troubles since he took to sleeping standing up.

His culinary department is located under a tree a short distance away. His food consists of anything he can get by begging, borrowing or finding. But he don't do much borrowing since the neighbors have grown to know him.

"The way I sleep is the only right way for anybody to sleep," said Jake, "and the sooner people come to their senses and do as I do the sooner disease will be stamped out of the world. The noblest animal of all is the horse, and he sleeps standing up. How did I come to find out that it was the right way? O, that is easy enough to answer.

"You see, I was sick as a boy way back in Massachusetts, about 70 years ago, and nothing I did done me no sort of good. There was always something the matter, and as soon as I laid down in bed my head began to ache. But do you know I stood that for half a century before I got any sense into me? And then I was out in California digging for gold.

"One night my head ached so bad I couldn't stay in bed, and had to stand against the wall to get relief. Without knowing it I fell asleep, and when I woke up I felt like a new man. I made up my mind to sleep that way all the time, but had trouble to find a place to do it.

"That is the reason I moved out to this place. It's over 15 years ago, and I have never had a sign of the old trouble, and am convinced that sleeping in bed is the cause of all the pain and disease in the world. Sleep standing up and you will be a new man in a short time."

The strange thing about Jake's theory is that he admits that he doesn't rest when he sleeps standing up. He has to do that under the trees the next day. He says that has nothing to do with his idea, though, for most people do too much work, anyhow.—(San Francisco Call.)

Always Laugh at Your Employer's Jokes.

"You told me last week that you would try to raise my salary," said Briggs.

"O, yes," replied his employer; "well, I did. I raised it after some trouble. Believe me, I had a very hard time raising it this week."—(Philadelphia North American.)

THE OLD STORY.



35
35

"I hear you've started a new football club?"

"Yes, old boy."

"What are your colors?"

"Black and blue, generally!"

No Mirrors in the Manufactory.

Johnny—Pa, you said Mr Piper was a self-made man, didn't you?

Pa—Yes.

Johnny—Well, he ain't.

Pa—Why do you think he isn't?

Johnny—Look at his red hair and freckles!—(Cleveland Leader.)

Righting a Wrong Impression.

Rev Dr Angell—I am informed, my good friend, that you're losing money on fast horses.

Frank Speede—You're information is all wrong. I'm losing my money on slow horses.—(New York World.)

Declines MSS With Printed Slips.

"Bablow is an editor, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Is he a good writer?"

"Nobody has ever been able to tell. You see, he's the editor of a monthly magazine."—(Roxbury Gazette.)

What He Said Can't be Printed.

"My daughter is entirely too young to marry," snorted old Goldrick.

"Well," replied the dejected suitor, "what would you say to my taking her marriage dot now and waiting a few years for the girl?"—(Detroit Free Press.)

And Babies.

"I have found that marriage is a very costly investment."

"Well, it is true that about the only return comes in the way of heart interest."—(Philadelphia North American.)

He Has It Still.

"Why don't you take something for that cold you've got?"

"Great Scott! I don't want anything for it—I'd give it away if I could!"—(Roxbury Gazette.)

Has to Keep Warm by Scorching.

All summer long no chilling lack

Of raiment did I feel;

Now, when I want an overcoat,

I cannot sell my wheel!

—(Life.)

Practical Sentiment.

He—Your father refuses to give his consent?

She—Absolutely.

Then we must elope."

"Ah! let us fly away on the wings of love."

"Yes, dearest; I will see if I can work a railroad pass tomorrow."—(Yonkers Statesman.)

SAVED BY FIRE.

It is the only instance, I think, during a long career, in which my life was in any great peril.

I was a youngster of two-and-twenty at the time, reading law at the office of a prominent attorney. My people lived in Connecticut, and I had no friends in New York, so that it was quite a pleasant change for me when old Fogson called me into his office one morning and informed me that he had business of a private and pressing nature, which necessitated my traveling to Broxton at once.

"I want you to take this money to Mr Warren's," said he, indicating a pile of bank notes which lay upon the table. "Count it."

I wetted my finger and counted through the notes, which were of all values, from \$5 to \$100.

"How much?" inquired the old man.

"Five thousand three hundred," said I.

"Just so," he replied. "From this moment you are responsible for them. Put the notes in that wallet, and don't lose sight of them till you have handed them over to Mr Warren in person and taken a receipt for them. There's a train leaves at 12.20 which I want you to catch."

I thrust the wallet into my overcoat pocket—it was too large to go into any other—and, arriving at the station, took a ticket for Dayton, the nearest station to the residence of squire Warren.

I expected to find a vehicle of some sort awaiting me, but was disappointed, and after standing and gazing around for a few seconds, I followed the station agent as he was about to enter his office, and asked the way to Hazelton. "Hazelton," he repeated slowly, "it's a good 12 miles from here."

"I must hire a conveyance of some sort, then," said I. "Where can I get one?"

"You won't get anything of the kind about here, sir," said he. "If you take my advice, you'll put up here and walk over tomorrow. It's a clean place, though it's small."

This would never do, my orders were imperative.

"Is it an easy road?"

"The road's easy enough," was the reply. "You take that road leading up the hill there for about two miles, till you come to an empty cottage. Go up the lane by the side of that, and you'll strike the high road. You might perhaps get a wagon at the Cauliflower there, but if not, it's as straight as you can go after that."

By the time I reached the cottage indicated by the station agent it was pitch dark, and I had not met a soul. I found the lane, and then increased my speed, with a view of getting as fast as possible to the inn, for the large sum of money in my pocket made me uneasy.

In my endeavors I must have crossed the high road without knowing it, for by and by I found myself on broken ground, and becoming uneasy I tried to retrace my steps and get back to the station. It was useless; I could not see two yards in front of me, and at length I abandoned the attempt, and pushed on doggedly across the country, hoping every moment to find some habitation.

I walked for hours when I saw in the distance a faint light. As I got closer I saw that the light came through a dirty blind drawn across a small window; and walking up to the door, which was just discernible, I rapped smartly upon it with my knuckles.

The sound of voices inside stilled.

"Come in!" said somebody gruffly.

I raised the latch, and entering, found myself in the rough barroom of a road house. A huge wood fire burned and crackled on the hearth, round which sat three men and a woman.

"I want to go to Hazelton," said I; "have you got a trap of any kind I could have?"

"I have not," said the landlord.

"How far is it?" I inquired.

"Bout 18 miles."

"I've lost my way, then," said I. "I've walked from Dayton station; I can't possibly get to Hazelton tonight. Can I have a bed and supper here?"

"Of course you can," said the woman. "Come up to the fire, sir."

The men moved their chairs back, and the landlady, planting mine full in front of the fire, assisted me to remove my overcoat. I would cheerfully have dispensed with her assistance, but fearful of arousing suspicions as to its contents, I raised no objections.

"I'll take it up to your room," said the landlady, throwing it across her arm.

When she was gone, I took stock of my companions, and the more I saw of them the less I liked them.

For some time I sat over the fire, half dozing with the comfort and warmth of it, until the landlady hustled about preparing supper. We all sat down together, the landlord being by no means inclined to show any foolish deference to me as a paying guest; but I certainly made a good meal, for the iron pot contained a savory stew of rabbit and game and my long day's journey had reduced me to almost a famished condition.

The landlady lighted me up the narrow, naked stairs, and leading the way into a small bedroom set the light on a painted washstand and withdrew, after wishing me "good night."

My first glance was for my overcoat, which was hanging from a nail in the corner of the room, and to my great relief I found the notes intact. I resolved not to be separated from them again, and taking them from the wallet, made them into small parcels and distributed them about my pockets.

There was no lock to the door, and no curtain to the window, and, after a careful inspection, I blew out the candle and lay down on the bed in my clothes.

I lay for some time half dozing in chill discomfort, until I was aroused by the sounds of shutting up downstairs. Doors were shut and bolted, and I waited lazily to hear the sound of my host's feet coming upstairs to bed, for I wanted to order a stiff glass of brandy and water, as a protection against the damp; but they were so long in coming that I lost patience, and quitting my bed, felt my way downstairs in my stocking feet.

Through a small hole in the red curtain which was drawn across the glass of the door I saw, to my surprise, that the other customers were still there. I had just laid my hand upon the door, which stood slightly ajar, when they spun coins in the air and bent their heads eagerly forward with the coins covered. At the same moment the landlady approached.

"Are you going to be all night?" she asked.

The men watched each other suspiciously, and uncovered the coins.

"It's you, Jem," said the landlord, in a voice of great relief.

"Mind this," replied Jem, in a shaking voice, "we're all in it; one's as bad as the other."

"Of course," said the landlord, soothingly. "You shall have my knife to do it with."

"He's dropped here all unknown," said the landlady, speaking rapidly. "He's right out of his way for Hazelton. Nobody saw him or spoke to him. There's more than five thousand dollars."

"If he wakes and shows fight you've all got to lend a hand," said the man again; "mind that."

"Of course we will," said the landlady. "Give him a little while longer. I'll go up and see whether he is asleep."

She turned toward the door, and, with my heart beating wildly, I gained my room and flung myself down on the bed with my ears strained to the utmost.

There was not even a poker, and the flimsy furniture put all ideas of barricading the door out of the question.

I went to the door and listened. All quiet below. They were evidently waiting.

At the risk of being detected by anybody lurking at the foot of the stairs, I crossed the landing and entered the room opposite in quest of a poker. A large lamp was burning, presumably to warm the room. Fire irons there were none.

As I stood there one desperate means of escape occurred to me. I crossed over to the lamp, and with trembling fingers unscrewed the top, keeping the burning wick protected by the chimney in my hand, and taking up the reservoir I poured the oil into the center of the bed. Then I removed the chimney, and throwing the lighted wick on a dry part of the bed, softly closed the door, and hastily retreated to my own room.

I heard the saturated bedding catch with a muffled roar, and from my window saw a reflection in the darkness

outside. Then I heard a shout from downstairs, and with no need to feign agitation I raised the shout of: "Fire! Fire!"

It was answered from below, and the landlord and his brother ruffians came rushing up the stairs. A dense volume of smoke and flames came pouring out on to the landing. I rushed downstairs.

"Get some water!" I shouted. "Where's the water?"

They were all bewildered, but the landlord caught up a pail, and shooting back the bolt of the door rushed out into the yard to the pump, but by this time the landing had begun to catch.

We retreated to the yard as the flames burst from the window. Then the landlady clutched her husband fiercely by the shoulder, and, glaring at me, whispered something in his ear. Trembling with excitement I played my last card.

"Help!" I cried, wildly; "fetch my overcoat. Five hundred dollars to the man who gets it."

At a push from the landlady Jem dashed up the stairs and disappeared in the smoke. I gave myself up for lost, but the next minute he was back again, black and scorched—and empty-handed.

I felt safe then, and safer still when a sturdy farmer same galloping up and drew rein in the yard. He was joined in a short time by others, and we stood in a knot watching the blazing inn.

The farmer took me in for the night, but I kept my own counsel, for arson is an ugly word, and I had no witnesses to bear testimony to my extremity.

I did not tell Fogson plainly what I had done, as I did not wish to make him a party to it, but I have always thought the inkling I allowed him to have was directly responsible for my rapid rise in his good books and the business of the firm.—(Odds and Ends.)

NEW LITERATURE

HER FEET AND HIS FEAT.



"I told her I would lay the world at her feet."

"What did she say?"

"Told me if I could do that I ought to be traveling with a circus."

The Deacon Mourned Later.

Mother—What is the matter, my dear? Why are you crying?

Harry (between sobs)—I left my m'lasses candy on that chair, and the deacon's a-sitting on it.—(Pittsburg Bulletin.)

Funnier than the Comic Papers.

"There is poetry in everything," mused the editor. "Now, there is yonder waste basket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did when he was all alone.—(Detroit Tribune.)

How Did it Work?

Servants of Bluffton, Ind., conceived the idea of forming a union with a regular scale of wages based on the number of babies in a family and the number of nights out.—(Cleveland Leader.)

He Ought To.

After a man passes 50 he can look up the road any time and see his grave. Then he becomes serious.—(Atchison Globe.)

When He Looked at the Bill,
He—I wish I had been Noah.
She—Why?
He—I'll bet no seal would have been
allowed to board the Ark.—(Cleveland
Leader.)

Depends on Whether You Win or Lose.
If betting is a fool's argument, and if
the chief argument of mankind is bet-
ting, are men, as a rule, fools?—(New
York Advertiser.)

That's Why They're Always Talking.
Most women talk faster than they
think.—(Atchison Globe.)



Mrs. Henpeck—"Can't you go in bathing, John Henry, without doing such an everlasting lot of talking?"

John Henry—"I'm not talking."

Mrs. Henpeck—"Well your teeth are chattering—same thing."—Truth.

A Pile Left Off.

[Lines sent to a Nantucket representative.]

My dear Miss Worth, a client thinks
(My promised fee's a ducat)
That I should let you know the links
That bind her to Nantucket.

When Mr. Matthew Barney's verse
Is sent as invitation
To all whose names he could rehearse
To join your celebration,
Telling what they're like, and what they've done,
Though distant many a mile
In all the lands beneath the sun,
No mention's made of Pile.

When all are named, alive and dead,
The farmer, sailor, soldier,
Is nothing of him to be said
Because he sold to Folger?

He paid his share—be sure of that—
Of the thirty pounds agreed for,
And pile was part of the old hat
That Mayhew made his deed for.

So if in time, her love grown dim
For Coffin, Macy, Worth,
Or if perchance they tired of him
And gave him a wide berth,
Compelling him at last, to find
'Neath the sun's more genial smiles,
A home well fitted to his mind
Where he lived and died as Piles,
Still, when you come to celebrate,
Mid all the noise and bustle,
Include, I beg, his great-great-great-
Great-great-grand-daughter, Russell.

TREE WILL BRACE UP.

The insignificance of man in his own home is illustrated by a remark recently made to H. Beerbohm Tree by his little daughter. She was teasing him to buy her a pony. He declared that he could not afford to purchase such luxuries, but the child was a match for him.

"Then, papa, why don't you act a little better and make more money?" asked the dear little innocent.

And Tree says he is going to get her that pony if he has to work eight hours a day for it.—Footlights.

"An Old Man's Reverie."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Some days since your correspondent M. J. C. called for a poem entitled "An Old Man's Reverie." After some research I find this poem and send the same to you verbatim.

A. F. H.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

(His soliloquy at 87.)

The old man stood by his cottage door,
Across from church and the village green,
Near by the famous country store,
All viewed in the pictured scene.
On crutch and staff the veteran leaned,
His years four score and seven;
He looked upon the broad expanse,
And said, "My journey nears to heaven."

Four paths his vision gazed upon,
One circling to the north did run,
One to the south, and one to the east,
The other, towards the setting sun.
"And either route leads sure to death,"
Said he, "and I am near the end,
Many milestones have I passed,
My age, near four score years and ten.

I started with a host—a crowd:
I have lost them one by one, and now
I look in vain—I'm left alone—
Those hosts are gone, I know not how.
My morn was dreams, my noon was bright,
My glass is run, why need I care?
Clouds gather round, and now 'tis night,
Who guides me here, will lead me there.

"The time draws near when I can rest,
Life's journey o'er, my aching head
Lie pillow'd on the Savior's breast;
I'll join that host when I am dead,
Life's stormy doom, well sown with years,
I have outlived all my friends.
My hopes, my joys, likewise my tears,
All garnered in, my reverie ends."

He never smiles; his face is allers in a
puckered frown,
An' he thinks hisself the poore's, mos'
onlucky cuss in town.
He keers nothin' for theayters, an' the
circus has no charm
For this miserabul critter, and the fire-
bells' alarm

Kaint rouse him up outhen his woe; no
more to church he goes—
He's gittin' irreligius sence the corns
came on his toes.

He hates each sign o' happiness, and if
he had his way,
He'd hang the girl acrost the street
what's singin' all the day;
What right's she got to be so gay when
he's so full o' pain?
He bets if he got hol' o' her, she'd never
sing again!

To heer o' balls an' parties causes him
an extra pang;
What keers he now for dancin' and the
fiddel's horrid twang?

He finds no sent in viletts and no buty
in the rose—
There's nothin' pretty to the man with
corns upon his toes.

To him life's not worth livin'; to him
the heaven's blue
Has given place to mournin' black; the
treetops' summer hue

Is yaller, dull, and gloomy-like; to him
the songbirds' strain
Sounds like the scratchin' of a nail
acrost the windowpane.

To him the sun's onwelcum, an' the laff
of girls and boys
He calls a cussed nuisance, and he
tells 'em hush their noise.

He hates his wife and children; in his
heart no gladness grows—
He's what they call a pessimist sence
corns came on his toes.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ALAS, FOR MAIDEN.

"They say Wilkes married his cook."

"He did; only she wasn't his cook be-
fore he married her, poor girl!"—Har-
per's Bazar.

BOWSER'S WATERLOO

ROUTED IN HIS ATTACK ON THE
SPELLING OF WOMAN.

He Was Doing Valiantly Until His Wife
Brought Out His Old Letters, and Then
He Called Them Balderdash and Said
They Were All Forgeries.

"Mrs. Bowser," began Mr. Bowser
the other evening as he laid aside his
paper, "will you take this pencil and do
a little writing for me?"

"Of course, dear," she replied.
"What do you want me to write?"

"I wish you to write down about a
dozen words as I give them to you. The
first word is 'illegality.'

"Yes."

"Then 'advisability' and 'consan-
guinity.'"

"What use are you going to make of
them?"

"I'm just trying a little experiment.
Now you may put down 'desideratum'
and 'multitudinous.'"

"What is the experiment?" asked
Mrs. Bowser.

"Why, I was just reading in the pa-
per that not one woman out of 50, no
matter how well educated, was thor-
oughly up on orthography. An editor
says that out of 250 communications
sent in by females an average of one
word out of every ten was misspelled."

"But men spell every word correctly,
I suppose?" sarcastically queried Mrs.
Bowser.

"They do. It seems to come perfectly
natural to them. It isn't a woman's
fault, perhaps. It may be that nature
meant it that way. Now you can put
down the word 'destructibility.'"

"I'm not putting down any more
words," she said as she laid down the
pencil.

"Oh! Got mad, eh? That's the way
with a woman. If some one said she
couldn't play on a Jew's harp as well as
a man, she'd get her nose up about it."

"I can spell as well as you can, Mr.
Bowser, and even better. Whoever
wrote about that little experiment told
a falsehood."

"There you go! That's egotism and
mulishness combined. Didn't I explain
that nature never intended a woman to
spell half her words right? If she
didn't, then what's the use of getting
mad about it? Of the four words you
wrote down you spelled half of one of
them correctly, and you ought to be
proud of it."

"I spelled every one of them correct-
ly," she insisted.

"Mrs. Bowser, don't set your jaw that
way when you are addressing me! I am
speaking to you more in sorrow than in
anger. If you can't spell, why, then!"

"When did you become such a great
speller?"

"Orthography came natural to me,
Mrs. Bowser—perfectly natural. I was
spelling words a rod long before I was
seven years old."

"Oh, indeed! It's funny how many
mistakes you made afterward—when
we were engaged, for instance."

"Mistakes in spelling? Be careful,
Mrs. Bowser! Don't let your anger lead
you to prevaricate. I think I wrote you
two or three little notes while we were
engaged, and I'll bet a million dollars
to a cent that every word was correctly
spelled."

"You wrote me about 400 love let-
ters, and I've got every one up stairs,
and you made scores of mistakes."

"Woman," said Mr. Bowser as he
rose up and glowered at her, "I pity
you! When a person is driven to pre-
varication and perjury in order to carry
a point, it is a sad, solemn thing. If I
had—"

She ran up stairs, and in the course
of three or four minutes returned with
a great package of letters in her hand
and said:

"Here are about 50 of the bushel of
letters you wrote me. We will now see
about the spelling. You acknowledge
your handwriting, don't you?"

"I acknowledge nothing, Mrs. Bowser—absolutely nothing! They may be
letters of mine, or they may be base
forgeries."

"They are your letters, of course.

Here is one in which you speak of an
azure sunset and an affinity of souls.
You spell it 'ashure' and 'afinety.'"

"Never—never on the face of this
earth!"

"But see—there are the words. Here
is another in which you lay your heart
at my feet, and you have spelled it
'h-a-r-t.'"

"I deny it!" shouted Mr. Bowser as
his face got red and his hair began to
curl. "In the first place, I wasn't don-
key enough to write any such balder-
dash, and in the next any fool knows
enough to spell heart. Lay my heart at
your feet—umph!"

"Well, the words are here just as
you wrote 'em, and I have marked each
one. In this third letter you say that
life would be one never ending mid-
night without me, and you have spelled it
'n-i-t-o.'"

"What! What! I wrote such stuff as
that? Mrs. Bowser, beware how you
presume on my good nature and your
position as my wife! I pronounce each
and every letter in that package a base
forgery! A never ending midnight with-
out you—bosh!"

"And this fourth letter," she contin-
ued without heeding him, "is a 16 page
letter you wrote me one rainy Sunday.
You speak of the sobbing raindrops,
and you spell sobbing with one 'b.' You
speak of my charming face and spell it
with two 'm's.' You refer to the future
and spell the word 'f-u-c-h-e-r.' You
speak!"

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know who I
am?" he demanded as he pointed his
finger at her.

"Certainly. You were wretched, you
said, and you!"

"You talk that way to me, do you!
Because you can't spell one word in a

thousand correctly you—you —

"I show that you are just as bad, Mr.
Bowser. You see!"

"Yes, I see! I understand! I know
exactly where the forgery, the prevari-
cation and the perjury come in. I was
prepared to pass a pleasant evening at
my own fireside. In order to heighten
the pleasure I offered to help you im-
prove your orthography, but you—
you!"

"I show you where yours can be im-
proved," she finished.

"Very well, madam—very well. I
have business in the library which may
keep me up all night. You can retire
whenever you wish. The train which
you will take to go to your mother's
leaves at 9:40 a.m., and I will endeavor
to see you for a moment before you go.
If I don't see you, then the papers will
be sent on for you to sign—for you to
sign, Mrs. Bowser. I wish you good
night and goodby." M. QUAD.

NEEDN'T KNOW IT ALL.



He—The woman whom I marry must
know at least as much as I do!
She—Why, you are very modest in
your requirements!—(Das Kleine Witz-
blatt.)

AN AMBITION.

(Washington Star.)

I saw a feller settin' an' a blinkin' at the sky;
He didn't go ter sleep. 'Twas too much work
ter shet an eye.

He braced his back agin a tree an' listened at
his ease.

Ter the chirpin' of the cricket an' the whisper-
in' of the breeze.

I tell ye! There was luxury it done me good
ter view—

Ter set a-doin' nothin' 'cause they's nothin'
else ter do.

So jest you keep a laborin' on, an' mind yer
duty right,

An' keep a svin' up an' bein' watchful day
an' night,

An' mebbe you will git ter where ye're toll an'
troubles close,

An' there won't be nothin' 'tall expected of ye
but repose;

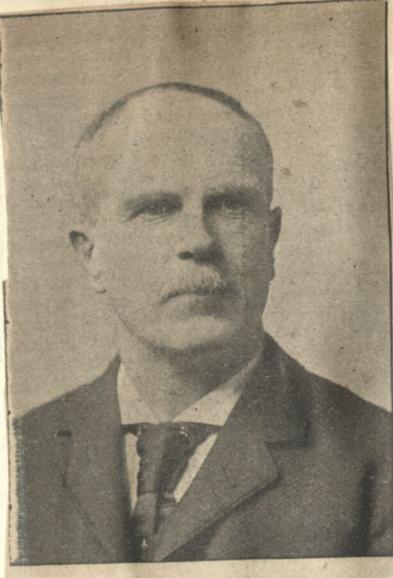
Ter where, with folded hands an' all yer stints
done, good an' true,

You kin set a-doin' nothin' 'cause they's nothin'
in' else ter do.

The Bible Says She Cost Him Eden.

"I shall need \$5 today, James," said
Mrs Upstrike.

"That has been about your average
per day for the last month," replied Mr.
Upstrike, handing it out reluctantly.
"And I want to call your attention to
the circumstance, Belinda, that it is
just five times as many bones as Eve
cost Adam in her whole career."—(Chi-
cago Tribune.)



COL. C. C. FRY.

RIVALS.

A fiery steed stood at his post, close by the street car track.
"Twas on a sunny summer's day A fly was on his back.
He switched and twitched and switched again (he longed for twenty tails)
And finally jerked the carriage round across the shining rails.

Just then a jolly trolley car came whizzing through the street
And bumped into the vehicle. The steed slipped from his feet.
"Conceited thing," the equine said; "alone you think you move.
Remember that you're full of wheels and pushed along a groove.
So dangerous are you judged by all, because you're ruled by cranks,
You ought to help poor Cuba out reducing Spanish ranks."

"Cease, cease, my voicesome, vicious nag," the trolley car upspake.
"Knowest what they use the horses for in the City of the Lake?
Since I have come upon the scene your comrades have grown cheap.
The time has come to ticket them with cows and pigs and sheep."

While thus these two quite wordy grew, like politicians great,
Along there came a bicycle and closed off all debate.
"You silly fools," he ended up, "please find a hard back seat.
For usefulness and otherwise you'll find I'm hard to beat."
—William Burt Gamble in Detroit Free Press.

PRISCILLA'S FURS.

(Puck.)
The north wind bold blows keen and cold,
The snow one's vision blurs;
But clear an eye as she goes by—
Priscilla in her furs.

Both chic and warm, she braves the storm,
And ne'er at cold demurs;
She safely trusts in winter's gusts—
Priscilla in her furs!

O summer maids! your beauty fades,
For it is naught to hers,
Whose fair cheeks flush with winter's blush—
Priscilla in her furs!

Ah! speed the day when I can say—
The thought my life blood stirs—
That just for me and love will be
Priscilla in her furs!

THE OTHER ROOM.

BY E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

This pleasant room, you say, holds all I need;
Here are my books, my plants, my pictures;
friends
Are round my hearth. Before my eyes recede,
Through the broad casement, river, hill, and mead;
And better still, at evening there ascends
Twilight's one star, made to console the gloom.
There's the door where one enters; here, the fire;
What more could mortal ask or heart desire?
And there, the portal of the Other Room.

The life I lead is fair, yet here and there
Its very sweetness wakes a secret pain.
For some remembered friends who unaware
Stole through that door, and left this vacant chair,
That book unread, unsung that well-known strain.
The door is closed upon their still retreat.
I call, I listen, but have never known
The far-off whisper of an answering tone,
Nor any sound of their returning feet.

Beyond that door, how dream I that they fare,
What life for them the heart left here foresees?
Whether through other windows they may share
My view of hill and stream, and everywhere
Set round them books and pictures like to these—
Sing songs like mine, and tend their rose in bloom—
Whether for them as well, when day is done;
If there be any setting of their sun,
My one star charms the twilight of their room.

Surely with purer hearts and clearer eyes,
Linked with the old life, but with ampler aims,
Fuller achievement—the old joys they prize
For joy's sole purpose—that the life should rise
Beyond the touch of any earthly shames.
All wisdom there translated into deeds—
All beauty there traced further to its source,
My life in theirs pursues its intercourse,
And theirs in mine still answers to my needs.

When I have finished here my days' routine,
For me that door shall open. May I stand
Not trembling, as the larger light serene,
With its fresh splendors seen and unforeseen,
Strikes me nuptial threshold. May my hand
Find near a hand that held it in the gloom,
A voice that speaks in a remembered tone,
So leave this humble Parlor of my own
For the broad peace of that Withdrawning-room.

Married in the Woods by Moonlight.

Quite a romantic marriage took place the other day at Woodstock, a small town near Marietta, Ga. Miss Dollie Gresham was united in marriage to Will Dial by the Rev. M. Hawkins. The manner of the marriage ceremony was rather singular. They ran away from their homes about 8 o'clock Sunday evening to a neighboring church, summoned the pastor, who was then holding services, and there in the woods, by the brilliancy of the moon, the young couple pledged their marriage vows in the presence of six witnesses. The young men were prepared to keep back the enraged father, who had threatened to prevent the marriage, and was then in close pursuit. The marriage was concluded without interruption.

UNSPOKEN.

(Chicago Journal.)

When you owe a fellow money,
It is always kind o' funny
How you'd just a little rather that you didn't
chance to meet.
Of course you mean to pay it,
And you know he wouldn't say it
If he even got to thinking you a trifle indiscreet.
You know he wouldn't bore you
For the temporary loan you
Unthinkingly asserted you would very promptly
pay;
But, though cordially you greet him,
It is true you never meet him
But you wonder if he's thinking of the things
he doesn't say.

Though you grasp his hand with ardor,
Though you grip it hard and harder,
You'll still be sadly conscious of a something in
between,
Of a something intervening,
Of the which you guess the meaning,
For you know it's but the spirit of the cash he
hasn't seen.

OBITUARY.

Winn.—Mr. John Winn died at his home on Union street last Monday, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Up to a few months of his decease, Mr. Winn had shown no outward indication of physical weakness. In fact, he appeared robust and hearty for one of his advanced years. The announcement of his decease was therefore somewhat of a surprise. He came to Nantucket early in life from Wakefield, engaging in the meat trade, suffering the entire loss of his establishment by the fire of 1846. He built a market later, next north of Mr. L'Hommedieu's harness-maker's shop, where he continued business for many years. He at one time conducted the Adams House (now known as The Sherburne), and also engaged in agricultural pursuits. He invested largely in real estate, and at the time of his death was one of the largest property owners in Nantucket. He was a man of sterling integrity and firm convictions. Mr. Winn leaves two daughters and two sons.

Ring.—Mr. Michael Ring died Tuesday, at his home on Liberty street. Deceased was a native of Ireland, and came to America in the early forties. He came to Nantucket in 1846, engaging at his trade of masonry, and up to within a few years continued his labors, until failing health compelled him to desist. He was a man who kept well up to the time, and was a pleasing conversationalist, a fund of dry humor pervading his speech that made him often brilliant. He was highly respected, and his children, three daughters and two sons, have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Mr. Ring's wife died several years since.

DEAF, DUMB, BLIND, SHE READS FOUR LANGUAGES.

Helen Keller Could Easily Pass the Entrance Examinations to Harvard, But Her Teacher Prefers That She Should Wait--- Arbitration Treaty and Some Great Problems of Life Deeply Interest This Marvelous Girl of 16.



ADAM'S LUCK.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Old Adam was a lucky man,
Although
We know
He thought his lot
Was very hard,
And once was caught
Clean off his guard,
With consequences that were fraught
With lasting woe.

Old Adam was a lucky man,
For he
Was not compelled to stay
And see,
When his darling sped away
Like the wind,
If her skirts were hanging straight
And she seemed to look all right
From behind.

HELEN KELLER.

From Her Latest Photograph by Elmer Chickering.

A FEARFUL THREAT.



"Now, Johnny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?"

"Yes; because you're bigger 'an I am, or I'd knock the stuffing out of yer, so I would!"

THE SUMMER SYREN.

To his friends his excesses Frank Phool now confesses—

Makes no bones of the fact that he's drinking too much; To revolt, now, he's goading the stomach he's loading With concoctions he knows it is risky to touch.

Tho' Frank Phool is no skeptic of terrors dyspeptic— Knowing well what it means to take more than enough—

He still keeps on a-fooling with the drinks they call "cooling."

So beguiling's the girl who dispenses the stuff!

He still yields to temptation, tho' he knows his salvation

Lies in steering quite clear of that pretty-faced minx,

Whose bright smile's sweet seduction draws him down to destruction

Of digestion thro' chill floods of "temperance drinks!"

M. N. B.

Tuesday Will be Sept 1.

"Ha!" said the hero, "you cross my path again!"

"Yes," hissed the villain. "My time has arrived once more! You are now in my power!"

The hero was the humble tenant and the villain was the cruel landlord, collecting his monthly rent.—(Philadelphia North American.)

Especially if He is on a Newspaper.

Of course no man can watch himself all the time, but he should watch himself enough to remember not to try to be funny. A man who is given to little breaks of humor should keep a guard over himself, the vigilance of which he should never relax.—(Atchison Globe.)

His Imprisonment is Almost Over.

Wilkins—Hello, old man, didn't know you were back in town.

Bilkins—Don't speak of it, I beg you. It would break my wife's heart, but the fact is we are living in the back of the house until after the 1st of September.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

It's Better than "Mamie," Though. If a girl choose to call herself "Mae," The rest should have nothing to say, Though it must be confessed, That e'en at her best, She does seem a bit of a jae.

—(Indianapolis Journal.)

The Other Man's Wife Objects.

"I can't see any harm in playing poker, and I never object to my husband indulging in the game."

"You don't?"

"No; you see he generally wins."—(Philadelphia North American.)

"Think Gently of the Erring."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to your correspondent, "J. M. H." I enclose the following. I cannot give him the author's name, as it is not given in the copy I have.

J. K. H.

THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

Think gently of the erring,

Ye know not of the power

With which the dark temptation came

In some unguarded hour;

You may not know how earnestly

They struggled, or how well,

Until the hour of weakness came,

And sadly thus they fell.

Deal gently with the erring,

O do not thou forget,

However darkly stained by sin,

He is thy brother yet;

Heir of the self-same heritage,

Child of the self-same God,

He hath but stumbled in the path,

Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring,

For is it not enough

That innocence and peace have gone

Without thy censure rough?

It sure must be a weary lot,

That sin-crushed heart to bear,

And they who share a happier fate,

Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring,

Thou yet may'st win them back

With holy words and tones of love

From misery's thorny track;

Forget not thou hast often sinned

And sinful yet must be,

Deal gently with the erring one

As God has dealt with thee.

A DIFFERENT MATTER.



"Jack is in love with you."

"Nonsense."

"That's what I said when I heard it."

"How dared you!"

THE BRYAN SCHOOLMATE.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

He's comin' into prominence—wuz lost, but now he's found;

Fust time sence Lee surrendered that we knowned he wuz around;

You'll meet him in the meadows—you'll hail him on the hill;

He went to school with Bryan—you bet he did! —with Bill!

He tells it in the city, he spouts it on the plain;

He never stops in sunshine, he never runs for rain;

No matter where you meet him, he's tellin' of it still—

How he went to school with Bryan—with democratic Bill!

He's walkin' an' he's talkin' in the villages an' towns;

Stampedin' all the circuses—the elephants an' clowns;

No matter where you meet him—the same old story still;

For he went to school with Bryan—you bet he did—with Bill!

AFTER DEATH.

(Chambers' Journal.)

I sometimes linger o'er the list
Of friends I lost in other days,
And still the question with me stays—
"When I am gone shall I be missed?"

I doubt if others think the same,
Or even wish to share my thought—
That men were foolish who have sought
To leave a never-dying name.

When thou hast run thine earthly race
Thou wilt not "leave a world in tears,"
Nor will men come in after years
To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well,
Thy spirit will be no less free,
Although it is not thine to be
A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself, but Heaven thank
. If all the good that thou cans't do
May be done that only few
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart
Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—
Ere it can say, "We meet again"—
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,
Lest all thou caredst for on earth
Should seem to have no lasting worth
And end forever in the grave.

One faithful heart beneath the sky,
In which to leave a seed of love,
To blossom in a world above
And bear a fruit which shall not die.

(from a)

strolling around the Hoffman House the other day, says a Footlight writer. His appearance is always hailed with delight, for he never ventures there unless he has a new story.

"I've got a new one on Bert Dasher," he exclaimed, after he had greeted his friends.

"Let's have it, Tim," chorused the others.

"Well, Dasher struck town a dozen

or so years ago with just \$10 in his pocket. Now, Bert is a very careful man—if he wasn't Hoyt and McKee would have no use for him—so he looked at that \$10 long and earnestly.

"I'll hire a room," he mused, "and that will give me shelter for a week."

"So he hired the room and paid \$5 for it. Then he mused again:

"I know where I can buy a commutation ticket for \$5, good for \$50 worth of food. That will keep the wolf away for a week."

"So he purchased the meal ticket, and going to his \$5 room, soon fell into a happy, dreamless slumber. He awoke in the morning penniless, but he felt of his meal ticket and joyously wended his way to the restaurant.

"I haven't a penny in my pocket," he reflected, "but I'm really a millionaire, for I'm sure of a comfortable existence for one week. Now, let's see what I'll have for breakfast. Lamb chops, green peas, fried potatoes and coffee. U'm! But, my boy, you're right in it."

"So," continued Murphy, "Bert made his joyous journey to the restaurant, by that time his appetite was in splendid form. But when he reached the eating house he had almost an attack of heart failure. The door was bolted and on the glass was pasted the following notice:

"Closed on account of death in the family. Will be open in three days."

"And that was the only time," con-

Sherburne.

PART 4.

Dusk's dewy mantle lies on flower and shell,
All day I've walked beside the sounding sea;
And every foot of ground I know so well
Absent I have not been, it seems to me.
This isle was once my home, then let it be
The Sherburne of my youth, but years have
sped
And many loved ones are away or dead.

Betwixt the verge and ern, becalmed and still,
A bark whose sails hang idly from her spars—
As idle is my fancy and my will
As he who waits the tide or wind; the stars
Begin their patient vigils, led by Mars,
And a belated sea bird shrieks aghast
As to the land he wings his tired flight.

Out of the gloaming grow strange shapes, the
forms
Of weather-beaten men and houses old;
And through the windows comes that cheer
which warms
The heart; a fire upon the hearth, 'twas told
Me long ago, that somewhere here the bold
And fearless men, progenitors of mine,
First built their homes far back in auld-lang-
syne.

Yes, here they built far better than they knew,
Their simple hearts knew but the right and
wrong;

Their only creed was to be good and true,
But more enduring than the hills or song
Will be their praise the centuries along.
In quaint expression and in scenes uncooth,
I see them in the stories told my youth.

A straggling village street before me lies,
I walk a-down it as one in a dream;
I catch the joy in happy children's eyes
And quite forget things are not what they
seem.

Young men and maidens, from whose speech
I glean

Love's first awak'ning, note the thrifty wife
At spinning wheel, spinning the woof of life.

And gray haired elders in their broad brim'd
hats,
Discuss the questions of the time and state;
Swift flitting shadows, noiseless as the bats,
Pass and are gone like messengers of hate.
The dusky savages! but it is late
And each to his own home will soon retire,
And spend an hour beside the hearth-stone
fire.

But two who seem as brothers, still delay,
As if to finish what talk of stand
Looking far out at sea. I walk their way.
They do not heed my footsteps in the sand.
I list'n'ing hear one say, "Give me thy hand,"
Silent they stand, eye meeting eye, and then,
"The time has come when we should act as
men.

I tell thee that the day will surely come
When ships from here will sail to every sea;
When the new town towards the rising sun
Will ring with iron tongue of industry.
Our father's old, his thought eternity,
Twould vex his soul, here let him live and
die;
Go build thy ship; thee'll do it if thee try."

A sudden light upon the ocean breaks,
I turn, the moon has risen o'er the moor;
The spell is broken and my spirit wakes
To see illusion vanish from the shore.
And as I listen for but one word more,
I think what has been never more may be,
And only hear the moaning of the sea.

POSTSCRIPT.

Again, O Sherburne, on thy lonely shore
And through thy streets I saunter, breathe
thy air;
I listen to the rhythm of the roar
Of distant billows, and forget all care;
But when I ask the question, tell me where
My friend may be, it is with growing dread;
For oft the answer is, "Thy friend is dead."
Is it the glamour of a past so dear?
A calm content broods over all the town;
An absence of distrust, and constant fear,
And disposition which would hold one down
Lest they should prosper, why should mortals
frown
When there is room for all? some magic art
Here cultivates the instinct of the heart.

Tonight on the deserted wharf I stray
And see the moon arise, and all the waves,
Betwixt me and fair Shimmo, dance and play
In her glad light: then think I of the graves
Beyond the town, the tide incoming, laves
Decaying timbers of a buried past,
Which more and more remote is ebbing fast.

The once familiar scenes are strangely weird,—
So sometimes are the faces of the dead;—
And is it true, as I have often feared
That all the soul of the dead past has fled?
Remorseless Time hath ever onward sped
With constant change, the moaning winds re-
ply,

Say you do love before you say good bye!

Adown the sound, the white wing'd barks do
sail

On errands of good cheer to many a soul,
Wafted to port by heaven directed gale,
But to these wharves they come not as of old.
Freighted with merchandise that turns to gold.
It matters not what was, or might have been,
No ship is now expected to come in.

Hark! on the night rings out the silverbell—
A benediction on the dear old town;—
It is the curfew, and we know full well
That sleep, deep sleep will early settle down
When silence will prevail, and hush all sound.
O rest is sweet! but when so sweet as here,
Where the deep sea divides us from all fear?

A gem upon the ocean's broad expanse!
Quaint and exceptional to foreign eyes,
Wouldst thou might so remain! what could en-
hance

The calm content descending from thy skies?
Seek not new ways! in oiden custom lies
Thy potent charm, let love for auld-lang-syne
Be thy incentive for all coming time!

The wild rose blows on the neglected grave,
Time with untiring patience works his will;
A name upon the sand, washed by the wave,
Is soon effaced; Time is more slow and still,
But not less sure, the lichens soon will fill
The deep cut letters of the loved one's name—
It matters not, to her it is the same.

A larger life, and love can well afford
To wait for one whose steps are short and
slow;

And smile at trifles which we mortals hoard,
That we are coming they must surely know,
However ill the winds that on us blow;
And happy in that knowledge they can wait,
For Death is sure, although he may be late.

I saw tonight, far o'er the land and sea,
The beacon's flash, and thought of those who
sail
Upon the ocean. "Come not near to me!"

In storm and calm, strong tides do here pre-
vail,
And shoals that shift with every tide and
gale." Such is the message of that constant light
Far out at sea through all the hours of night.
The beacon of our being should burn clear
To warn us of the hidden rock and shoal,
That we may not that which the heart holds
dear

Wreck on the reefs which lie about the soul;
While it direct us to our longed-for goal,
Till in the haven of our hearts at last
Are all our ships; held by strong cables fast.

ARTHUR MITCHELL.

A DOUBLE HEAD.



(Turn this upside down.)

News to Her.

Arnold—I'm the luckiest man in town.
Elaine—who told you I was going to
marry you?—(Town Topics.)

THE WORLD IS ROLLIN' RIGHT

(Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.
In spite o' tempests blowin'
In darkness an' in light,
In reapin' time an' sowin'
The world is rollin' right!
For still the flowers are sprin'g'in'
An' still the birds are singin'
An' sweetest bells are ringin'
The world is rollin' right!

In spite o' tempests blowin'
The dove is sure in flight;
Beneath the winter's snowin'
The lily dreams in white.
An' still the blooms are swingin'
In wild winds sweet with singin',
An' still the vines are clingin'
The world is rollin' right!

In spite o' tempests blowin'
The stars are still as bright;
The rose o' love is growin'
In gardens sweet with light.
Here's home with all its blisses;
With little children's kisses;
No world's as sweet as this is—
The world is rollin' right!

How We Talk!

In Boston—"Browning, dear," said Mrs Emerson to her husband, "what is a cutaneous pastime?"

"A cutaneous pastime, love? I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I heard two men on the street car talking, and one of them spoke of a skin game."—(Brooklyn Life.)

This Might Work in Chicago.

"Prof. Eaton has devised a scheme to make the people keep their seats until the end of the concert."

"What is it?"

"He is going to mix the program so they can't tell which number comes last."—(Chicago Record.)

DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.



Charlie—Well, those animals were nothing to talk about—they're not a patch on what my folks can do. Why, my father raised the biggest calf ever seen.

Johnny (interrupting)—My dear boy, I don't doubt it!

Where He'll be More Valuable and Useful.

"We want a bouncer for our political headquarters. Are you an expert boxer and wrestler?"

"Who, me? That's what I am. I don't fall over the ropes for no dub as ever put up his flippers. And as fer wrestlin', well, just let me get me hold on the leg of the best guy that ever went down on the mat, an' I'll pull it off!"

"Say, never mind the wrestling. You're the very man we've been lookin' for. We need you on our finance committee!"—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

No Doubt of It After That.

He was an earnest minister who, one Sunday in the course of a sermon on the significance of little things, said: "The hand which made the mighty heavens made a grain of sand; which made the lofty mountains made a drop of water, which made you made the grass of the field, which made me, made a daisy!"—(New York World.)

Making the Most of a Waning Season.

She—I hate to hear a girl when she is out walking with a young man make any suggestion about how fond she is of ice cream soda, don't you, Mr. Walsingham?

He—Indeed, I do, Miss Atherton. By the way, won't you step in here and have an ice cream soda now with me?—(Somerville Journal.)

And Also That She's Out of Sight.

Miss Hammock—I think it is a funny idea that your husband should send his letters to you typewritten every day.

Mrs. Piazza—Not at all. It was my idea. It keeps both him and the typewriter in mind that he has a wife.—(New York World.)

Some Girls Are More Stupid Than Others.

"O, Mr. Smyth, your newspaper jokes are so funny I always read them twice."

And after Smyth had departed with his bump of self-esteem considerably extended she told the other girls that she had to do so in order to see the point.—(Texas Siftings.)

Theoretically He Could.

Howso—I know how to govern my wife, sir.

Cumso—Well, why don't you do it?

Howso—She won't let me.—(Brooklyn Life.)

THE YOUNG MAN'S MYSTERY.

"These problems in arithmetic

Are harrowing, I vow.

Last leap year she was thirty

And she's twenty-seven now."

—Shooting Stars.

PLEDGED TO REED.

THE ACCOMMODATING MAN.

And Likewise the Man Who Was Willing to Be Accommodated.

The persistence of some people in asking small favors, trivial in themselves, the granting of which is at times excessively annoying, was amusingly illustrated in the experience of a well known resident of Auburn Park. This gentleman took the train at his usual hour and settled himself comfortably in his corner to read his paper when an acquaintance strolled in and sat down beside him.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the acquaintance. "I'm awfully glad to have met you. Let me have a pipe of that excellent tobacco you are smoking."

The Auburn Parker of course immediately handed over his pouch to the acquaintance, and the acquaintance at once filled his pipe. He then neatly divided what was left of the fragrant weed, and, putting one portion in his pocket, returned the pouch to its owner.

This was somewhat of a shock to the Auburn Parker, who would not have taken such a liberty with his friend's tobacco pouch for the world. However, there was a greater shock yet in store for him. As the conductor came up the acquaintance exclaimed just as the Auburn Parker drew out his commutation ticket:

"Let him punch two out of that, will you? I've come away this morning in a hurry and forgot my ticket."

This staggered the Auburn Parker some more, but he is possessed of a fund of good nature, and he accepted the explanation and the situation like a gentleman, and the two fares were accordingly punched from the ticket.

Half way to the city the pipes were smoked out, and the Auburn Parker drew what the acquaintance had left him of his tobacco from his pocket with the intention of refilling his bowl. Having done this, he was about to return it to his pocket when the acquaintance grabbed it, saying jocularly:

"You deserve to have your tobacco stolen, old man, you smoke such deuced good stuff. How much do you pay for that a pound?"

The Auburn Parker explained that he was in moderate circumstances, and that hitherto he had purchased it by the ounce. He added sarcastically that in the future he intended to buy it in larger quantities, but the remark was apparently lost on the acquaintance, who chipped in with: "I wish you would. Do you take the 7:15 regularly?"

Arrived at the station, the Auburn Parker decided to shake the fellow, and surmising that a man of the acquaintance's makeup would never pay a nickel out for car fare he announced that he would ride to the office that morning.

The acquaintance said he had a level head and followed him into the car. There was one seat vacant, and he pushed past the Auburn Park man and dropped into it, leaving that gentleman standing holding on to a strap in a dazed condition.

As the conductor came along the Auburn Parker drew a dime from his pocket and held it out to the myrmidon of the company, at the same time raising one finger.

"Make it two!" said the acquaintance, and the victim shut his eyes, while the car commenced to whirl round and round.

The car arrived at Fifth avenue, and the two got off.

"Which way are you going?" inquired the acquaintance.

"North," stammered the Auburn Parker, whose senses were fast leaving him.

"That's my way too. Have you got a chew of tobacco?"

The Auburn Parker had one left, and the acquaintance took it. When they reached Madison street, the latter stopped.

"Far as I go," he said cheerfully. "Goodby."

"Wait a moment," replied the other. "You've forgotten something. My wife put me up a nice little lunch this morning. Won't you eat it?"

The acquaintance dropped the parcel into his coat pocket and went off whistling.

The Auburn Parker stood for a moment on the windy corner, and taking off his hat made a profound obeisance in the direction of the retreating figure.

"Well, I'm either a natural born fool, or, by Jove, he hypnotized me."—Chicago Dispatch.

Not so Bad as Painted.

The superstition that the crow is a bird of evil omen is hardly worth considering in our day. It probably had its origin in the association of the bird's funereal color with the weird croak that it often makes at night, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. No, the crow is not half so bad as he has been painted. He will undoubtedly steal the farmer's corn, but he really earns more than the value of the corn by his consumption of destructive bugs and worms. As for the tame crow, the worst you can rightfully say of him is that he is just the cunningest old rascal you ever saw.



WILLIAM III., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Dickens and Sons.)

TO MY PIPE.

(Sigel Roush in New York Sun.)
Oh, I love the merry gurgle of my pipe,
Brier pipe;
When the flavor of the weed within is ripe;
What a lulaby it puris.
As the smoke around me curls,
Mounting slowly higher, higher,
As I dream before the fire,
With a flavor in my mouth.
Like a zephyr from the South,
And my favorite tobacco
By my side—
Near my side,
With the soothing necromancy
Sweetly linking fact to fancy,
In a golden memory-chain
To the gurgle, sweet refrain,
Of my pipe, brier pipe,
To the fancy-breeding gurgle of my pipe.
O, what subtle satisfaction in my pipe,
Brier pipe;
Nothing mundane can impart
Such contentment to my heart;
She's my idol, she's my queen,
Is my lady Nicotine;
When in trouble how I yearn
For the incense which I burn
At her shrine.
How I pine
For the fragrance of her breath;
Robbed of terror e'en is death
By her harmless hypnotism;
Healed is every mortal schism,
Foe and friend
Sweetly blend.
At the burning of the brier;
Greed, cupidity, desire
Fade away within the smoke,
In the fragrant, fleecy smoke
From my pipe, magic pipe,
From my glowing, peace-bestowing, gurgling
pipe.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth sucke his sweete:
Now with his wings he playes with me,
Now with his feete;
Within mine eyes his makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah, wanton, will ye?
And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty dight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The live-long night.
Strike I my lyre, he tunes the string,
He music playes if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah, wanton, will ye?
Else I with roses every day
Will whip ye hence,
And bind you when you long to play
For your offense;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your shame,
I'll count your power not worth a pinne;
Alas! What hereby shall I winne,
If ye gainsay me?
What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bowre my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
O, Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!

Out of Evil Good May Come.
"You say your husband won \$25 on the
think you'd hate to have him get money
in that way."
"I did feel very bad about it at first,
but as I look at it now I can't see that
it was anything to be ashamed of. He's
given me the money to buy an Easter
hat."—(Cleveland Leader.)

society slang:—

Why, mother, it surely is time
That Timotheus here was transplanted
To a sheety and blankety clime
Where his presence is, more or less, wanted.

I admit he's an angel, of course,
But I wish that your rules were more dras-
tic;
I object, as a fatherly horse,
To a bit of uncleanly elastic.

He has fashioned and fixed at my ears
Ridiculous papery blinkers,
And I'm sure my condition appears
Sufficiently foolish to thinkers.

As another inducement, I urge
That his driving's distinctly immoral,
All affectionate feeling I merge
When he thumps on my head with his coral.

Moreover, my study's too small
To allow of superb demovilting,
So I think (there will be a great squall!)
Of unseating my rider, and bolting.

To be spurred by a pin is too bad;
I prefer to be driver, not driven—
Yes, dearest, I know that the lad
Is a cherub levanted from heaven;

But since he intends to remain
In our semi-detached little mansion,
I think to avoid future pain,
We should govern his moral expansion.

So ring for the nursemaid, my dear,
(Tim, Tim, make an end of that screaming!)
For the cherub must now disappear
To his tub, to his blankets and dreaming.

A pretty and amusing poem is the one on
"Lost Labour":—

There's a gentleman out yonder
Who is sowing early peas;
He puts the line across the ground
And makes a little trench;
And already in his folly
He is feeling very jolly
As he dreams of coming dinners,
On his knobby rustic bench.

But my artful pouter pigeons
Take great interest in peas,
And they sit devising measures
Which will give that planter pain;
For I'm sure he will be netted
When he hears that they have settled,
And are carefully collecting
All those early peas again!

A pretty sight, early morning: a little maid returning from market,—long apron, wooden shoes, bare head. In one hand a net bag of vegetables—cauliflowers, artichokes, chicoree; under her arm a mass of asters and chrysanthemums—white, violet, many colors. The flower market and the vegetable market go together in Paris.

Late afternoon: the same little maid out for a stroll or a ride in the omnibus—neatly gowned and gloved in black, but still no hat. I think she has none, just a scarf for nights or snapping cold in January. Hats are last considered by little maids who go "a-marketing." Her friend, the Blanchisseuse, wears a muslin cap, the badge of her calling, indoors and outdoors, summer or winter. How white the caps are always, and how crisp. How white she makes our linen, too! but alas, at the expense of the linen. But linen must be whitened even when it is dried indoors. And, of course, there are no washings hung out in Paris. No, indeed! That is against the laws of the most glorious Ville de Paris.

Alas, How Rare True Friendship Is!
"Penelope, what is your idea of friend-
ship?"
"It is letting a woman tell you her
troubles, when you are dying to tell her
yours."—(Chicago Record.)

European Exchanges Please Copy.

"Hear about that American young
woman paying \$1,000,000 for a cigarette
holder?"

"Get out."

"Fact. I believe it also had a title
or something."—(Cincinnati Inquirer.)

Boston Has One Every Sunday Morning.

Boston should get up a bean eating
contest. The interest excited by the
visit of Moody and Sam Jones must not
be allowed to languish.—(Florida Times
Union.)



MADEMOISELLE PAPA.

Every morning when the miners collected around the entrance to the Berard pit to answer to the rollcall the last to appear was a tall jovial fellow, who led by the hand a little girl of some 7 or 8 years. It was Michel Perron and his daughter.

When evening came she was the first at the entrance of the pit, whence Michel Perron came out first always. As when leaving her, he raised the child in his arms, and she clung closely to him, crying joyfully "Papa."

A miner had taken a fancy one day to hold her close to the edge of the pit, when, recoiling from the obscure gulf, black as far as the eye could see, she had sprung back with a cry of terror.

"Papa goes down there," she thought; "suppose he should not come back."

That day, when Michel had taken her in his arms for the farewell caress, she said tremblingly, in a half whisper

"You will come back, will you not?"

"As always, little one."

"Could any one—could you—die down there?"

"Be tranquil," said Michel, smiling, "I will not die without telling of it."

One day the rumor spread suddenly that an explosion of fire-lamp had just occurred. In less time than it takes to tell it the entrance to the Berard pit was thronged. Excited crowds rushed from every direction.

The daughter of Michel ran about, her hair streaming in the wind, in the midst of the debris which had been brought from the mine, crying, "Papa! papa! papa!"

Her father was not among the dead. Confidence returned to her. She grew calm, and sought him among the living. Nobody had seen her father.

Of the 60 miners who had gone down in the morning 45 had ascended; 14 were dead. There was one missing. It was Michel. She recalled suddenly that one morning her father had said to her: "I will not die without telling thee."

They gave her little attention. In 40 hours they had exhausted every means. Without doubt there was something

strange in this disappearance. Living or dead they ought to have found Michel, and they had not found him.

For 48 hours Mlle Papa, as the miners called her, had waited feverishly, but without growing weary. At every human form that appeared at the entrance she started up, and not recognizing the one that she awaited she sat down again with a profound sigh.

The third day the child was still at the entrance of the pit.

"We must put an end to this," said the chief engineer; and, approaching her, he said: "Be reasonable, little one."

"Papa! Seek papa!"
"Alas! he is dead."
"No!"

She uttered this "No" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why not?" he said.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the engineer; and he made a sign that she should be taken away.

They took her away, and sent her under care to the school. An hour later she was at the Bedard pit; and, clinging to the engineer, she repeated:

"I want to go down; I will find him."

The engineer was a kind-hearted fellow. He had pity on her. And, taking her in his arms, stepped on the platform, and gave the signal for descent.

When they were down she disengaged herself and ran away, crying, "Papa! papa!"

For two hours she traversed the galleries, questioning the men whom she knew, striking with her little fists the black wall, pressing her ear close to it, peeping into the least cleft, and thrusting her hands in, calling always, "Papa, papa!"

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the schoolhouse and kept there—orders, also, that if she appeared at the Bedard pit she would not be allowed to descend into the mine. The next day, without thinking at all of her, he was inspecting the working of the mine, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the coat. It was Mlle Papa. She had for the second time escaped from the schoolhouse.

The little "Papa" sought always. Suddenly they saw her run, pale, trembling, chicked. She cried, "There! there! papa!"

"Where? where?" said a miner.

"His blouse!"

She retraced her steps, followed by everybody, hesitated, stopped, turned again.

She could not find the place again. All the blocks of coal looked alike, all the hollows were the same, all the galleries similar. And yet she was sure she had seen it—that bit of blue cloth.

One by one, weary of this useless search, persuaded that the poor little girl was distracted by her grief, the men turned away and went back to their work. But hardly had they had time to take up the pick or the mattock than a despairing cry recalled them.

The little girl, panting, her eyes fixed, her lips apart, her hand in a hollow in the wall, cried:

"I hold it! I hold it!"

They moved her aside, they looked. Yes! It was a bit of cloth—of blue cloth. It was a blouse. In a twinkling the wall was thrown down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended; it was Michel Perron. He had been there three days and three nights.

He was very low. Weakened by the deprivation of air and nourishment he recovered his senses only to faint away again. But a month later he was up, thin, but well and ready to recommence work.

The evening before he was to go down in the mine for the first time a grand banquet was given by the miners to Mlle Papa. The place of honor was reserved for her.—(London Evening News.

BEYOND.

(Arthur D. F. Randolph in Lippincott's.)

After the story has once been told—

After one's had his little fling

At the world, and found the apples of gold

Are gilt, and rapidly tarnishing—

After the curtain begins to fall,

Tell me, what is back of it all?

O, life is fair at the break of day,

As the sun climbs up the eastern hill,

And the flowers are sweet along the way

We gather with lavish hands, until

We find the hills grow rugged and steep,

And shadows across the pathway creep.

And life at noon tide is not half bad;

Sure we have learned a lesson or two,

Have bought our experience gay or sad,

And paid our toll in passing through

The little gate beside which stands

Old Father Time, with outstretched hands.

But when the light begins to wane,

And shadows deepen around our way,

What does it matter, the loss or gain?

What does it count, our work or play?

After the curtain begins to fall,

Tell me, what is back of it all?

MY ENEMY.

(Eliza Calvert Hall in The Independent.)

I have an enemy. And shall he be

A useless thorn to vex and worry me?

A dominant discord in life's perfect strain,

Marring my dreams, turning my joy to pain

Molding my life to his malicious whim?

Shall he be lord of me, or I of him?

A bitter stream may turn the mill wheel round;

A thorny tree may burn to heat and light;

And out of shameful wrong may spring the flower

Of perfect right.

So from my enemy I may demand

A priceless tribute of perpetual good;

And lead him captive at my chariot wheels

In royal mood.

Because my enemy hath cunning ears,

That listen hourly for my idle speech,

My words shall flow in wise and measured way

Beyond his carping reach.

Because my enemy has eyes that watch

With sleepless malice while I come and go,

My days shall own no act I would not wish

The world to know.

Because my enemy doth hourly wield

Some subtle snare to trip me every day,

My feet shall never for one moment leave

The straight and narrow way.

Because my enemy doth hate me sore,

I fix my gaze beyond him and above,

And lift, as shield to all his fiery darts,

A heart of love.

And of my enemy I thus shall make

A beacon light to light me to my goal—

A faithful guardian of my house of life—

A spur and whip to urge my laggard soul;

And tho' our strife may never have an end,

I yet might call this enemy my friend.

MATILDA ANN.

(Alice W. Rollins in the Independent.)

I knew a charming little girl,

Who'd say, "O, see that flower!"

Whenever in the garden

Or woods she spent an hour.

And sometimes she would listen,

And say, "O, hear that bird!"

Whenever in the forest

Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—

Much wiser, don't you think?—

Who never called the bird a "bird;"

But said, "the bobolink,"

Or "oriole," or "robin,"

Or "wren," as it might be;

She called them all by their first names,

So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden

She never picked "a flower;"

But "anemones," "hepaticas,"

Or "crocus," by the hour.

Both little girls loved birds and flowers,

But one love was the best;

I need not point the moral;

I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,

If when, perhaps, you came,

Your parents had not thought worth while

To give you any name?

I think you would be quite upset,

And feel your brain a-whirl,

If you were not "Matilda Ann,"

But just "a little girl."

With a Lawyer's Attention Now.

His wife—And you are to defend that

shoplifter.

The lawyer—My dear, she isn't a shoplifter. She was, formerly; but she has saved so much money in the last ten years that she has become a kleptomaniac.—(Cleveland World.)

Not Superstitious, but Observant.

Nobody is superstitious, of course; but everybody is speculating over the very peculiar fact that Waltham fires almost invariably come by threes. This coincidence has been noticeable for many years.—(Waltham Tribune.)

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

Mehitabel Hodges, Oldest Doll in the Country.

Brought from France 172 Years Ago
and is Now on Exhibition.

It is Still Arrayed in Her Original
Louis XIV Costume.

A rarely curious doll is to be seen at the "Noah's Ark," now being held in the Mechanic's building, and a slight sketch of its history will probably interest many readers.

This is without doubt the oldest doll in this country, having been brought from France to Salem in 1724 by Capt. Gamalle Hodges for his little daughter on his return from a voyage to Canton, China.



DOLL 171 YEARS OLD, DRESSED IN LOUIS XIV STYLE.

At that time, before America had any direct trade with such distant parts of the world, Capt. Hodges made the voyage from France to the East Indies, and it is a fact of considerable interest that Elias Hasket Derby, a descendant of Capt. Gamalle Hodges, should have been the father of the East India trade in connection with this country, and caused it to center in Salem.

The doll is still arrayed in her original costume of pink silk, fashioned after the style of Louis XIV, which is perfect in every detail, the silk even holding its color after a lapse of 172 years. A Boston paper, in speaking of the doll, says:

"Mehitabel Hodges is the 'doll of dolls.' She is wonderfully 'made up,' as the actresses say, and she has white kid gloves up to her elbows. The decolleté pink silk dress, with court train, with the sole exception of the sleeves, is as fashionable today as it was when made."

After serving as the friend and playmate of little Miss Hodges, she was handed down from generation to generation, and is now owned by Mrs. H. O. Brown of Reading, by whom she is loaned to this exhibit.

A DIFFERENT MEANING.



"Servant (from next door)—Please, mum, missus sends her compliments, and will ye be so kind as to sing and play the piano this afternoon?

Lady—Why, certainly! Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it.

Servant—O, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting the landlord, and she wants some excuse for asking for a reduction of the rent.

THE 20TH CENTURY BABY.

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)
O'ermuch has been written, as all will agree, what the twentieth century women will be. In all these predictions, can any foresee

The
Twentieth
Century
Baby?

Will prenatal culture develop its brain
So that knowledge profound will seemnaught to
attain?

Will little or nothing be left to explain?

To this
Twentieth
Century
Baby?

Will it teach its fond parents the way they
should go,

Or argue great questions with logical flow?

Will time or progression of thoughts be too slow

For this

Twentieth
Century
Baby?

Will it teach its fond parents the way they
should go,
Or argue great questions with logical flow?
Will time or progression of thoughts be too slow

For this

Twentieth
Century
Baby?

Entitled to a Pension, Anyway.

Clarence Dudley—As I understand it, me boy, old Gotrox first told you that you could have his daughter and then went back on his word?

Willy—Thawt's 'bout th' size of it, bah Jove!

Clarence—Then, deuce take it, old chap! I should just sue him for non-support, that's all!—(Puck.)

Was Willing to Take a Chance.

He—I can endure this no longer, my dear; you must choose between Blokey and myself.

She—You are entirely mistaken, sir. I have a list of 16 from which to choose.

He—All right. Kindly let me know when the raffle comes off—(Detroit Free Press.)

VALKYRIE.

A fakir stood on a Broadway curb;
A ponderous voice had he;
As he called aloud to the passing crowd,
"Pictures of Val-kir-ee!"

On the edge of a Wall street walk,
Another in accents cheery,
Offered his wares to the bulls and bears,
As "pictures of the Val-kee-ry!"

A third one on an up-town street,
With a voice as high as an eyry,
Offered the throng as they passed along,
"Pictures of the Val-ky-rie!"

If, after the race for the cup takes place,
A winner Defender then is,
No doubt it will go as quite apropos,
To pronounce Valkyrie "Dennis."

—New York Sun.

WORDS OF A POPULAR SONG.

To the Editor of the Post:

Sir—Will one of your readers please let me know the words of the song, "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard?" S. F. D.

Once there lived side by side, two little maids,
Used to dress just alike, hair down in braids—

Blue gingham pinafores, stockings of red,
Little sunbonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over secrets they'd tell,
Whispering arm in arm, down by the well.

One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed:

"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

CHORUS.

I don't want to play in your yard,
I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me
Sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain barrel,
You can't climb our apple tree.
I don't want to play in your yard,
If you won't be good to me.

Next day two little maids each other miss,
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss.

Then hand in hand again, happy they go,
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.

Soon schooldays pass away, sorrows and bliss,
But love remembers yet, quarrels and kiss.

In sweet dreams of childhood, we hear the cry:

"You can't play in our yard," and the old reply:

HOME-MADE SUNSHINE.

(Mary D. Brine in Syracuse Standard.)
What care I—as the days go by—
Whether gloomy or bright the sky?

What care I what the weather may be?
Cold or warm—"tis the same to me.
For my dear home skies—they are always blue;
And my dear home weather (the glad days

thro')

Is "beautiful summer" from morn till night,
And my feet walk ever in love's true light.

And why? Well, here is my baby sweet,
Following me round on his restless feet,
Smiling on me thro' his soft blue eyes,
And gladdening and brightening my indoor skies.
And baby's father, with fond, true heart
(To baby and me, home's better part)—
His face is sunshine, and we rejoice
In the music heard in his loving voice.

So why should we heed—as the days go by—
The gloom or the light of the weather and sky,
Of the outside world when we're busy all day
Manufacturing sunshine which fades not away?
With smiles, with kisses, with peace, and with

joy—
Father and mother, and baby boy—
We are living each day in the sunshine we make—
And God keep us and guide us for love's dear sake.

Boy of 15 is a Successful Preacher Out West.

Capt Wardwell Pawned His Teeth and Law Won't Give Them Back.

Florida Doctor Thinks He Sees a Fortune in Sugar from Watermelons.

A most unusual condition of excitement exists about Newport, Neb. It is due to the preaching of a child—a frail youth of 15, who really looks to be no older than 9. Crowds are flocking weekly to Newport from all adjoining counties to participate in the revival that has been developed by the child.



REV JOHN E. DE MERRITT.

Rev John E. De Merritt is the youngest ordained minister in the world. A correspondent of a Chicago paper visited Rev John De Merritt at his home a few days ago. When he knocked, a bright-faced boy in knee breeches came to the door.

"Yes," replied the little fellow, "that's my name. I am Dr De Merritt, or at least I am Johnnie De Merritt, and they call me doctor."

When urged for a brief history of his life the child was rather surprised. He was not embarrassed, on the contrary, appearing to be wholly at his ease. "I don't see who wants to know anything about me," remarked the boy, "but I think it would be real nice to see my picture in the papers. You see," he continued in a burst of confidence, "I never had my picture taken but once. That was the other day, when I was preaching over at Broken Bow, at the revival service. They gave me one of the photographs. It was made while I was standing in the pulpit, with the Bible in my hand."

"I was born in a dugout near Broken Bow, Neb., Oct 4, 1882. I attended the Sunday school at Broken Bow, and being called of God to do his service, I

began my religious life in the early part of my 10th year. It was first by talking to some children in a cellar under a store in Broken Bow. I began preaching to the older people in the Baptist church of that place the same year. I went to Fort Scott, Kan., with my parents in July, 1894.

"After my arrival that I was busily engaged in revival work among all denominations, in which many souls were converted. I was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Baptist church at Fort Scott in March, 1895.

"My parents removed to Nebraska in September, 1896, and I remained in Kansas to attend school, preaching when called upon until May, 1897, when I followed my parents to Rock county, Neb. Since my arrival I have had more calls than I can fill. I am a member of the Baptist church, but perform God's work among all denominations. At present I am striving to obtain money to enter college, that I may better prepare myself for God's service."

THE BOY AND THE APPLES.

(Adelaide, Aus, Observer.)

A little boy sat on a fence and gazed
O'erhead at a drooping limb,
And a yearning deep and intense came by
And took possession of him.

His little red features were covered with dirt,
And his little brown legs were scratched;
There were awful rents in his little gray shirt,
And his little blue pants were patched.

From one little toe the nail had been torn,
And one little heel was sore;
A child apparently more forlorn
I had never beheld before.

At length he stood on the topmost rail,
And reached for that drooping limb,
And, catching a slender branch, he pulled
It slowly down to him.

He pulled it hand over hand until
He could reach the verdant fruit;
I shuddered to think of the fate in store
For that innocent little coot.

He sat on the rail and ate and ate;
The apples were small and green,
A clearer case of defying Fate
No mortal has ever seen!

I sighed for him, and almost wept
When I thought of the grief in store
For his tired mother at home, alas!
He pulled off a couple more!

Then he slowly slid from the fence and left,

I said to myself—"Goodby:

Three days from now, my little man

In the graveyard you must lie.

"Out there on the hill, where the gleaming stones

In many a slanting row

Remind us that we've got to pay

One debt that all men owe!

"Goodby!" I sighed again, "I've learned

One lesson good and true;

Don't be a pig because you think

Nobody is watching you!"

He was gone! I slowly turned away

With a heavy heart and sad;

And I dropped a silent tear that day

For that fated little lad.

A week had fled, and again I chanced

To pass by that fated tree;

And when at that drooping branch I glanced

A thrill passed over me.

For there on the fence that urchin sat,

As he'd sat on that former day,

Putting green apples into his hat,

To be secretly carried away!

L'Enfant Terrible.

There is a little girl out on Tilden avenue who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow.

The other day she looked up at him from between his knees, and asked:

"Papa, was it a wise person who said,

'The good die young?'

"Yes," said the musing man; "I guess so."

"Well," she went on, after thinking it over for some time, "I'm not so much surprised about you, but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get growed up."

Cleveland Leader.

A SADDENING THOUGHT.

(Somerville Journal.)

To all of us there's apt to come,

At times, a gloomy day.

When flat and empty is the purse,

And there are bills to pay.

And then we think regretfully,

Possessed by discontent—

How rich we'd be, if we but had

The money that we've spent!

We do not think, when we're in funds,
How fast the money goes.

Our wants, we say, are needs, although

That's nonsense, goodness knows.

Then finally some day we say

(Not knowing where it went)—

How rich we'd be, if we but had

The money that we've spent!

The moral of these lines, of course,
Is plain for all to read.

We shall not waste, if we don't buy

What we don't really need.

And then we shall not have to sigh,

Brought down to our last cent—

How rich we'd be, if we but had

The money that we've spent!

ONE ON THE OLD MAN.



"Say, mama, do the heathen in Africa wear trousers?"

"Why, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because at the missionary meeting yesterday papa put a suspender button in the contribution box!"—(Fliegende Blaetter.)

THE STRUGGLE FOR PROSPERITY.

(Nebraska State Journal.)

The promise of a gorgeous crop

Is certain, I suppose,

And that is why each howling pop

Is looking down his nose.

O party of uncalled-for creeds,

To prosper is your sport

When earth's dried cover cracks and bleeds

And corn and hay are short;

When hot winds blow across the plain

And burn the crops in streaks,

And there has been no sign of rain

For thirty-seven weeks;

When grass and grain and potted plants

Are withered by the sun,

The poppy popper sees his chance

To make a wilting "run."

But rain has fallen far and wide,

Joy be within our gates;

Nebraska sits in her pride,

The queen of prairie states!

We have in sight a wealth of crops

To harvest in the fall;

But, darn our skins, we have the pop,

The greatest scourge of all.

MARRIED NEARLY 67 YEARS.

Mr and Mrs Noah Ross of Sanford, Me, Have Been Happy Together Since August, 1830.



MR AND MRS NOAH ROSS.

The wedded life of Mr and Mrs Noah Ross of Sanford, Me, covers a greater period than that of any other couple now living in that vicinity, nearly 67 years having elapsed since they were joined in matrimony by Porter Gilman, the village squire, at Alfred Gore, on Aug 29, 1830.

Noah Ross was the fourth in a family of 13 children, the seven daughters and six sons of Noah and Phebe (Thompson) Ross. All but he and a brother, Jonathan Ross of Shapleigh, now 82 years of age, have gone to their last resting place.

Noah Ross was born in the village of Shapleigh April 24, 1807. Like his father, he followed farming.

At the age of 23 he married Aphia, the 18-year-old daughter of William and Betsey (Russell) Warren of Shapleigh. Five children, three daughters and two sons, were the result of their union. Three of the children are living—William L., aged 64, who, with his wife, came back from the west, where he had a lucrative business as an architect, six years ago, to take care of his aged parents; Mehala, aged 62, the wife of Simon Littlefield of Wakefield, N H, and Mrs Henrietta Lord, aged 46, who is living at Alton Bay, N H.

There are 12 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren living. The parents of Noah Ross lived to a ripe old age.

Ivory Ross, Noah's twin brother, by giving his age a few years less than it really was at the time, enlisted in Co K, 1st Maine cavalry, in the spring of

1864. He died in a Philadelphia hospital Sept 11, the same year.

Mrs Ross was the granddaughter of a soldier of the revolutionary war, Aaron Warren, whose name is prominently mentioned in the history of York county. Aphia (Warren) Ross was born on her father's farm in the village of Shapleigh, June 6, 1812, and with the exception of three years, during which she was employed in the factories at Somersworth, N H, then Great Falls, she spent her entire life in the village of her birth up to 12 years ago, when she and her husband removed to Sanford. She was the third in a family of eight. Of these, three brothers are all that remain of the family beside herself. David Warren, aged 79, and Nahum Warren, aged 77, make their home in Marblehead, while Aaron Warren, aged 73, lives in Lawrence.

Mrs Ross retains her faculties remarkably well for one so far advanced in years. Her hearing is acute, but she is troubled with failing eyesight and will not resort to artificial aid, claiming that she can see as well without as with any glasses that she has ever tried. She finds it necessary to use a crutch and a cane in getting about the house. Except for this she says that she feels as well able to work as in her earlier days.

Mr. Ross' hearing is at fault and his mind is not so clear as is that of his helpmeet, but he manages to get about without much difficulty, with the aid of a pair of crutches, notwithstanding the fact that if he lives until the 24th day of April he will be just 90 years old.

The Ross family traces its ancestry back to the first settlements in York county.

Trouble Ahead for Chaos.

The dry goods merchant was explaining the situation to the new drummer he had just employed.

"Your predecessor," he said, "has got his business all tangled up, and if you take his place you will have a difficult task getting order out of chaos."

"I don't know who Chaos is," cheerfully replied the drummer, "but I bet I'll sell him a bill of goods if I have to hang on to him a week."—(Dry Goods Chronicle).

Not Even a Dramatic Critic.

"Somebody told me that that young man who was just introduced to us is an actor," remarked Maud.

"No," replied Mamie, positively, "I'm sure he is not."

"He looks like one."

"I don't care. He isn't."

"How do you know?"

"We were talking about the stage, and he named as many as five or six people whose acting he admired."—(Washington Star).

THE OLD FASHIONED LAUNDRESS.

How dear to my sight are the shirts of my past days,
When mem'ry recalls them so perfect and fair,
That never went through any steam laundry fast ways,
But hung bleaching and drying in purely fresh air,
The edges unfrayed, as they danced in the daylight,
The buttonholes fractureless, free from all rent,
The tubs with the bubbles presenting a gay sight,
And even the stout laundress that over them bent—
The old fashioned laundress, the homekeeping laundress,
The singing old laundress that over them bent.

That old fashioned laundress was surely a treasure,
John Chinaman then was in distant Cathay,
And dragging machines used no shirts at their pleasure,
And chemicals then ate no linen away.
How deftly she turned them and rubbed them and scrubbed them
And put them in boilers with honest intent,
And when, with her strong arm, she gently had wrung them,
We knew that the shirts needed no foreign scent—
The old fashioned laundress, the homekeeping laundress,
The singing old laundress that over them bent.

Then our shirts took a year and a day in their wearing,
The bosoms ne'er cracked like a stiff, brittle board,
And we put them on safe without fear of a tearing
And sung forth her praises in lofty accord.
She ne'er disappointed in whiteness or luster,
Nor caused us in "cuss" words our feelings to vent,
And we gave her the best words our brain pan could muster
And said that from paradise sure she was sent—
The old fashioned laundress, the homekeeping laundress,
The singing old laundress that over them bent.

—Boston Budget.

THE TOYS.

(Coventry Patmore.)

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quite grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art.

To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranct breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys.
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good
Then, fatterly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say:
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

Berlin Has an Ambulance Run by Man Power.

Indians, White Captive, Treasure and Love in a Story from Ohio.

Indiana Woman, Her Friends Say, is Dead, for They Talk with Her Spirit.

Yankees have no longer the right to claim the monopoly for inventive ingenuity.

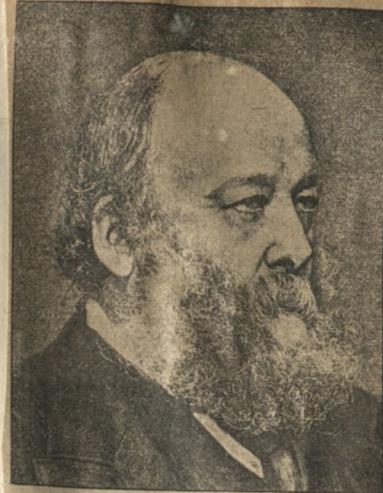
The city of Berlin has recently adopted Dr Honig's velocipede ambulance, which is a great improvement over the old affairs.

PAPA'S ADVICE.

(Lizzie E. Dyas in Detroit Free Press.)
Young Cupid's a rixen, my darling,
A rogue and thief in disguise,
Though fair as the flowers of summer,
That blossom 'neath merry blue skies.
His voice is bewitchingly mellow,
As low-crooning waves of the sea,
But lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.

His lips are as red as the poppy,
And 'neath the jet lashes recline
Two pansy eyes, dew-kissed and laughing,
As sparkling and tempting as wine.
His curls are like wild tangled sunbeams,
That float with the breezes in glee;
So lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.

Some day he will come to you, darling,
A song on his lips, most divine,
Sweet, snowy wings drooping and weary,
And dewy eyes pleading with thine;
But trust not the rogue's mournful glances,
And heed not his low-murmured plea,
But lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.



LORD SALISBURY.
The Official Head of the English Government.

* * *
Of Undoubted Gentility—Mrs. Newrich (patronizingly)—“Were any of your ancestors men of note, Mr. Cynic?”

Mr. C.—“Yes, madam, I should say so. One of them was the most famous Admiral of his day, and commanded the allied forces of the world.”

Mrs. N. (with altered tone of deep respect)—“Is it possible, Mr. C.! And what was his name?”

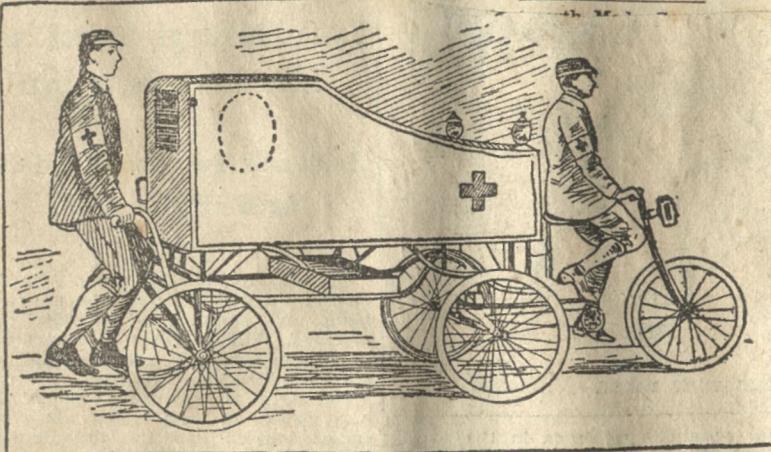
“Noah, madam.”—Life.

* * *
“The baby did come mighty nigh being named Trilby,” said the lean man with the yellow vest, “but I managed to save her.” “How?” asked the fat man. “Told my wife that we would be liable for infringement of the copyright laws.” —Indianapolis Journal.

* * *
The Captain—“Good mornin’, Mr. Goodman. Would you be umpire for us terday?”

Mr. Goodman—“Oh, I’m too old, boys.”

The Captain—“Dat’s just it. Yer so old and feeble dat de fellers ‘ud be ashamed ter slug yer, an’ dere wouldn’t be no kickin’!”—Judge.



BERLIN'S MAN-POWER AMBULANCE.

The contrivance has five wheels and is propelled by two riders. All the wheels have pneumatic tires, so that they proceed through the streets without noise and with great comfort for the patient.

THE CLOCK THAT WON'T GO.

(Chicago Record.)
When the work-a-day world is in a wild rush,
When weather is torrid and life a mad crush,
I shirk from the turmoil a minute or so
And bask in the thought of the clock that
won't go.

'Tis in an old parlor, the green shades are down,
The chairs are of hair cloth, the carpet is brown:
A vase of dried grasses, tintypes in a row
Are ranged on the shelf with the clock that
won't go.

It had known busy times, this sturdy old clock,
Red paint and bright gilt still its idleness mock;
It ticked day and night, then revolted, and lo!
Achieved a proud fame as the clock that
won't go.

They jogg'd it, they oiled it, they “sent for a
man”
Who tinkered its work on the most approved
plan;
But nothing would move it, it wouldn't budge,
no.
It never backed down, the old clock that
won't go.

Speed on, flying hours, to the end of my days,
Whirl half in clear vision and half in dull haze;
But, O, now and then, grant my soul bliss to
know
A brief dream of rest with the clock that
won't go.

BIG DAY FOR PLYMOUTH.

A—“Scuse me, sir; can you tell me (hic) whether the moon's in the first quarter or the last quarter?
B—Sorry (hic), but I can't tell you. I don't live in this town.—(Das Kleine Witzblatt.)



MORNING GOSSIP.

Now the billow's carolling
'Neath the cloudless summer sky
And upon the sand I'm rolling
That I may not roast or fry,
And I note a gentle pathos on the throb-
bing, bobbing sea,
Where the deviled clam and fishball are
disporting fancy free,
And the white salt in the distance in the
sunshine brightly beams,
And the fairyland about me is the fairy-
land of dreams;
Where the gull on happy winglet
At the ocean makes a dip,
While his dingaling a linglet
Madly ripples with a rip,
And he gleans the napping fishlet
down his inner gull to slip.

O, the shale is on the shingle,
And the shingle's on the shale,
And the bathers troop and mingle
Where the porpoise wags his tail,
And I'm in a seventh heaven, on the sand
so blazing hot,
For the clam is in the chowder and the
chowder's in the pot;
And upon the sea of pleasure Fancy
spreads her rosy sail,
While the sea puss with a sea mew's on
the lobster's scarlet trail,
And my fingers like a rat trap
Do I close-in fiendish glee
On the diabolical satrap
Of a brindled stingaree,
Which is all I know of summer by the
margin of the sea.

—R. K. Munkittrick.



SOME VILLAGE REPROBATES.

The April day had closed sullenly, with a cold, gusty wind blowing. It was still early in the evening, but old Squire Hastings and several of his cronies had already assembled in their wonted places round the rusty box stove in Tom Truman's grocery.

"This weather reminds me," the squire was saying in his slow, ponderous way; but his remark was cut short by a dismal, metallic screech that came from the tavern across the street.

"Say, boys," laughed the old man, when the sound had died away, "I think we'd ought to petition old Lardy to grease his sign. It's gettin' to be an infernal nuisance."

"Let's ask him to hang it on a tree somewhere out in the woods," dryly suggested Truman, from his desk.

The last remark sent Josh Axtell, a retired farmer of immense bulk, into one of his prolonged horse laughs. While he was still roaring, Joe Huddleston, the local lumber merchant, came in and joined the group.

"I observe that Uncle Josh is as melancholy as ever," he said, smiling, as soon as he could get a hearing.

"Beats all the men I ever knew for havin' the blues," remarked the squire in his soberest manner.

"Say, Josh, you'll bust a blood vessel if you don't let up on that nonsense," commented the undertaker, in his queer, piping voice, when he could be heard.

The remark was followed by another squeak of the sign, and then Ham Donaldson, the miller, rolled into the grocery, filling it with his cheer. He said in his most tantalizing manner:

"Well, squire, I understand you got it warmed to you ag'in at the 'lection the other day."

The "you" meant the political party to which the squire belonged, and the remark precipitated a long and at times acrimonious debate.

It was well on toward Truman's usual closing up time, when Ed Parkhurst, a smartly dressed young fellow, with a smooth, dull face, on which a dainty yellow mustache grew, came in. He stretched himself in an attitude of indifference till there was a lull in the debate, and then, rising slowly to a sitting posture and lazily yawning, remarked:

"Well, I guess the ol' man'll have to go."

"What ol' man? Have to go where?" growled Cady, still smarting from the wrangle.

"Why, Elder Buxton, o' course," answered Parkhurst, with a sneer, adding with a cackling laugh, "who else could it be?"

"Tonight, I s'pose you know, or maybe you don't know, was prayer-meetin' night at the Congregational church. Well, the ol' man and his wife they went to the meetin' house as usual, but there wa'n't nobody there when they got there, not even Deacon Bromley, who's been lookin' after the church sence Hod Crane was taken sick."

"So the ol' man he lit up the vestibule and rung the bell, and purty soon Aunt Mary Giddins she got there—she's who told me what I'm tellin' now. Well, in a little while Jim Davis and his wife they got there, and there didn't nobody else come. So the ol' man he went on with the meetin' after waitin' awhile, and before it was over, so Aunt Mary said, the elder told 'em that if things didn't brighten up purty soon he guessed he'd

nave to leave Rodney next fall when his year's up. He said what troubled him was that the people didn't turn out to his meetin' any more as they used to.

"It's ben nip and tuck to raise his salary, you know, for the last three or four year, and I don't think it can be raised ag'in. I, for one, have put up my last dollar for him, and so has some other folks that I know. He's had his day and now he ought to git out and give somebody else a chance; that's my opinion."

Joe Huddleston, rising to his feet, commanded silence with a gesture. His face wore its habitual benignant look, but it was pale and there was a gleam in his eye.

"See here, Ed. Parkhurst," he began, in his usual calm manner, "I want to say a word to you about Elder Buxton." "I don't know as I have to listen to you," snarled Parkhurst, reaching for his hat.

"Don't you move from that counter till I'm done with you!"

Parkhurst leaned against a showcase and, with a miserable grin on his face, feigned indifference to the remarks that followed.

"I don't want to get into an argument with you," Joe went on. "You're a fairly good judge of horses and clothes, but what you know about preaching wouldn't fill book. I merely want to give you a few facts to ruminate on."

"Roast him! He deserves it," called out the squire, in a rasping voice.

"Elder Buxton, as you well know, Ed," Joe continued calmly, "has lived in Rodney for more than 20 years, and during all this time he has given himself, steadily and uncomplainingly, body and soul, to the aid of all our people, the poor and rich alike, whatever their creed or lack of creed. So I contend that it's for the community at large, and not for his congregation—especially such members of it as you—to say whether he shall go or stay.

"He is now an old man—too old to make a change—and he is poor, and I don't believe the town will let its most venerable citizen suffer, whatever his church may do. At all events, I will pledge the support of a set of young men—the set of which I am proud to belong. Yes, I'll go a step further and say that we—the young men who have been called all sorts of hard names because they're a little unconventional in their religious convictions—we, I say,

won't let you freeze the old man out if that's the little game you and your clique are trying to play. We'll hire him to stay here if his congregation won't!"

"You're the stuff, Joe!" called out Pruden in his shrill tenor as the young lumber dealer sat down.

"We'll send you to the legislatur' some day if you'll be a mugwump," remarked Donaldson.

Parkhurst quietly slid off the counter, and, without saying a word, but with a pitiful affectation of unconcern in his look and manner, walked out of the grocery.

"Say, Joe, my subscription has always been \$10; I'll make it \$25 for next year," announced the squire.

"Neither \$25 here," rumbled Cady.

"Excuse me a minute, gentlemen; I've got an idea," said Joe, rising and going over to Truman's desk.

In a few moments he came back with a sheet of paper in his hand and read aloud:

"Rev Peter Buxton:

"Dear Friend—For upward of 20 years you have always been ready to share our troubles; we think it high time now that we should begin to share yours. We believe that your salary has heretofore been \$500 a year. We will see that it is \$700 for next year. By the way, old friend, could you not put a little less doctrine in your preaching?"

"By tomorrow night I'll have this document, with a lot of names on it, in the elder's hands, and I won't call upon any of the Parkhurst set, either," said Joe, when they had all signed the paper, and saying good night to his companions he left the grocery.

On the morning of the following Sabbath the service in the Rodney Congregational church progressed to the singing of the second hymn, which the preacher had just read.

There was a slight noise at the door, which opened from the vestibule into the audience room; then up the middle aisle marched more than a dozen well-

dressed, intelligent looking young men, headed by Joe Huddleston. They found seats in pews well up toward the pulpit.

The rumbling old organ sounded a brief interlude, and the choir began on the fourth and last stanza. There was another noise, somewhat louder than the first, at the entrance. Then up the middle aisle started a second column of men, some middle-aged and grizzled, some with the whitened locks of age.

At their head, dignified and erect, with his shiny black Prince Albert buttoned tightly about his tall, spare form, marched the white-haired, beardless squire. Next to him shambled Cady, the blacksmith. At the proper point the squire faced about, and in obedience to a ceremonious wave of his hand his followers hobbled noisily into pews opposite those occupied by the young men.

Joe and the squire happened to meet on the lawn in front of the church after the service was over.

"Say, Joe," said the old man, "that was the all-firedest best sermon I've heard in five years."

"It's about the only one, isn't it, squire?" Joe laughed. "But, say, are you coming to church next Sunday?"

"You bet!"—(Daily News.)

BECAUSE OF YOU—MY DEAR.

The woods and flowers fairer seem,
The song of birds more sweet and clear,
The sun shines brighter in the sky—
Because of you—my dear.

The gentle breezes cooler grow,
And music soft I seem to hear,
And words of love are whispered low,
Because of you—my dear.

The river flows more swiftly on,
The butterflies are flitting near,
And nature is one endless song—
Because of you—my dear.

C. M. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Tuesday, Sept 8.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Kindly tell me when the public schools open for the fall term in Boston. May.

"Only a Woman's Heart."
To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "J. K. G.," I send this poem.

M. R.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART.
Only a woman's heart, whereon
You have trod in your careless haste,
A thing at best that was easy won;
What matter how drear a waste
Her lifeway he in the future years?
What matter it? Do not start—
It is only the sound of dropping tears,
As wrung from a woman's heart.

'Tis of little worth, for it cost you naught
But a honeyed word and a smile,
Was the fault not hers if she blindly thought
You were truer than truth the while?
What if the seeds of a lifelong woe
From its broken shrine upstart?
What does it matter to you, you know,
It is only a woman's heart.

Only a heart to be thrown away
With the recklessness of a boy,
Who, careless of pleasure and weary of play,
Would throw down a broken toy.
The world is fair and the world is wide,
And there's more in its busy mart,
Conscience, you know, you have put aside,
It is only a woman's heart.

But powerless is your boasted will
To vanquish the ghost of sin;
It has spoken oft, and it whispers still
Your soul's dark chambers in.
In the drama of life you know
You have acted the villain's part.
For you struck a hard, a cruel blow
And it fell on a woman's heart.

Only a woman's heart, ah well!
'Tis little, I trow, to you
Whether that heart was as false as hell
Or as heaven itself as true.
You may hug the thought to your selfish breast
That you're skilled in deception's art,
But I brand you thief for the peace and rest
You stole from a woman's heart.

HOW THEY MISSED THE TRAIN.



"Hallo, Bunco! I thought you'd gone on yer honeymoon!"

Bunco—So I should have, but some body chucked one of the bride's old boots at the cab and knocked one of the wheels off; so we missed the train!

CHESTNUT TIME.

(John W. Low in New York Evening World.) When the burr is on the chestnut and the chipmunk's on the wall,
And the foliage is painted by the artist han-
of Fall,
'Tis then my heart goes backward to the day
of happy youth,
When life was glowing innocence, and inno-
cence was truth.
O the simple songs of nature have a power to
enthral,
When the burr is on the chestnut and the
chipmunk's on the wall.

Then I'm again an urchin full of frolic and of
glee,
Swaying blithely in the branches of the spread-
ing chestnut tree;
And I hear the merry voices of my comrades
all around,
As the bursting burs fall crackling in a
shower to the ground.
O my heart is filled with memories of youth
that never pall,
When the burr is on the chestnut and the
chipmunk's on the wall.

I see the gray old cider mill down by the
foaming sluice,
Where life was bright and sunny and a dream
of apple juice,
I hear the old game rooster as he heralds in
the day,
And see the cattle browsing and the frisky
calves at play.
Ah, me! What youthful memories come flock-
to the call,
When the burr is on the chestnut and the
chipmunk's on the wall.

Method in His Madness.

Barrister—Why do you always walk in
the opposite direction from that which
you wish to take when you are waiting
for a car?

Old Crusty—You don't suppose I'd walk
toward town and let the street railroad
company get that much ahead of me, do
you?—(Cleveland Plain-Dealer).

Under Mitigating Circumstances.

Jinks—How much do you think a min-
ister ought to get for marrying a couple?

Filkins—Well, if wholly unacquainted
with them, perhaps he might be let off
with six months.—(Town Topics).

Might Have Been Worse.

Mr Sprockets—I took a bad fall yes-
terday.

Miss Handlebar—Break anything?

Mr Sprockets—One of the command-
ments.—(New York Herald).



SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Mr Gray was the principal banker of
an important manufacturing town in
central New York. He prided himself
on his wealth, but he prided himself
more on the fact that he had made it
all himself, and still more because he
had made it by never allowing anybody
to get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life,
Edward," he said, one day, to his
favorite clerk. "Sharp's the motto if you
wish to rise. I don't mean you should
cheat; that of course is both wrong and
ungentlemanly. But always be wide-
awake, and never let anybody cheat
you. I've noticed, by-the-by, that
you've seemed rather down-hearted
lately. If it's because you've your
fortune to make, don't despair, but follow
my advice."

"Thank you," said Edward, "but it's
not exactly that; I suppose I shall get
along somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I
really take an interest in you, as you
know."

"Well," said Edward, with some hes-
itation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love!" exclaimed the rich banker.
"In love, and with only a clerk's sala-
ry to marry on. It will never do, never
do, Edward. Marriage for one like you
is fastening a millstone around your
neck, unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose,"
answered Edward, "for her father is
quite wealthy. But that is just the diffi-
culty. Her father would never let her
marry a poor man, and she won't mar-
ry without his consent."

"What a regular tyrant!" said Mr
Gray. "Gad, if I was the lover, Edward,
I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate the old
curmudgeon in that way," and he
chuckled at the imaginary triumph he
would achieve.

"But would that be honorable?"

"Honorable? Isn't everything fair in
love and war? I thought you had some
pluck, Edward. Lord, how I should like to
see the stingy old hulks rave and
stump about on his gouty toes—for he
must be gouty—when he heard of your
elopement."

"He'd probably never forgive me,"
said Edward, dejectedly. "And then,
what could I do, with a wife brought up
to every luxury, and only a poor clerk's
salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and non-
sense! They always do forgive. They
can't help it. Besides," with a confi-
dential wink, "I think I know your
man. It's that skinflint Walker. I've
heard of your being sweet on his daughter.
O, you needn't deny it. I saw how
you hung about her at our party the
other night; and when I joked about it
with my daughter the next morning she

as good as admitted that it was true,
saying it would be a very good match
for you.

"Now, I owe old Walker a grudge.
He tried to do me up in those Lehigh
Valley shares last winter, and I mean
to pay him for it in some way. I'll give
you leave of absence for a month, and a
check for \$200 to pay for your wedding
trip, if you'll make a runaway match.
Bless my soul, won't the old rascal
howl when he hears how we've done
him?"

The next morning Mr Gray came
down to breakfast in high glee, for a
note had reached him just as he was
shaving, which ran as follows:

"Dear Sir—I have, with much diffi-
culty, persuaded her to elope. It was
not, however, till I showed her your
check that she would consent to do so.
She said that she was sure you could
not recommend what was wrong; that
you would advise her as if you were
her own father, and she hopes you will
stand by us. We are off for New York,
where we shall be married tomorrow,
before Mr Walker is up. Very thank-
fully, Edward Johnson."

"I'd give \$50," he said, chuckling, "to
see the old fellow's face when he hears
how Edward has done him."

It was the custom of Mr Gray to
read his newspaper at breakfast, while
waiting for his only child and daughter,
who, a little spoiled by over-indulgence,
was generally late. But this morning
Helen was later than ever.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then
he looked up at the clock. "Half an
hour late! Now this is really too bad.
John," he cried, send up and see why
Miss Gray doesn't come down."

John came back in about five minutes,
looking much flustered. "If you please,
sir," he stammered, "Miss Gray's not in
her room, and the maid says that the
bed looks as if it hadn't been slept in
all night."

The rich banker's jaw fell. If there
was one thing he loved better than
money, better than life itself, it was his
motherless child. What had become of
his darling? He started up, beholding
already, in imagination, her mangled
and lifeless form.

But he was prevented by the footman
appearing with a telegram. "From Miss
Gray, sir," said the servant, obsequi-
ously.

This was the telegram:

"Dear Father—Edward and I were
married at 7 o'clock this morning. I
would not consent to an elopement till
Edward assured me you had advised
it, and had shown me your check as
proof. He says you promised to stand
by us, and I know you pride yourself
on never breaking a promise. We wait
for your blessing." Helen."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr Gray,
when he had recovered breath. "The
impudent, disobe—"

But here he stopped and mopped his
bald head, which in his excitement had
broken out into great drops of perspiration.
He remembered just in time that
both the butler and footman would over-
hear him.

He remembered, also, that he had him-
self advised Edward to elope, and that
if the story got out he would be the
laughing stock of the town, including,
hardest of all, Mr Walker. So he accept-
ed the inevitable and telegraphed back:

"You may come home, and the sooner
the better, so as to keep the \$200 for pin
money. Tell Edward he's too smart for
a clerk and that I take him today into
partnership. Only he must remember
that partners never tell tales out of
school. God bless you!" H. Gray."

—(New York News).

TOUCHING ARGUMENT.

"Excuse me," said Cholly's tailor,
"but do you believe in the theory of
evolution?"

"Why-er-y-a-a-s," replied Cholly.

"I've been pretty successful in fit-
ting you, haven't I?"

"Quite so."

"And if I don't get money I can't sur-
vive, can I?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, don't you think it's about time
for you to do something toward the
survival of the fittest?"—Washington
Star.

QUITE SUFFICIENT.



He—What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?

She—Well, if he makes allowance for your fits, I think he will be doing all that can be expected of him.

WHEN THE LEGISLATURE MEETS.

(A. A. Rowley in Topeka Mail.)

Should you have the chance to tarry,
In the month of January,

At the state house in Topeka when the Pops
Are in their seats,

You will see the great barnstormers

(All the members star reformers),
In their mammoth three-ring'd circus, when the
Legislature meets.

There will be the Pop rough riders,
And republican backsiders,
And the resubmission Bourbons longing
For the day of treats.

Every man astride a hobby,
Backed up by his private lobby,
Throwing dynamite at Shylocks when the
Legislature meets.

It will be a sight worth seeing—
These reformers quickly fleeing
From the swift pursuing office, making good
Three minute beats;

And again 'twill just be killing,
When the unpursued (but willing)
Hide keen daggers up their coat sleeves when the
Legislature meets.

Water will be turned to honey,
Loathing will be making money,
Wind will furnish daily bread and sand buns
Sugar beets;
Olden methods must skedaddle,
For reform is in the saddle
And is bound to "Get there Eli," when the
Legislature meets.

Who Said "De Koven?"

"So," said the composer, indignantly; "that writer has the impertinence to say that my music is reminiscent?"

"That's what has happened," the manager replied.

"Well, you may tell him for me that my music is quite as original as his criticism."—(Washington Star.)

Going to be Suited With One Present.

Maude—O, Clara, I've just bought the loveliest pink shawl for a Christmas present.

Clara—Yes, who are you going to give it to?

Maude—I don't know; it's so pretty I think I will keep it myself.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

Why Didn't He Marry a Chicago Girl?

Better hang our stockings up—
Santy's left the Pole—
Wish my pair was big enough
To hold a ton of coal!

—(Washington Star.)

Lawyers Wouldn't Let Them Forget.

The Rich Uncle—You'll all have forgotten me when I shall have been dead for a month.

The Black Sheep—O no, we won't, sir. It takes years, you know, for the supreme court to decide a case.—(New York Journal.)

This Great-Grandmother is Only 46 Years Old.

She Was a Mother at 15 and a Grandmother in 15 Years More.

By Submarine Boat to the Pole the Latest Scheme for Arctic Travel.

In the San Gabriel valley, in southern California, lives the youngest great-grandmother in the United States. She is a handsome, vivacious woman just entering middle life.

She was a mother at 15, a grandmother at 30 and a great-grandmother at 46. That is the record that has made Mrs Jennie Nelson the youngest great-grandmother in the country.

Mrs Nelson was born in San Bernardino, Calif., in May, 1850. Her mother was a Spanish woman and her father an Englishman. Mrs Nelson's maiden name was Jennie Fawcett.

So, when Miss Jennie was 14 years old she was married by a Methodist missionary to the son of the Fawcett family's best friends, the Nelsons. The husband, George Nelson, was then 19, but he had seen so much of hardships on the borderland of civilization in the southwest that he seemed like a sedate, hard-headed pioneer of 30.



MRS GEORGE NELSON.

March 9, 1865, when the bride lacked two months of completing her 15 years, her first child was born. It was a girl. The youthful family moved to San Diego a year later, and there in the course of 11 years, six more children were born.

The eldest was named Isabelle. She was famous in the little pueblo of San Diego in those days as the prettiest girl in town. A dashing young Yankee, Earl E. Phelps, came down the Pacific coast from San Francisco to San Diego in 1879. He had recently been graduated from Cornell university. He fell in love with Miss Isabelle, who was then a girl in short dresses.

One day young Phelps and the school-girl came home from a drive married. June 12, 1880, their first child, a girl, was born in the Phelps ranch home. The mother was 15 years and three months old, and the grandmother, Mrs Nelson, was 30.

The grandchild, Amelia, has grown to girlhood. Last year she became engaged to a young Orange county ranchman, Henry W. Walker, and a few weeks thereafter she was married. A month ago, at the age of 16 years and three months, Mrs Amelia Walker became the mother of a little boy.

The great-grandchild recently born is a week older than an aunt, who was born to his grandmother on Sept 20, and

is but two years younger than a grand-uncle born to his great-grandmother in 1894.

Baby Walker's father is 20 years old, his grandfather has just passed his 35th birthday, and his great-grandfather Nelson is barely 49.—(New York World.)

NEW CUBAN STAMPS

"Silver Threads Among the Gold."

To the Editor of the People's Column—The song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was written by a student in a western school. He had an arrangement with a New York firm by which he sent them all of his songs, and they paid him \$3 each for those that they brought out. This song, which has been sung the world over, was one which the student sold for \$3.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me—
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today.
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips, and say,
O, my darling, mine alone, alone
You have never older grown—
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold;
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know
Never, never Winter's frost and chill;
Summer warmth is in them still—
Never Winter's frost and chill.
Summer warmth is in them still.

Love is always young and fair
What to us is silver hair;
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below;
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown—
Since I kissed you mine alone,
You have never older grown.

L. H.

LOST LIGHT.

(Edward S. Martin in Scribner's Magazine.)
I cannot make her smile again—

That sunshine on her face

That used to make this worn earth seem,

At times so gay a place.

The same dear eyes look out at me;

The features are the same;

But, O, the smile is out of them,

And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still: I went

With her the other day

To meet a long-missed friend, and while

We still were on the way,

Her confidence in waiting love

Brought back to me to see

The old-time love light to her eyes

That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me,

They say I might have fame.

I like those gewgaws quite as well

As others like the same.

But I care not for what I have

Nor lust for what I lack

One tie as much as my heart longs

To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear banished smile, come back,

And into exile drive

All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes

That in thy stead would thrive.

Who wants the earth without its sun,

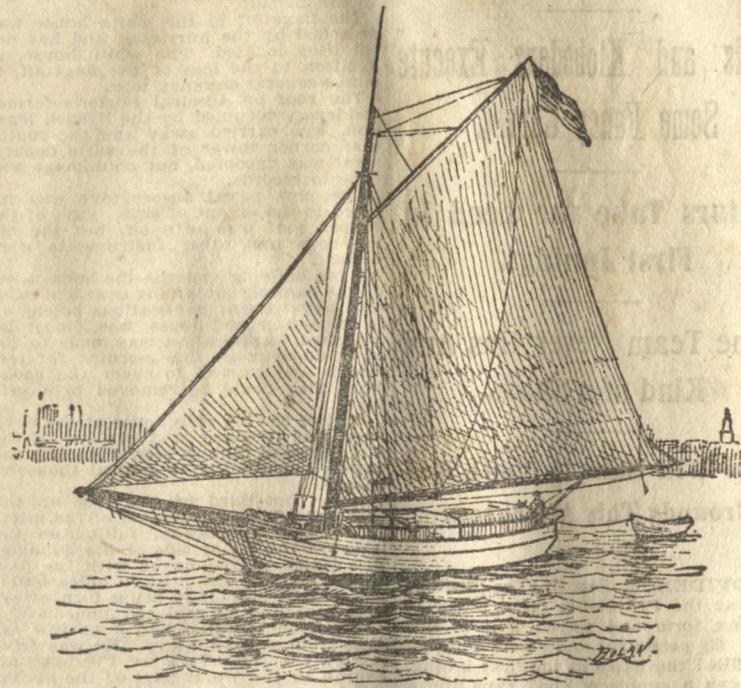
And what has life for me

That's worth a thought if, as its price,

It leaves me robbed of thee?

ON HIS WAY AROUND WORLD.

Capt Slocum, in the Little Spray, Arrives at New South Wales.



SLOOP SPRAY.

SYDNEY, N S W, Sept 30—The 15-ton sloop Spray, which sailed from Boston in 1895, with Capt Joshua Slocum as its only occupant, arrived at Newcastle, N S W, today.

Capt Slocum, after sailing from Bos-

ton, proceeded to Gibraltar, from which place he recrossed the Atlantic, and passed through the straits of Magellan into the South Pacific ocean, thence to Australia. Capt Slocum will visit this port, Melbourne and Adelaide, after which he will return to America.

"Orphan Boys of Switzerland."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "Emma" I send this poem.

Teddie.

ORPHAN BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.
Our cot was sheltered by a wood
And near a lake's green margin stood,
A mountain bleak behind us frowned,
Whose top the snow in summer crowned.
A pasture rich and warm to boot
Lay smiling at the mountain's foot.
Here first we frolicked, hand in hand,
Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When hardly old enough to know
The meaning of a tale of woe,
'Twas there by mother we were told
That father in his grave was cold,
That livelihood was hard to get
And we too young to labor yet;
Then tears within her eyes would stand,
For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother as we grew
We worked as much as boys could do,
Our daily gains to her we bore,
But ah, she'll ne'er receive them more;
For long we watched beside her bed,
And sobbed to see her lie there dead,
And now we wander hand in hand,
Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

Dar is good news in de air;
Dar'll be plenty eberywhere,
An' dar ain' no call ter paddle case we's
gwinter res' and float;
Pends on how much yoh does it, some,
But de luck is due ter come,
An' all yoh has ter do is pick yoh candi-
dates an' vote.

So ladies, buy yoh dresses,
Foh de lan'lord won't distress us.
An' de dollars will be common ez de but-
tons on yoh coat.
De banjos will be playin'
On inauguration day, an'
De only t'ing yoh does is pick yoh candi-
date an' vote.

So call upon yoh neighbor
An' inform him dat his labor
Is wasted, case we'll all be sittin' easy
In de boat
Wif our feet up on der railin'
When de ship of state is sailin',
An' all we has ter do is pick our candi-
date an' vote.

—Washington Star.

THE FLIGHT OF ROMANCE.

(M. F. Milburn in New York Sun.)

I used to know a quiet lane
Where lovers oft would stray,
And whisper tender vows of love
When twilight closed the day.

No more this shady, cool retreat
Is sought by couples shy;
Since every novice in the town
Goes there his wheel to try.



"Now, Johnny, go and wash your face. Auntie will call this afternoon."

"But what if she doesn't call?"—
Brooklyn Life.

A Dialogue of Today.

That he resided in the country was proclaimed by the size of his gripsack and by the utter absence of entente cordiale between the bottoms of his trousers and his shoe tops. He had taken his stand in the middle of the cable car tracks by the side of the treasury and after waiting a few minutes called "Hi, there!" to gamin who was crossing the street.

"What's chasin yer?" asked the boy, who was a painful reminder of the decadence of juvenile courtesy.

"Ain't nothin chasin me. What I want to know is how ter git a Fourteenth street car."

"That's easy. You jes' stand right still, an you'll git it. You may git it in the neck, but you'll git it."—Washington Star.

In Kentucky.

Stranger—Are you the editor?

Editor—Yes. What can I do for you?

Stranger—You printed the obituary in yesterday's issue of my father. You committed a grave mistake, which must be rectified.

Editor—What was it?

Stranger—You said "Colonel Kaintuckie died from watah on the brain." Watah, suh! It was a lie. There was no watah on his brain.—New York Sunday World.

Hardened.

If any man called me a thief, I should resent it at once."

"My dear young man, you will be wiser when you grow older. I have been called a robber 1,192 times in one afternoon and never paid the slightest attention to it."

"Are you a highwayman, sir?"

"No, sir, I am an umpire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Right.

Examining Attorney—If either counsel should say to you that circumstantial evidence unsupported by direct testimony could in no sense decide the trend of the benefit of the doubt, what would you understand by that?

Talesman—That he did not want me on the jury.—Truth.



SISTER EDITH.

It was bitterly cold. The train for the north was crowded, and after trying in vain to find a seat in a second-class carriage, Paula Morrison at last appealed to the guard, who showed her into a first-class compartment.

On the seat opposite was an old gentleman deep in the columns of a paper. Presently it was flung aside, and a letter withdrawn from a bundle in his pocket.

Bah! he thought, as he scanned the pages; the boy wishes to marry some beggarly governess, but I won't have it. I'll make him understand directly I get home that I will stand no nonsense of that kind.

"She is of as gentle birth as we."

O, I dare say. And so Edith said when she wanted to persuade us that scamp Shortbridge was the best match she could make. Poor little woman, my father was a bit hard on her. I always regret I could not trace her after his death. I should have liked to have done something for the daughter, too.

I wonder if that lawyer fellow really did all he could to trace them. I think I will put the investigation into Sharpe and Turnover's hands, and see if they cannot find a clew.

They sailed for South Africa in the autumn of 1875, soon after the girl was born. And that is about all I know.

At Grantham the old gentleman settled himself for a doze.

"Pretty girl that opposite," he thought to himself. "Sweet, plaintive face, looks as if she had known some trouble." Then he fell asleep, but awoke a few minutes later with a start.

He had been dreaming about his favorite sister Edith. They were again boy and girl together, and he had been on the visit to his grandfather, when the old gentleman had given him a spade guinea, "to be divided with his sister," on his return home.

Foolishly taking the words literally, he had with his fret-saw divided the coin; a good scolding from his father had brought the incident to a close.

And Sir Richard Culmore awoke from his dream of the long-forgotten episode, to see half a spade guinea dangling in front of his eyes.

The girl opposite to him was standing at the window, which was wide open, and the cold air rushing in brought in with it tiny flakes of snow.

Sir Richard realized that the sudden stopping of the train was probably what had aroused him. No station seemed to be near.

"Something wrong, I fear," he said to the young lady.

Just then a guard passed and informed them that an engine had been sent back to Grantham to fetch the snowplow, as the drifts made it impossible to proceed. There was no danger, but a couple of hours must elapse before assistance could reach them.

"Humph!" growled Sir Richard, as he drew up the glass again. "Well—well, it might be worse. I hope there is no one at the other end of your journey who will be anxious about you," he said politely, "for it is impossible to telegraph from here."

"No, no one," said Paula, with a little choke, which might be a sob or a sigh. "I am on my way to a lady who does not yet know me; I am to be her companion, and the engagement has been made by correspondence. I dare say she will have sent to me at Ardath; but they will expect the train to be late on such a day."

"That is my station," said Sir Richard.

"Is it possible I am talking to Miss Morrison, who is coming to be my wife's companion?"

"Yes; and I suppose you are Sir Richard Culmore?"

He nodded. The half-guinea which had been before his eyes when he awoke, and which he had thought was only part of his dream, again showed under Miss Morrison's jacket as it hung from her little silver watchchain.

"I am going to begin our acquaintance by asking you a very strange question," he said. "Will you tell me where you got that half-spade guinea?"

"It was my mother's," said Paula, and her eyes clouded with unshed tears. "I found it amongst her trinkets when she died. I do not know its history, except that her brother, whom she loved dearly, gave it to her."

"Would you care to hear its history?" said Sir Richard, his breath coming a little quicker with the excitement of his discovery. "I am the brother who gave her that half-coin. See, here is the other portion."

He took his niece's hand in his, and Paula knew that the long struggle against poverty, which she had fought since her parents' death, was over.

Then Paula had to tell of the happy home she dimly remembered at the cape, and of her father's death, then of her mother's troubles, and of the journey back to England under an assumed name, so that knowledge of their poverty might not reach the ears of those who had cast her off.

She did not tell Sir Richard of the romance which had brightened her life at South Africa; how the love of Clement Devereux, who was stationed with his regiment at Portsmouth, had crept into her life, and it was a surprise indeed to Paula when the train at last came slowly into Ardath, that Clement should greet Sir Richard as stepfather, and to Sir Richard that in his newly-found niece he should find his son's betrothed wife.—(London Evening News).

MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye, baby!

Mother will sing to thee,

Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree,

Angels are listening,

Bright stars are glistening,

Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!

What shall I sing to thee?

Sinketh the bird to her nest on the lea;

Shadows are creeping,

Moonbeams are peeping,

Twilight is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!

Mother is near thee.

Bright may the dreams of my little one be.

Angels defend thee;

God His love send thee,

And carefully guard both my baby and me.

Gerald Hayward in Chambers's Journal.

NO FLIES ON THE WAITER.



Customer—Isn't it strange, waiter, that I find so many flies in my beer?

Walter—Well, no, sir, considering the time of year. If you were to find 'em at Christmas, it would be strange.—(Sketch.)

PEGGY'S SURRENDER.

Arrah, Peggy, now answer me. Why won't ye have me?

I know that ye love me, in spite of your "Don't!"

Can't ye see that I'm dyin'

Wid workin' an' tryin'

T' get ye t' do so? An', ye devil, ye won't!

Ye shstand there before me, all shmillin' an' pretty,

A-coaxin' me on wid your shwide eyes of blue,

Ye seem to say: "Kiss me!

Come hould me! Caress me!"

But, troth, ye'll be mad at me thin if I do!

Be sensible, darlint, an' say that ye'll have me, Or, troth, I'll lave Ireland, an' see ye no more.

I'll cross the wide ocean,

An' give me devotion

To some pretty damsel on some foreign shore.

Jist picture your Tiddy in some foreign country, Beset by a crature more fair than a queen— Jist picture her smilin', Your Tiddy beguin',

An' shealin' his heart from his Irish colleen.

Arrah, Peggy, don't cry, love, your Tiddy don't mane it!

He's only a' tazin' ye, Peggy asthore!

What's that that ye say, Love?

Ye'll have me this day, Love!

O, come to me arms, an' I'll taze ye no more! Beachmont, Katharine Dangerfield.

Elsewhere.

Molly—There is one thing about these bloomers of mine that I think commendable; they won't bag at the knee.

Myra—No; I notice they seem to be above it.—(Yonkers Statesman.)

The Church Belles Are All Cycling.

"I see they are talking of abolishing all church bells."

"Too bad! In many localities there isn't much left of Sunday but the bells."—(Chicago Record.)

He Was Not Young and Inexperienced.

Mrs Jobber—Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak—she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear?

Mr Jobber—All right; call her in.—(Judge.)

THE PRICE OF SILENCE.



Boy—O, I saw you kiss my sister! I'll tell ma!

Lodger—There! There you have half a dollar! But be a good boy and don't say a word about it!

Boy—What! Fifty cents? The other lodger always gives me a dollar in such a case!

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

Now this here "pome" is writ for fun
(Leastways, it's not for money),
And when with reading it you've done
You'll vote it awful funny.
Besides, what's more, it's very clear,
As shall appear hereafter,
There's naught for giving health that's near
As good as killing laughter.

But just read on, and when you've done
You'll find yourself much better;
My muse will make you die with fun
If I will only let her.

Leastways, you'll have a perfect fit
(Laugh here), as said the tailor,
If her exhaustless well of wit
Doesn't dry up and fail her.

My jokes can't fail to make you well,
For they are simply killing
(Laugh here), surpassing philter's spell
For hearts' distempers' stilling.
Don't see the point? Laugh all the same—
The joke's on you! (Now snicker.)

If you'll just follow up the game
You'll die with mirth the quicker.

Some say this life's but one huge joke,
If people only knew it.
(Now, here just double up and choke
And you will never rue it.)
Now, don't take time to catch your breath,
But roar and scream with laughter,
And how I've tickled you to death
I may explain hereafter.

Islington, Mass. Emile Pickhardt.

When She Gets Her Allowance.

Scribbler—Does your wife laugh at
your jokes in the paper?
Punster—Yes, but only on payday.—
Commercial Advertiser.

He Will Know Better Next Time.

He was a reckless youth.
"How old are you?" he asked boldly.
"Sir," she said, "I am not old."—(New York Journal).

Unless He Was a Building Remover.

No man ever brought prosperity to
his own household by trying to pull
down the mansion of his neighbor.—
(Nashville American).

How Was It When He Proposed?

"Yes," said the retired army officer, "I
can recall two occasions when I was
terribly frightened."

"O," exclaimed the romantic young
lady, "do tell me about them. I sup-
pose it happened when you were fight-
ing the Indians."

"No," he replied; "one time was when
I was married, and the other time was
when we had our baby christened."
—(Cleveland Leader).

BURIED IN BAPTISM.

We are BURIED WITH HIM BY BAPTISM unto death; that like as Christ was raised
up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we should also walk in newness of life.
—Rom. 6:4.

Under the water with Jesus,
Let me be buried to-day;
All of the past leave behind me,
There in the ocean to stay.

CHO.—Down in the waters with Jesus,
Buried in depths below;
But I shall rise with the Master,
White as the beautiful snow.

All of success and of failure,
Carry away with the flood;
Leave not a vestige of earth life,
May it be death, O my God!

Good night to scenes of the world!
Farewell! your borders are past;
Hail to the morn on the heav'n side,
In Christ I've risen at last.

Now with His own risen life,
Let me be filled from above;
Fill all my innermost being,
Spirit of life and of love.

THE HOUSE.

(Sam Walter Foss in New York Sun.)
When first the builder builds him a house
'Tis naught but a wooden box,
A thing of lumber, boards and planks,
Of shingles, beams and blocks;
And when 'tis built 'tis still a box,
A box to the very minute
Some honest fellow takes the house
And puts a woman in it.
Then, though it has no gabled front, no turret,
tower or dome,
Then is the builder justified, the box becomes
a home.

And why should a man dwell in a house
Until he lays his head
In the windowless room of the earth-scooped
house
On the hillsides of the dead?
Let him steer the ship by the pilot stars,
And dig in the sunless mine;
Let him dwell with his flocks on the summer
hills,
And live like a tree or a vine.
The sky is the roof for a brideless man, and
the seas are his to roam,
Till he turns to his bride in the builded house,
and the box becomes a home.

Why should a man live in a wooden box?
The ends of the earth are far;
Let him forth to the lands of the southern cross
And the lands of the polar star.
And meet it is for the brideless man,
And the dower of his birth,
To draw his strength from the roofless sky
And the face of a fenceless earth.
So let him forth till his thoughts shall turn
(grown sick with the roofless dome)
To the woman shrined in the builded house,
when the box becomes a home.

And when he is sick of the winds of the sky,
And the old sea's ancient strife,
Let him shear the hills of their pines and build
A box around his wife.
And then will his chimneyed pine-built box
Become a templed shrine,
And he'll grow to the virtues that love a roof
And thrive with the door yard vine.
And then he shall turn from the unfenced earth
And the sea with its far sky dome,
To the woman shrined in the builded house
When the box becomes a home.

AN UNPUBLISHED CRITICISM.



Author (at the first performance of his play)—These actors all speak so indistinctly!

Critic—You ought to be thankful!—
(Fliegende Blaetter).

She Had Him.

Peterson—Well, if you did not marry
me for love, what on earth did you
marry me for?

Mrs P.—Just for a little change.

Peterson—Did you get it?

Mrs P.—Yes, if I happened to wake up
early in the morning and be the first to
sprint to your trousers pocket; otherwise
wise not.—(New York Journal).

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice.

"O, dear, I wish I were rich," said
Miss Specie.

"But you are rich," said a friend.
"You inherited two millions."

"O, I didn't mean to be a mere mil-
lionaire. I want to be so rich that a bar-
gain sale would not appeal to me!"—
(New York World).

Lucky Man.

First electric light Lineman—While I
was up on that pole near the theater
stage entrance I could see right into the
chorus girls' dressing room.

Second Lineman—Wasn't you shocked?
First Lineman—No; I had on me rub-
ber gloves.—(Judge).



MANCHESTER TOWN COMMON IN 1871,

From an oil painting reproduced for the Manchester Cricket.

EVERYONE SEES SNAKES.

They are So Numerous That Fences are Constructed to Keep Them Out.

J. D. Mason, a well-known traveling man, who has just returned from a business trip through Southwest Texas, gives the following interesting account of a peculiar phase of life in that part of the world to the Philadelphia Times:

"There is a little strip of country," said Mason, "in Texas down by the Rio Grande where snakes are literally too numerous to mention. They are really as thick as the proverbially dead leaves of Vallombrosa, and the most abstemious man in existence sees enough snakes in a minute to knock him silly. I have a friend, Jim Hughes by name, living down in that region, who owns a cattle ranch, consisting of 1500 acres of land, and really and truly the trail of the serpent was over them all. Jim has a wife who is the prettiest little woman west of the Mississippi, and two of the dearest little girls in the whole world. I reckon, and for a long time Jim was put to it to know how to protect his family from the snakes. He said that it used to be so that during the first warm days of early spring, when the snakes were just awakening from their torpor, he and his ranchmen, cowboys, etc., would just have to leave the cattle to their fate and form a cordon about the house to keep the reptiles out. Nowadays, though, such constant precaution is not necessary, as he has hit upon a device to circumvent the snakes to a certain extent. He manages to do this

ground, which prevented the snakes burrowing beneath and coming into the yard, and a six-foot fence above, which only the more adventurous reptiles try to surmount. Now and then a little snake will manage to wriggle through the meshes of the wire and get into the yard, but the big fellows are practically circumvented. Every morning, though, a man goes all over the yard on a tour of inspection, killing all the small snakes that may have crept in, before Mrs. Hughes or the little girls venture out of the house. It is not a very pleasant prospect, either, although you are seated in the house in comparative security, to look over the fence and see the reptiles writhing and squirming in the sun, now and then butting against the fence or clinging to the wire in hideous coiling festoons.

"About two miles away from the place is a little bog or marsh, whence a little stream makes into the river, and here the reptiles breed. Hughes inveigled me into going over one night to the neighborhood of the bog, and I shall never forget the horrible noises that emanated therefrom. The snakes were evidently fighting among themselves, and the bog seemed to be alive with them. Deliver me from another experience like the one that night, and from a home in Texas down by the Rio Grande. Hughes thinks it is the garden spot of the universe, however, and says when he succeeds in getting that marsh properly drained, the snakes will disappear."

Jumping at Conclusions.

Bilkins—Where's Johnson now?
Fanning—Out in South Dakota.
Bilkins (whispering)—You don't tell me? Why, I supposed they were the happiest couple in town. What was the nature of the trouble?—(Cleveland Leader.)

Either That or the Press Agents.
"I read today that each star is the center of a universe."
"That's the star's word for it, I guess."—(Detroit Tribune.)

What Does Willie's Head Weigh?
The crown worn on state occasions by William, emperor of Germany, weighs exactly three pounds.—(St Louis Republic.)

Odd Items from Everywhere.

Little Ah Sid.

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "E. A. D." I send the following poem taken from the San Francisco Wasp: T. B.

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid—
A cute little cuss you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was the frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braided his cue
As his father used to,
In China land, far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon,
A bumblebee flew in the spring.
"Mellican Butterfly!"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catchee and pull of um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap,
This innocent bumblebee—
And put it remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine,
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin,
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um butterfly, sure."

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki-ya; Ki-yip-ye!"
Ah Sid cried, as he
Rose hurriedly up from that spot.
"Ka-yl! Yuk-a kan!
Dam am Mellican man!
Um butterfly belly much hot!"

WINTER.

(Washington Star.)

It is nice to read of ingle-nooks where crackling fires leap high,
And to hear them rhyme of twinkling stars that light a frosty sky.
But, except you're made of leather, joy is dealt in paltry sums,
For you've got to mind the weather when the Cold Wave Comes.

It's no use singing cheer-'em-ups and scraping on the string
And drawing fancy pictures of the happy days of spring.
Unto folk of drooping feather the mistaken minstrel strums,
For you've got to mind the weather when the Cold Wave Comes.

Old Boreas does the singing and the frost is on the pane;
It's hard to keep your spirits where the tossing trees complain.
So in misery together we will scratch for comfort-crumps
For you've got to mind the weather when the Cold Wave Comes.

And Newspaper Men.

"Cousin Josephine, who are the laboring classes?"
"Laboring classes? Why, society people, of course."—(Chicago Record.)

Until He Joins a Secret Society.

A man's appearance as a bridegroom is his last appearance for the balance of his life in underwear that is not patched.—(Atchison Globe.)

A DOUBTFUL OFFERING.



"Wat yer goin' ter do wiv the old hobbie, Bill?"

Bill (an unsuccessful rival)—Jim Jubbs is gittin', marrid ter-day, an' I'm goin' ter frowt it at 'em fer luck!

"Can't see where 'is luck'll come in, gittin' it wiv a fang like that."

"No; but 'e'll be lucky if I miss 'm!"—(Wonder.)

NOT THE ONLY TURTLE IN THE TANK.

(Jacksonville, Fla., Times-Union.)
When you think the world's your oyster, and
Felicitate yourself
On your standing and your balance in the
bank.

Just remember there are others as respectable
as you,
You are not the only turtle in the tank.

The colonel of militia is a very mighty man,
His epaulets will tell you of his rank,
But there's captains, and there's sergeants,
and corporals besides,
He's not the only turtle in the tank.

Don't think because you have views on politics
and such,
That the man who differs from you is a
"crank."

It's within the bounds of reason you may
make mistakes yourself.

You are not the only turtle in the tank.

The self-made man's a wonder, he will tell
you so himself,
And there's no one but himself to really
thank,

But when he dies there's some one who can
fill the gap he leaves;

He's not the only turtle in the tank.

So take your honors easy and be just like the
rest,
For whether you're a prize or are a blank,
The world can do without you, can forget you
in a day,
For you're not the only turtle in the tank.

78 Beats 64. They Won't Get It.

Candidate—Well, have you completed
the poll of the district?

Manager—Yes, sir.

Candidate—What is the result?

Manager—78 are for us, 29 against us
and 35 want \$10 apiece.—(Philadelphia
North American.)

A Modest Editorial Aspiration.

We welcome contributions from the
people, but we wish some of our con-
tributors would not rivet the leaves so
closely that we can't pry them apart
without a can opener.—(Somerville Citizen.)

He Didn't.

If Abraham Lincoln really told all the
stories that are attributed to him, it is
hard to see how he found time to do
anything else.—(Somerville Journal.)

IN ELYSIUM.

(New York Clipper.)

The leading lady danced a jig,
And turned a summersault;
The manager was bright with smiles,
He found no word of fault;
All salaries were promptly paid
Just two months in advance;
To play Hamlet and Romeo
Each super got a chance!

The prompter didn't have to prompt,
The leader didn't storm;

Comedians refused to "gung,"
And said it wasn't "form."

There was no "paper" in the house,
And ushers were polite;
Fine notices the critics all
Proceeded to indite.

The ladies' hats were telescoped
So one could see the stage;
The bald heads were escorted home
And shut up in a cage!
The actors never jealous got;
There was no racing scene,
There was no tank, there was no crank,
But all things seemed serene.

The ballet was of course superb,
How juvenile they were;
Each was in lightness and in grace
A summer gossamer!

The puns were splendid, and all fresh,
The situations new;
The dialogue as sparkling as
The early morning dew.

"O, joy! 'tis the millennium!"
I shouted, when a hand
Was laid upon my shoulder with
The pressure of command.
With evident embarrassment
Up from my seat I rose;
"My good man," said an usher there,
"This is no place to doze!"

CHRISTMAS WINDOWS.

Hark, where, in shrill crescendo,
The children's O's arise
Around the world of marvels
On which they feast their eyes!
In eager crowds they gather,
And greet with glad applause
The windows full of wonders
That wait for Santa Claus.

Soldiers and drums and warsteeds
Awaken in small boys
The military ardor,
What time to gentler joys,
Bewild'ring ranks of dollys,
With gleaming golden curls,
Stir all the mother heart in
The breasts of little girls.

Some shiv'ring, shabby urchins
Eye furs with wistful looks,
While some see naught but "goodies,"
And some see naught but books;
The wide world has been ransacked
For stores, yet tiny Tim
Choked down a sob, quite sure that
There's nothing here for him.

The Christmas windows beckon—
The children come in crowds,
Defying frosts, and seeing
No omen in the clouds;
There's fairy land before them,
With angels clad in gauze;
They stand and stare and wonder
And wait for Santa Claus.

The happiest among them
Are those whose fugitive
Gaze seeks not what they're longing
To get, but what they'd give;
The plots and plans for others—
The kindly little arts
They practise in their giving—
Make Christmas in their hearts!

M. N. B.

Maud's Cheek, at Least, Was All Right.

Aunt Sophronia—And that is what you
call a rational bicycling costume, is it?
If I went out on the streets in a rig like
that I would be ashamed to show my
face.

Maud Ethel—So would I if I had a
face like yours.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT SANTA CLAUS FORGOT.

Down in the slums of a great, rich city,
Still bright with its holiday-time array,
A sad little heart in a sick little body
Was all but breaking on New Year's day.

Ay, a sad little heart was all but breaking
In the breast of a pinched-faced, tattered
tot,
Whom Santa Claus, in the hurly-burly
And rush of business had quite forgot.

For a whole long week she had made excuses
For the children's saint, "He was coming, all
right,
But he traveled by night, and 'twas hard work
treading
That crooked old alley in broad daylight."

Twas little but rags she had for raiment,
Twas little but hope she had for food;
"But Christmas is coming," each day she mur-
mured.
"Christmas is coming, and God is good!"

All th' days of dark December,
This was the tale her hope e'er told:
"When Christmas comes, I shan't be hungry,
I shan't be ragged, I shan't be cold."

But when she woke in the New Year's dawn-
ing,
When the Christmas tide had ebbed quite out,
Her face reflected, for one brief moment,
The shadow of dark and dreadful doubt.

A knock at the door! The New Year was bring-
ing
Blessing and bounty. The dark doubt fled.
But the happy child betrayed what had been,
When she cried out, "O, mama, God isn't
dead!"

M. N. B.

A HINT.



Head of the firm—That's a rather
shabby looking office coat you are wear-
ing, Mr. Travers.

Travers—Yes, sir. I got this with the
last rise in my salary.

Settled Beyond a Question of Doubt.
"So their engagement is broken? How
did you find it out?"

"I am wearing the ring he gave her
before he met me."—(Cincinnati Com-
mercial.)

That is Another Story.

"I never, never allow a man to kiss
me unless we are engaged."

"Dear me! Don't you find so many
engagements troublesome?"—(Brooklyn
Life.)

And They Say Love is Blind.

"Let's see," remarked the youth and
the damsel, and then they turned down
the gas until nobody else could see a
thing.—(Detroit Tribune.)

No Chance of His Forgetting It.

He—I am going to kiss you when I go.
She—Leave the house at once!—(Judge.)

TO THE WOODS FOR PEACE.

Henry Bassett Fled to the Wilds of Plymouth.

Few Visitors Except Spirits Venture to Disturb His Solitude.

Fortune from a Titled Ancestor is His, He Says, But He is Content.

It would seem that Cedarville, which since the publication of a well-known novel, has been known as the "Home of Cape Cod Folks," offers inducements which are peculiar and superior to those of other places, as a retreat for hermits, according to the testimony of Henry W. Bassett, whom The Globe man a few days ago discovered living a most secluded and wonderfully strange life, in his cabin home, among the thickly wooded range of hills, which rise far out of sight of the homes of the "Cape Cod Folks," and where the sounds which at times break the intense quiet of their little settlement never reach.



HENRY W. BASSETT.

Bassett was not a resident of this part of the country during the time that Miss McLean taught school there, and obtained the material for her novel, which accounts for his not being as widely known as his neighbor hermit, Bachelor Nye, to whom Miss McLean devoted several chapters of her book.

Bachelor Nye for many years enjoyed the distinction of being the only hermit thereabouts; but for the past half-dozen years he has been obliged to share honors with Bassett.

To find Bassett's cabin was no easy task, even with the best possible directions obtainable.

Said the first villager whom The Globe man met, in reply to a query: "It's nigh on to a year since I've seen Bassett; he used to live up in the woods back of the meeting house, but I don't know whether he is dead or alive or gone away."

"There used to be a path from Bassett's cabin down to the spring near the church, and that is one way to get to the cabin, and the other way is by a road from near the hall."

"I won't advise you to go into the woods by the path, as you are sure to get lost, and it's bad going through the scrub oaks and pines."

All the villagers whom The Globe man could find had known of Bassett's living somewhere up in the woods back of the meeting house, but none of them had seen nor heard of the strange man for nearly a year. They all believed that their eccentric neighbor was living simply because they had not heard of his death.

The final directions which The Globe man received were that the first right-hand road beyond the cemetery should be followed until a road turning sharp to the right would be reached, and then to the right on that road, as far into the woods as it was possible to go with a carriage, Bassett's cabin would be found.

The roads were not unlike the old Indian trail, a few of which are still used by the villagers, excepting they were a trifle wider and showed that four-wheeled vehicles of some kind had been drawn over them, how long ago it was impossible to judge.

The trees had spread their branches across the road, until they met and formed what seemed a barrier to all travel, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a passage was effected.

After a long and perilous ride into the wilderness The Globe man saw smoke issuing from the chimney of Bassett's cabin, so the hermit was still alive.

Upon knocking at the cabin door there echoed from within a voice which seemed to come from the dead. "Come in," was repeated several times by the recluse.

Lying upon a couch near a huge stove from which there was heat enough emitted to warm a tenement house, with his arms folded across his breast, the hermit gazed upon his visitor with a penetrating glance.

The recluse took from a box on the wall a pipe and piece of tobacco, and while he was preparing for a smoke The Globe man surveyed the interior of the cabin.

The couch is used as a bed; on the wall there hung a watch, while several clocks of varied styles adorned a small shelf, and indicated that Bassett was determined to keep track of time, which to him must drag heavily.

Near the stove was a rude cupboard, which contained a lot of cooking utensils, but the absence of food was noticeable.



THE HERMIT'S HOME.

There was also an abundance of pots and kettles on the floor near the stove and a lot of wood, while in one corner there were axes, turf hoes, spades and pitchforks.

A few chairs were the only other furnishings, excepting a small table attached to the wall.

A lot of empty tobacco boxes and pipes shared with a dozen or more books was all the room there was on a box in the corner near the couch.

This is Bassett's palace, and he finds all the comfort and enjoyment that he desires.

Bassett, having lighted his pipe, sat on the couch and without hesitation said that it was domestic infelicity that caused him to seek seclusion in the wilds of the cedar swamp woods, where he said, until he could better his condition, he proposed to live.

Bassett's home was in a city not many miles from the hub, and he stated the last he knew about them a wife and two grown up children were living there.

"I came here because I couldn't live at home, and I did believe that my life would be prolonged if I got into the

woods and away from every one, and I have found that just such a life as I am living gives me the enjoyment I have long been seeking."

"I seldom have any visitors, although I am pleased to have my friends call and see me. Bachelor Nye comes over here once in a while to call on me, but he is getting so old that it is hard work for him to make his way through the woods, and he don't call as often as he used to."

Bassett said that George Vaughn, "the preacher," so-called, visited him quite frequently last year, and that Vaughn tried to persuade him to change Bassett's views on religion.

Bassett volunteered the information that he was a believer in Spiritualism, and that at one time he was a hypnotist.

"I haven't used my power as a hypnotist for a number of years, but I think I am just as strong with them as I ever was."

Bassett related an incident in his life when he cured a very wayward person,

so that the parents of the child never afterward had any difficulty in bringing it up, and he said he always regarded that cure as a most wonderful one.

In reply to a query, Bassett said that he was a student of astronomy, geology and philosophy and found the surroundings of his cabin home just suited for the pursuit of his favorite studies.

He said that at one period in his life he spent a great deal of time in trying to make a machine which would go forever. "It was perpetual motion that I was after," he said, "and I did succeed in making a machine that kept going by its own force for a week."

"I had to stop it at the end of that time, as I was afraid some one would steal the ideas before I could get the machine patented."

He said that the only reason that he did not finish the machine or make a success of it was that his health failed him.

"I could solve the problem of perpetual motion in a very short time if I was in good health," he added.

Bassett said reluctantly that Cape Cod was being washed away and that in 500 years there would be no right arm of the commonwealth extending out into the sea. This he discovered in his study of geology.

The hermit said he was also an authority on botany, and in evidence of this he pointed to a plot of ground in front of his cabin, in which there were growing a dozen or more varieties of pansies, some of which were yet in bloom.

"This is a remarkable country for the growth of flowers," he said. "I never take the plants out of the ground, and I believe I could have them in full bloom all the year if I wished to."

Stepping out from his cabin into the cold, having neither hat, coat nor vest on and with only stockings covering his feet, the hermit pointed to a large pine tree to the south of his dwelling, which he said was one of the boundaries of his estate. Each of the four boundaries of Bassett's 20-acre estate was pointed out in the same manner.

The hermit said that he was also a weather prophet, but that he had no one to prophesy for, and that lately he had not bothered keeping track of the changeable New England climate.

In reply to a question as to why he did not keep a dog or cat, he said that he thought it would be so lonesome for a dog that one would not remain with him, and that cats would soon become wild where the thick woods surrounded the cabin, and the animals would have such freedom. He claimed that he was 71 years of age, and that he was a lineal descendant of the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, within the precincts of which town he now lives.

In addition he claims a descent from Lord Bassett of England and that there were millions of dollars in the English banks awaiting his claim, but that he never expected to get any of the money.

Bassett's cabin, which was built by himself, is about 12 feet by 12 feet with 10-foot posts and rests upon the ground. The 20 acres of land, Bassett said, cost him \$25 and the building \$35.

Once in a great while the recluse gets a copy of some daily paper, and although he is many months behind the times he keeps track of all important events. He says that years ago he was a correspondent regularly for the Yankee Blade and several other papers.

He apparently regards himself as being surrounded with all the luxurious furnishings of a palace. The spirits, he says, visit him occasionally and he entertains a firm belief that he has all the power which mediums are accredited with possessing.

He seldom wears shoes and rarely a hat, coat or vest.

The darkness was fast falling when The Globe man left the home of the recluse. The owls were awakening from their sleep and in a few hours their screeching would break the stillness of the night. To any other person save Bassett such surroundings would bring terror, but he finds peace and comfort in his isolated home among the hills.

PA NEVER DOES.

(W. A. Bright in Detroit Free Press.)

"I don' know why I has to tote

In wood 'n' help ma 'round,

'N' fit ther gate, 'n' gear ther horse,

'N' sweep leaves off ther ground.

I don't get any time ter play;

It's gettin' wuss and wuss;

I wonder why I has ter work?

—Pa never does!"

"He jes' sets 'round 'n' smokes 'n' reads

'N' kicks about the noise,

'N' I don't get to holler none

Like other people's boys.

Ma says she'll make a man of me;

—Gee! don't I wish I wuz!

I guess men don't have much ter do;

—Pa never does!"

"But ma says I'm her chum, 'n' when

We get our work all done

She reads ter me, 'n' tells me tales,

'N' we have lots er fun.

Las' night I hugged 'n' kissed her good

—Nobody knowed but us;

'N' then ma cried, 'n' I bet 'twas cause

—Pa never does!"

SOMETHIN' LACKIN'.

(Truth.)

Let me introduce a gentleman you may have met 'ere now; He's a dweller on a fertile farm, 'n' keeps a horse and cow, 'Nd eleven dogs, a cat or two, ten fightin'-cocks —but say,

He will swear by all th' stars above, that farmin' doesn't pay!

He hez acres uv good plantin' land—th' finest ever seen,

Whar th' weeds is wavin' o'er th' soil in tranquillity serene;

Yit by diligence he manages t' raise his winter's hay,

But he swears with great vehemence that his farmin' doesn't pay.

O th' daisies grow luxurios whar 'taters ought to be,

'Nd th' pizen-ivy climbs around each shade 'n' apple tree,

So he spends his time a-fishin' (Jes' t' drive his cares away),

'Nd a-cussin' all creation, 'cause his farmin' doesn't pay.

'Nd the cracks betwixt th' shingles on his roof lets in the rain,

'Nd a cardbord er a piece uv tin replace each broken pane

In th' window uv his house, "because it aint no use, no way,

"T' expend a cent in fixin' up, while farmin' doesn't pay."

O, th' troubles an' th' trials uv old "farmer Jones" is great;

An' t' would set th' world a-weepin', of th' hull I should relate.

'Nd I know he's perseverin' f'r I've seen 'im sit n' fish

F'r a day, 'n' never ketch enough t' fill a sacer dish.

'Nd th' laws uv this creation isn't what they oughter be,

'Nd that's somethin' sadly lackin' in this country great'n free,

When th' perseverin' tiller uv the soll 's obliged t' say,

Thet with all his perseverance, he hez never made it pay!

EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.



'Algernon was wrapped up in his work.'

HIS VACATION DAYS ARE OVER.

CANTRY—Your stand on this vacation question surprises me. You used to say that no man could do full justice to himself or to his employer if he didn't have at least two weeks of play every year.

—Hawkins—Yes; but you see I'm in business for myself now.—(Cleveland Leader.)

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

AUNT SOPHRONIA—And that is what you call a rational bicycling costume, is it? If I went out on the streets in a rig like that I would be ashamed to show my face.

MAUD ETHEL—So would I if I had a face like yours.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

RAISED AND RAZED.

"WERE YOU RAISED IN GEORGIA?" asked the stranger.

"NO; IN KENTUCKY; AND THE FELLOW HAD FOUR ACRES, AND I THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO BLUFF!" said the other, sadly.—(Atlanta Constitution.)

DISMOUNTING BY HORSEPOWER.



"WHAT SORT OF A HORSE WAS IT THAT YOU HAD FOR YOUR RIDE LAST SUNDAY?"

"O, A CHARMING ANIMAL! EVEN HELPED ME SEVERAL TIMES IN DISMOUNTING!"—(Flegende Blaetter.)

A BRICK HOUSE WOULDN'T KILL ONE.

FIRST COLLEGIAN—I HEAR THAT BULLETT, THE GREAT HALFBACK, HAS BEEN KILLED.

SECOND COLLEGIAN—GREAT SCOTT! HOW?

FIRST COLLEGIAN—A BRICK HOUSE FELL ON HIM.

SECOND COLLEGIAN—AND THAT'S THE RESULT OF LETTING HIM GO HOME FOR VACATION AND GET OUT OF TRAINING!—(New York Press.)

JOHNNY'S REASON.

THE MINISTER—WHEN YOU GROW UP, JOHNNY, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?

JOHNNY—A PREACHER.

THE MINISTER—AH, I AM GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, MY LITTLE MAN. NOW TELL ME WHY YOU THINK YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE A PREACHER.

JOHNNY—CAUSE THEN THE FOLKS WOULD ALWAYS GIT OUT THE BEST THINGS THEY HAD IN THE HOUSE TO EAT WHEN THEY SEEN ME COMIN'.

—Cleveland Leader.

A BRUNSWICK ROMANCE.

Perhaps the most romantic of all the tales of ancient Brunswick, Maine, is that of Molly Finney, and how she got a husband. It has a wild beginning, but a good old-fashioned ending.

In 1756 the Eastern Indians were in a most warlike and ferocious mood. They massacred many of Brunswick's settlers, and one night made a raid on the house of Thomas Means, at "Flying Point." They battered in the door and dragged out Means and his family. The settler fought them manfully, but his fate was sealed. Two Indians held his arms, while a third shot the brave man through the body with his own rifle. Meantime Mrs. Means ran back into the house with her infant, and vainly tried to barricade the door. With fierce yells they burst into the house, and with one ball killed the infant and pierced the mother's breast.

Molley Finney was Mrs. Means' sister, a blooming young damsel, high colored and plump. They seized her in her night clothes and carried her off to Canada, giving her a blanket to help cover her. At Quebec they sold her to a farmer for \$6 in money and a bottle of strong water. For a long time Molly worked in this farmer's fields, but he suddenly became jealous of a young French Canadian, who was seen to pay her some marked attentions, and locked her in her chamber in his house.

About this time there came to an anchorage before Quebec a certain bold Capt. McLellan, of Falmouth, Me., in his fast brigantine. He learned Molly's story and secretly arranged with her a plan for her escape.

One night he threw a rope to her window and she lowered herself to the ground. Before morning she and her rescuer were sailing rapidly down the St. Lawrence, before a stiff breeze, bound for Falmouth. You can guess the sequel—how they fell in love and were married.

'LECKSHUN DAY!

(Atlanta Constitution.)

GO LONG, MISTER POSSUM!

TAKE EN GO YO' WAY;

YOU FAT EN FINE,

BUT NONE ER MINE—

KASE DIS IS 'LECKSHUN DAY!

HAN' ME DOWN DAT PA'R ER SHOES;

JINNY, SAY WHAT DRESS YO' CHOOSE?

CHILLUN—CHILLUN—CL'AR DE WAY!

DIS HEAH 'LECKSHUN—'LECKSHUN DAY!

GO LONG, MISTER MORTGAGE!

TAKE EN GO YO' WAY;

YOU MIGHTY SHO'

TER TAKE DE DO—

KASE DIS IS 'LECKSHUN DAY!

HAN' ME DOWN DAT BEAVER HAT;

JINNY, WHAR DAT MONEY AT?

CHILLUN—CHILLUN—CL'AR DE WAY!

DIS HEAH 'LECKSHUN—'LECKSHUN DAY!

GO LONG, MISTER WORRIMENT!

TAKE EN GO YO' WAY;

YOU HEAH DAT SOUN'

A-JINGLIN' ROUN'?

HIT CUM FUM 'LECKSHUN DAY!

HAN' ME DOWN DAT WALKIN'-CANE!

YONDER COME DE 'LECKSHUN TRAIN!

CHILLUN—CHILLUN—CL'AR DE WAY!

DIS HEAH 'LECKSHUN—'LECKSHUN DAY!

THE "LITTLE BROTHER" AGAIN.



Freddie—O, Mr Dudely, may I touch you?

Mr Dudely—Certainly, Freddie, but why do you want to touch me?

Freddie—Well, I heard May say you were so soft, and I want to see for me'self.

DOT'S DREAM OF DOLLIES.

"O dear, I'd such a dream!" cried Dot
Who woke amid the Christmas holly's
Bright berried wreaths. "I dreamed I saw
A great, big world just full of dollies.

"Such dollies! All so beautiful!
And I must choose the one I'd ruther
Have—when, no matter which I chose,
I'd want to change it for another.

"Just think! A big world full of dolls
With arms outstretched for me to take them!
And I was crying when I woke—
It seemed so cruel to forsake them.

"Big dolls and teeny-weenty dear
Cute little baby dolls with rattles
And long white gowns; brave soldier dolls
That Bobby'd like for fighting battles;

"French dancing dolls with lots and lots
Of skirts all gold and silver spangles;
Fine lady dolls with feathered hats
And what my Papa calls 'new fangles';

"And one doll, O, so bright and white
She really made me go right down on
My knees! Her gold hair made her look
Just like an angel with a crown on.

"You'd think I'd like her best. But, tho'
She'd be a darling doll to pray with,
I didn't choose her. Such a doll
As that I'd never dare to play with.

"One doll was mine, but O dear me!
I knew that I was sure to lose it,
Because, the more dear dolls I saw,
The more I felt I couldn't choose it.

"Tho' dollies are my heart's delight,
Tho' I so dearly, dearly love them,
It is a dreadful task to pick
From a whole world just chock full of them!

"I dreamed I cried until my tears
In great long icicles hung frozen.
And then I woke, so glad to find
That good old Santa Claus had chosen!"

Mary Norton Bradford.

There Always Are.

Sunday school teacher—What was it, children, that the rich man said when the guests bidden to his feast refused to come?

Children (in unison)—He said "There are others."—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

WHITE MAGIC.

Tho' ruined all my roses are,
And not a leaf of green in sight,
A garden's risen round me here:
The space was bare but yesternight,
Yet, lo! at dawn, behold a bower
All blossoming in virgin white!

No leaf doth stir, nor petal fall:
Tho' forms of beauty here in hosts
Have risen round me at a breath,
No living thing my garden boasts;
All beautiful and white and still,
It seems a garden full of ghosts.

Here ghosts of tropic trees uprear
Their heads, and here doth trail or twine
With loving tendrils round their trunks
The snowy phantom of the vine;
Here wreathed about by wreaths of flowers,
The white face of a lake doth shine,

And here Egyptian pyramid
And Turkish mosque and minaret,
With Gothic tower, the Parthenon
And Peter's dome are haply met;
The "frozen music" of the world
Before my ravished eyes seems set.

They're nought but ghosts of ghosts, and yet
It gives me joy to see again
The sights that I have loved and lost,
The castles that I built in Spain:
And all today arise within
The white world of my window pane!

Mary Norton Bradford.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Unanswered."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "J. S. H." I send this poem by Elizabeth Stewart Martin. F. II.

UNANSWERED.

Why is it that the tenderest feet must tread
the roughest road?
Why is it that the weakest back must carry
the heaviest load?
While the feet that are surest and firmest have
the smoothest path to go,
And the back that is straightest and strongest
has never a burden to know.

Why is it that the brightest eyes are the ones
soon dim with tears?
Why is it that the lightest heart must ache
and ache for years?
While the eyes that are hardest and coldest
shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest
has never an ache to fear.

Why is it those who are saddest have always
the gayest laugh?

Why is it those who need not have always the
"biggest half?"

While those who have never a sorrow have
seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive
and struggle to live.

Why is it that the noblest thoughts are the
ones that are never expressed?

Why is it the grandest deeds are the ones that
are never confessed?

While the thoughts that are like all others are
the ones we always tell,
And the deeds worth little praise are the ones
that are published well.

Why is it the sweetest smile that has for its
sister a sigh?

Why is it that the strongest love is the love
we always pass by?

While the smile that is cold and indifferent is
the smile for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to and worship is only
common clay.

Why is it the things we can have are the
things we always refuse?

Why is it none of us lead the lives if we could
we'd choose?

The things that we all can have are the things
we always hate,
nd life seems never complete no matter how
long we wait.

A BROKEN VOW.



▲ children's party tragedy.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

(St Paul Dispatch.)

He gorged himself on turkey till his clothes
got awful tight,
And munched away at stuffing till the tuff
was out of sight.
He jammed and crammed in cranberries, dill,
pickles and chow-chow,
Till his vitals and his inner man were in a
dreadful row.
Mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, soggy tur-
nips he devoured,
And waded into salads till his stomach fairly
soured.
Three-quarters of a mince pie on this mass he
laid away,
And a pint of lemon ice cream that had seen
a better day.
He topped the whole with coffee, well, a cup
of pon'drous size,
Then for a half an hour blew cigar smoke in
his eyes;
And when next day he sickened he admitted
rather grim,
That he must have eaten something that did
not agree with him.

HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE BOOK.



The infant carrier. Highly recom-
mended for twins.—(London Punch.)

The Goetterdaemmerung.

"What's the gloaming, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, before a man is married it is
the time to take a walk; but after he is
married it is the time he falls over
rocking horses and building blocks on
the sitting room floor."—(Chicago Rec-
ord.)

Shall You Make an Oat of This?

Aly—That novel of Thompson's is
perfect mush.

Sallie—Of course. It's a cereal story.
—(Philadelphia Times.)

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

Globe Man's Visit to the Field of Bull Run.

New Comes a Man Not with Store Teeth, But with an Aluminum Ear.

Bernhardt in Hunting Costume Scores a Great Success Off Stage.

During a recent visit to the battlefield of the first Bull Run it was a Globe man's fortune to meet one of the most interesting persons whose life history has been interwoven with that of the lost cause. He is rounding out his days amid the scenes made famous by the wreck and carnage of the strife of 34 years ago.

He proudly styles himself "H. F. Henry Sr." although he has never been married, and clings with a tenacity which excites admiration to the remnant of the old homestead. Mr Henry is now in his 84th year, although he walks with a step as light and active as though his patriarchal beard and flowing hair were several shades lighter.

There are few veterans of the union who fought at the first Bull Run who do not remember the little house on the crest of the hill, to the south of the run, behind which the confederate batteries were placed, and to the capture of which the best efforts of the union forces were directed during the whole of that scorching 21st of July, 1861.

In that house, or rather in one which has taken its place, for the old one disappeared amid the carnage of that dreadful day, Mr Henry is peacefully passing the closing years of his life. All around him are still evidences of the strife of which his old home was the center, and the remaining members of his family the sorrow stricken and terrified witnesses. Out in the little garden in front of his house is the resting place of his mother, who, feeble and bedridden, fell a victim to the terrible fighting in the first pitched battle of the rebellion.

Beside her grave sleeps her daughter, also an eye witness of the battle. The old man's eyes filled with tears as he recounted the terrible incidents of that dreadful day, and pointed out the various places where brave men on both sides fell for the cause which they espoused. Within his little garden is a tree, on which is an inscription stating that it was on that spot Wade Hampton of Virginia was wounded.

Across the fence is an inscription marking the spot where Cameron, at the head of the gallant Pennsylvania boys, laid down his life in defense of the starry flag of the republic. Just behind the Henry house a leaning tower, about 15 feet high, erected in honor of the union soldiers, gives ample evidence that it was placed upon the warriors' graves.

It seems to be in imminent danger of toppling over, as the graves upon which it was built have fallen in. Still a little further in the rear is marked the spot where Bee and others of his comrades formed a mark for the union bullets. Every inch of the ground is historic, if not sacred.

It was up the crest of that hill that Rickett's battery and Corcoran's 69th New York repeatedly charged that afternoon in the effort to recapture the union guns, after they had been taken by the confederates. It was not the blood of one race, or creed alone, but of all combined that dyed the soil of that hill on that awful day. As the old man pictures it one cannot forbear the thought that no such questions were asked in the face of the common danger.

Mr Henry describes how his mother, old and feeble, was taken from her sick bed by his sisters and borne to a ravine a short distance from the house, so that

she should not be in the line of fire. Soon, however, the shells from the union batteries on the opposite hill commenced to fall around, and inside the ravine, and the old lady was borne back to the old homestead in the hope that she might escape. How vain was the hope is evidenced by the appearance of the trunk of a tree in front of the door, which was actually riddled with bullets, and has never sprouted since. One can well believe the old man's statement that it undoubtedly saved many a soldier's life. The house was shelled, and Mrs Henry was wounded in five places, and lived only two hours.

"I had been up north at the time," said Mr Henry, "as I taught school. I had even been to Boston, and Cambridge, and the people there were amongst the finest I had ever met. If the people of the south had only known them as I did, or they had known the southern people as they do now, this horrible war would perhaps never have taken place. I had got as far as Alexandria when I met some of the union soldiers returning from Bull Run, and from their description of the battle and the locality I concluded that it had been fought around our house. Their descriptions of the battlefield convinced me that this was the scene of the struggle."

"A few days later I was in a bookstore in Alexandria, and I heard one of the men there reading an account of the battle, from the Baltimore Sun, I think. There was a description of the death of a bed-ridden old 'ady, who lived in one of the houses on the battlefield. I immediately had a presentiment that it was my mother who had been killed. I started down the river, and then endeavored to get across the lines here. It took me three days to get here, less than 25 miles from Alexandria, and when I arrived it was to find the old home shattered to pieces, my mother buried, my two sisters and brother gone away, and the fields of our farm covered with the dead bodies of men and horses. I remained around the neighborhood until after the second battle, 13 months later. That I witnessed with my own eyes, and I shall always pray God never to witness such another."

CORONATION'S SIDE O' SORROW.

L. R. Catlin in New York Commercial Advertiser.)

While last night we was a-readin'
In the paper, Joe an' me,
All about the great czar's crownin'
Over yonder, 'cross the sea;

Readin' of the dazzlin' jewels
An' the trimmin' o' pure gold,
An' the swords an' spears a-gleamin',
An' the gems o' price untold,

O' the mighty Eastern princes,
In their trappin' rich an' rare;
O' the crowds o' noble chieftains
An' the throngs o' ladies fair,

All a-bowin' down in homage
An' a-wishin' endless life
To the czar of all the Russias,
Standin' there beside his wife,

Joe an' me we got to thinkin'
O' the show an' the display,
Thinkin' o' the millions squandered
On the pride o' jes' one day.

"Twas a sight of awful splendor,
But it seemed to Joe an' me
Kinder full o' grief an' sorrow
And o' fear an' misery.

For in thought we seen the thousan's
Bound with yokes an' clankin' chains,
Lyn' underneath in dungeons,
Racked with horror an' with pains,

Or in midnight mines a-tollin',
Never seein' God's bright sun;
Scourged an' beaten, pinched an' starvin',
Death an' life to them all one,

An' the thousan's torn asunder,
Shattered homes an' murdered love,
Bleedin' hearts, an' sobs an' curses
Risin' up to heaven above,

So both me an' Joe we wondered
If the glitter an' display
Did not have its side o' sorrow
For the great czar yesterday.

A TALKING CROW.

A German Says They Are Easily Taught to Talk Fluently if Properly Instructed.

"Yacob," the pet crow belonging to Joseph Dreschnock, a German cobbler, at 310 First Street, died last Sunday afternoon from accidental poisoning. Since the cobbler's wife died, a year ago, the crow was his only company, and he is consequently very lonesome. Dreschnock took the crow from its nest before it could fly. The ugly little black bird had three companions, and all of them occupied a nest in a tall tree near Henryville, Ind. Dreschnock secured the crow while on a visit to the farm on which the tree was, states the Courier Journal. His recollections of the crows his grandfather had on his place in the fatherland prompted him to get the birds. He gave away three of the four crows.

"But they died," he said, slowly pulling at his stubby side whiskers. "People here don't know about crows. They cut their tongues and then expect them to talk. That's all bosh. A crow that can't talk without his tongue cut can't talk with it cut. The three I gave away had their tongues cut and bled to death. To teach a crow to talk you must handle it like a child. You must teach it a word at a time. When you want it to do something you must show it. When you tell a child for the first time to shake hands it don't understand. You must take its hands in yours at the same time you tell it to shake hands. I fed my crow for six weeks before it was able to eat by itself. Then I let it hop around the shop here. Its favorite place was on that peg cutter there. The little fellow would sit up there and watch me pound away at shoes all day long. The first word I taught it was 'Hello.' This is the simplest word, and if a crow can say hello it can say most any other word. I didn't say anything else to it for three days. The bird sat there and watched my mouth with a curious interest. It would cock its head on one side and blink its eyes as wisely as an owl. Every once in a while it would go into queer contortions. Suddenly it let out the word 'hello.' This seemed to please it. The bird flapped its wings and hopped about the place in the greatest glee, calling 'hello' in a perfect torrent. After that I taught it to say 'Good-by.' Then it learned its name, and when any one would ask it who it was the bird would answer with an amusing gravity, 'I am a good crow' quite plainly.

"That crow was a wonder. He was the smartest crow I ever knew. He was a finer one than my grandfather's crow, which was handed down through three generations in the old country. Whenever the fire bells rang Yacob would yell 'Fire, fire, fire,' as if his life depended on it. Yacob prided himself on being able to bark like a dog. This made him a good watch crow. If he found a stranger in the yard he at once set up a loud barking, which always warned me. When he sat on the counter there he never allowed any one to handle my tools. He showed his disapproval by hopping on their hands and pecking them viciously. Yacob was not like other crows. Other crows talked only when they felt like it. Yacob talked

when occasion required it. When a customer left the shop and I asked Yacob what he said he very politely flapped his wings as if to make a courtesy, and called out, 'Good-by.' I kept him in a cage over night, and set the cage so he could see the door open when I entered the shop in the morning. He always greeted me with 'Hello,' and at once demanded to be let out of his cage.

"He and Tom, the big yellow cat lying there, were very good friends. While Tom walked about the shop purring and rubbing against customers' legs, Yacob would stand by his side talking to himself at a great rate. Yacob often perched himself on Tom's back while Tom was walking about, to which Tom made no sort of objection. But Yacob would not tolerate Tom near his meals. You know Yacob believed in laying something by for a rainy day. When he got more meat than he could eat he very wisely carried it out into the back yard and placed it in a convenient hole. He covered the hole with a piece of paper and then flew up to the ridge of the fence to stand guard over his treasure. As sure as Tom began to smell around the yard, Yacob would fly down and attack Tom's tail until the cat was only too glad to beat a retreat.

"Crows live a hundred years if some accident doesn't happen to them. It was unfortunate when I placed the poison last Sunday for the roaches. Yacob got some of it about 4 o'clock. When he began to fall sick he came to me at once, and, hopping in my hand, refused to leave. I gave him milk and oil, but it did him no good. Toward 6 o'clock Yacob seemed worse, so I carried him to the cage. He clutched my finger and sat there until he died."

An African Explorer.

Dr. A. Donaldson Smith is a Philadelphia scientist of an inquiring turn of mind. He recently made a most successful exploring trip of 16 months in the northeastern corner of Africa. He trav-



DR. A. DONALDSON SMITH.

eled over much territory that has hitherto been unknown land, and he discovered a new race of dwarfs. He brought back a valuable collection of stuffed birds and animals.

WELL-PRESERVED BREAD.



Mr. Bellows—O, wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked 20 years ago.

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted)—I'm so glad!

Mr. Bellows (biting one)—And, by George, I believe they are the same biscuits.—(Twinkles.)

It Must Have Been a Minstrel Show.

"Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl. "Yes, indeed! We got \$107.25."

"Indeed! You must have had a large audience?"

"No, we took in \$7.25 at the ticket office and father gave us \$100 never to do it again."—(Washington Star.)

CHRISTMAS VISITORS.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)
The folks'll come for Christmas
From Tifton up to Tate;

They'll strike us sorter early,
An' set up with us late.
The Joneses an' the Jenkinses—
The Butterwuths an' Browns;
The old-time folks, with old-time jokes,
From all the old-time towns!

You'd better stretch the table out—
If any room's to spare;
An' add a corner to the house,
An' buy some crock'ry-ware.
An' yer mother says she's comin',
So, we'll build a pulpit next,
Fer I reckon that means preachin'
From the old, familiar text!

It sorter seems onnat'r'l,
An' sorter takes me down,
That we never have no kinfolks
Till Christmas comes eroun'!
An' then they come from Tifton,
An' then they swarm from Tate;
They strike us sorter early,
An' they set up with us late!

But take an' stretch the table out—
If any room's to spare;
An' add a corner to the house
An' lay in crock'ry-ware.
An' sence yer mother's comin',
We'll build a platform next;
Fer we're pretty shore o' preachin'
From the old, familiar text!

—A. Rutherford Shambaugh

How I was poor and lame and lean,
Wore homespun clothes of bottle green;
Your grandpapa's wedding coat resigned,
Turned inside out and patched behind;
My brother Tom's old vest of blue
Five summers after it was new.
And how I traveled to recite
Two miles at morning, two at night,
Because I could not then afford
To pay the price of nearer board,
Or people nearer did not choose
To take their pay in making shoes.

Oxford County is to me a

WARRANTED FRESH—THE JOKE,
NOT THE FISH.)



Fishmonger—What are you doing to that fish?

"O, I was only asking it how the sea looks."

Fishmonger—Well, and how does the sea look?

"It says it doesn't know. It hasn't seen it for six months."

BLIND FATE.

(T. C. Harbaugh in Cincinnati Times-Star.)
He fastened to his silk lapel

A button debonair,
A dainty motto crossed its white
To please a lady fair;
He picked it from a handy box
Where half a dozen lay—
Six little buttons nestled close—
To Cupid's last bouquet.

He twirled anew a rich mustache
With fingers white as snow,
And from the parlor gayly tripped,
A nineteenth century beau;
The stars that lit the autumn night
Amid the gentle blue
Kept well, and with a keen delight,
The secret that they knew.

She met him in the lighted hall,
With roses on her cheek,
She saw the button in its place—
A flush; she did not speak;
What cruel fate had put his hand
Upon that button small?
She read: "You are a faded rose,"
And now he does not call.

Some People Are Born Lucky.

"Talk about luck! That man Denslow has it in triple-plated chunks."

"How do you figure it out?"

"Why, his wife was born on Christmas, and Christmas is also the anniversary of their marriage. You see the rest of the year is pure velvet for him."—(Cleveland Leader.)

Might Have Been Worse.

"He has broken my heart!" wailed the beautiful girl."

"There, there; don't take on so," said her friend in tones of pity; "it might have been your bicycle."—(Judge.)

Terrible to Contemplate.

If Eve hadn't tempted Adam with that apple, what would the modern tailors, milliners, and dressmakers be doing for a living now?—(Somerville Journal.)

Necessarily Audible.

"What a loud dress Mrs Jaysmith has on."

"Yes; it is ornamented with accordion trimming."—(Judge.)

Not if They Can Help It, Anyway.

An exchange begins a Cuban editorial with the words: "Whenever the Spanish forces meet an equal number of Cubans." This is a wrong hypothesis. They never do it.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

WORKED ALMOST 40 YEARS SIDE BY SIDE.

Six Coppersmiths Who Have Been at the Same Shop for From 37 to 51 Years—Three of Them Served in the Civil War.



J. B. HATCH.
E. A. ANDREWS.

J. JUNGQUEST.
JOHN KELLY.

H. WAGNER.
P. McKEON.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

(The Indianapolis News.)
When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with
care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest
praise.

When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so
dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet in-
tent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear;
They may not meet you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

AN EASY SOLUTION.



Wife (to her husband, returning home early in the morning)—Every morning when the children are already up when you come home! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Husband (who has been celebrating)—You are right, my dear; you shouldn't have the children get up so early!—
(Fliegende Blätter.)

THAT'LL DO THE TRICK.



Hobbs—Will you fight me?
Dobbs—Well, I might kill you; and as you're married, and live unhappily at home, that's just what you would like. No, sir! I prefer to let your wife worry you.

Leaning Tower of Syracuse Defied a Tornado.

It Rocked in the Gale, But That Was
About All the Damage Done.

Latest Bicycle Motor is One to be Run
by Exploding Gunpowder.

The leaning tower of Pisa has a prototype in America. It is more than 200 feet high, and at the base is two-thirds that number of feet in circumference. At present it is 13 inches out of plumb, and during a heavy storm sways back and forth like a willow wand.

This remarkable structure is built according to a system invented by Sanford E. Loring, an architect of Syracuse, N.Y., where the tower is located. By his system heavy timbers are braced continuously and connected by iron shoulder plates, which take the place of the skeleton steel construction. The brick on the outside is merely a veneer, and not a supporting wall in any sense of the term. The tower is unprotected, and has to take the force of every gale that blows.



THE LEANING TOWER OF SYRACUSE.

It is just now the cause of a fierce strife in Syracuse, because the people declare that it is an imminent source of danger and liable to fall at any moment. Architect Loring, however, says that if it was 12 feet out of plumb, instead of 13 inches, it would still be as safe as a church, and that people might walk about under and around it all day and be in no more danger than in the Mammoth cave.

The Syracuse common council avers that the tower is a public menace, and the architect in reply holds that it is perfectly intact and safe, and that it will stand any strain that is likely to come in the future.

The circumstance that brought it into prominence in this role was a hurricane, or, as some call it, a tornado. In any

event, it was a tremendous wind, the fiercest and the fastest which even the oldest inhabitant of Syracuse ever heard of. Immense trees were torn up by the roots, the roofs of great buildings were twisted off and torn away, as if they had been of half-inch plank. Buildings in their entirety were lifted up and smashed into kindling wood, but though the big tower swayed from side to side as if understanding that it was made to bend and not to break, it did not fall.

On the top of this tall tower is a water tank, and this tank contained at the time of the storm its normal contents—10,000 gallons of water. When the storm was over and the sunlight shone again, hardly a gallon of water had been lost from the tank, so far as appearances indicated.

There are one or two breaches in the walls, and some of the window sashes are in a woefully dilapidated condition, but otherwise it seems to be in very good shape indeed.

The sole fact that saved the tower from demolition was the peculiarity of the structure, which is curiously arranged iron work. The brick wall that seems to form the structure, is, as stated, simply veneer, and the holes that the storm rent through it indicate forcibly what would have been the fate of the structure had the brick entered into its composition more largely.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

THE RAVING.

(Written in Lynn.)

Once upon a night most dreary
I had wandered, tired and weary,
O'er the muddy, muddy sidewalk
Of my native home, Glenmere,
And methought: "Could I unravel
Why our street is void of gravel.
How my name would live in history
And how some folks would feel queer!"

Wearily I walked and pondered,
Never dreaming I should know;
When on gazing o'er my doorway
There sat Edgar Allen's crow.
(Here I wish to make a statement,
Feeling that it is but just,
He was sitting o'er the doorway,
But he wasn't on a bust.)

And I cried: "O, stately raven,
From the dark plutonic night;
Can you tell me why our street is
Left in such a horrid plight?
Many times we've tried to fathom—
Tell me, please, it is my wish—
Who could make our street look decent?"

Quoth the Raven:
"Street Commish!"

Then I glared up at his crowship.
"Monster!" cried I, "do not jeer
At our trouble, for those people
Never think of coming here.
Long we've waited for the tip cart
And the King who rules the same,
Waiting still for their just pleasure."
Quoth the Raven:

"There you're lame!"

Then I cried: "O saintly Raven,
Tell me, if you are not craven,
Could we forge a Chain of Friendship,
Adding every year a link?
Would we, by such good behavior,
Get our street fixed as a favor?"
And the Raven shook his stately head
And murmured:

"I don't think!"

Then I cried out in my anguish:
"Must we still hope on and languish,
Eking out our sad existence
'Mid the pools on Goodridge street?
Or will some good dispensation,
'Midst the strife for elevation,
Make us happy, O, how happy!
By a few small loads of peat?"

And I wailed: "O, bird or devil,
Would you think our heads were level,
If we voted for that party
Needed by us long enough?

They would help the poor suburban
And get feathers in their turban—"
"People's Party," cried the Raven;
"Yes, I tell you they're the stuff!"

Lynn.

G. B.

SHORTAGE OF \$27,000

LOAFERS' WORK IS NEVER DONE.



"I'm awfully tired doing nothing, deah boy."

"Why?"

"Theah's so much of it to do."—(Truth.)

THE OLD GRIND.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Sometimes I look upon the rich
With envy in my breast,
And think how pleasant it would be
To just "saw off" and rest—
To smoke cigars and loaf around,
While others worked away—
With plenty "salted down," of course,
For the future rainy day.

O, what a joy 'twould be to tell
The man who bosses me
That I was tired of his style—
To brace up and be free!
And, in the lazy mornings, how
I'd like to lie abed,
And what a pleasure to get out
And be a thoroughbred!

Such thoughts I have sometimes, but when
I'm ill and have to stay
Indoors a day or two, ah, then
My envy fades away!
I think of all the boys at work,
And know no peace of mind
Until they let me out and I
Resume the good old grind!

Knew What He Deserved.

"You have been a good boy today, Billy," said mama, "and tomorrow I will buy you a new cap."

"Mama," said Billy, after a moment's serious thought, "I don't want a cap. I want one of those things that go round your head without touching it, like the angels wear."—(New York Times.)

Just Like the Rest of Us.

"Another objection to the Congressional Record as a first-class newspaper," observes the Chicago Tribune, "is that it has no woman's page." It is quite evident that the esteemed Tribune has been skipping the speeches of Hon George Frisbie Hoar as they appear in the Record.—(New York Journal.)

Has Mr Dana Forgotten Mr Depew?

The time may come when the British will grow peaches without nailing the trees to the south sides of brick walls.—(Standard-Union.)

Yes, and perhaps the very best peaches in the world are those that are now grown under the glass roofs of British hothouses.—(New York Sun.)

That is, She Ought To.

A farmer of Central Branch, Kan, estimates that one hen is equal to an acre of land, because an acre of land in a year produces 20 bushels of corn, worth \$2, while the hen, which costs less to take care of, lays 10 dozen eggs, worth \$1.50.—(New York Tribune.)

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.



Josephine Adelaide McPherson—Your parents suttently should have known better'n to have had you waxinated on the arm. Whatcher goin' ter do when you goes into sassietiy, and has to wear evening dress?

No Pie.

Perambulating Pete—Did you get a meal up at that farmhouse? Reddy Roodster—Naw: nuthin' but bread an' butter, an' meat, an' butter-milk.—(Philadelphia North American.)

MARY ANN'S VACATION TIME.

While iv'ry wan but "Mary Ann" is takin' life so cosy now, Bedad, they shirr no shterp for her to lie off an' be lazy now!

Fresh as a rose, the Missus goes In gowns I'm long a-gittin' up; To "ducks" I do for Mastrher, too. There is, indade, no lettin' up.

All so is av shport they daily court, Forgettin' me a-mollin' here; T' r fishin's fun—for them—but none e'er fish an' me a-broolin' here.

Folks takes their aise jist as they please: As long as dainty meals go round, They ate and drinkin' an' never think Who 'tis that makes the wheels go round.

But, troth, I'm tired! For, tho' I'm hired As "help," somehow they shoullder all The load on me. Than shtonce I see— Their hearts they do be couldher all.

An' shtill I rub an' scour an' scrub An' cook an' iron all summer long; Ta them who wait—the thought is swate— All things, in time, will come along.

Ach year some git vacation. Yit I doubt if I find any an' Ungrudged good rest till wid the blest 'Tis loafin' time for "Mary Ann!"— Mary Norton Bradford.

MORNING GOSSIP.

When ye sorter git discouraged 'cause the weather's grown so hot, When the perspiration's droppin' an' the mercury is not, When the sun jes' keeps a grinnin' while he tortures you on high, There comes a dream of comfort ter console ye while ye sigh. Fer it's cheerin' ter remember That we're boun' ter have November, Ef we can't enjoy the present, we kin wait fur by-an'-by.

We're a-waitin' fur November with the frost an' scarlet leaves; When the cider's gittin' sharper an' they've gatherel in the sheaves; When the air is crisp an' bracin' an' the mountains far away Seems ter smile an invitation fer ter jes' cut loose an' stray. When the breeze is kind o' meller, Tempered just ter suit a feller— Them's the thoughts that chirks ye up some, even on an August day. —Washington Star.

A CONNOISSEUR.

(Stella Weller-Taylor in Indianapolis Journal.) There's a sparkle to the fire like the shine in Betty's eyes—

The little flames are dancing just that way, The winds a-sweep without are mocking echoes to my sighs;

(Heigho! but little Love will have his day!) There's a subtle, haunting perfume from the violets on her breast

That's blent with steamy incense from the tea;

The company has scattered until I'm her only guest.

(I find three cups are not enough for me!)

This afternoon some woman talked on Art with a big A—

All Betty's friends declared it "such a treat!" And Betty's pouting at me now because I stole away

And yawned it out, within a safe retreat.

"You've a groveling, sordid soul," she says, "and all you care about

Are stock reports—and smoking, and baseball—And (smiling) tea, perhaps! Life's finer things you do without.

I warn you—I'm disgusted at it all!

"Think what you might have learned today from Mrs D'Aubrey-Green!

Her vogue is quite terrific in the east; Her criticisms are so fresh—her comments crisp and keen—

But you!—You didn't mind them in the least! If you men only knew what charm it lends you—what an alr—

To talk, with ease, of Art and all its rules—Of atmosphere—perspectives—cults—to cleverly compare

The merits of the French and German schools;

"Tell an Aubrey Beardsley poster from a girl by Albert Moore—

Or a Millet peasant from a Burne-Jones saint! Such ignorance, if I were you, I really should deplore.

Aren't you ashamed?" I laugh. "No, dear, I ain't!

I know a picture, Betty, when I see one," I go on,

"I'm conscious of a glimmer in the gloom—My Egypt denseness, I believe, 's about to have a dawn.

Just see me choose the finest in the room!"

"Yes, do!" she says; "your taste will be diverting. Let me see—

That dear Rosetil won't be it at all."

"O, no," I answer bravely, setting down my cup of tea.

"You needn't look—it isn't on the wall.

There never was a picture that was even half so fair!"

(A pause—her face aglow with sweet surprise—)

"It's just a little woman with the firelight on her hair,

And a charming challenge shining in her eyes."

"Quite too original—your taste!" she laughs yet with a touch

Of tenderness. Then, lifting her bright head—

"If you really like the picture, though, so very, very much—

Perhaps—papa will—give it to you, Fred!"

THINGS PEOPLE SAY.



"Parting would be such pain."

AN EXCHANGE FIEND.

(Frank S. Pixley in Chicago Times-Herald.) Excuse me, Mr. Editor, I just dropped in to say that if you've any papers you are goin' to throw away I'd feel most mighty gratified if somehow I could get A fairly recent copy of the old Wayback Gazette.

Of course, it ain't a daily, but still it seems to me paper printed once a week is just the right idea. I always find within it all the news I really need, While city papers dish up stuff that no one wants to read.

I've been here now a fortnight with my daughter Mandy's folks; Hain't seen a thing worth readin' but a lot of chestnut jokes. I hope it ain't presummin', sir, too much for me to say, don't see how you manage so to let news get away.

I've read your paper reg'lar, but it makes me fairly foam When I never find a cussed word about the folks at home. hope that you'll excuse me if I emphasize my views— But you show most blamed poor judgment in selectin' of your news.

Who cares about the Sultan of New Jersey, anyway?

I want to know how Wayback went for mayor t'other day.

Who cares for Venezuela, or for Cuba or for Spain?

Who cares how many turkeys Abdul Hamid's folks have slain?

We all know that McKinley was elected president.

But what I want to know now is how Wayback township went.

Who cares a continental how they build the cabinet?

Has Biffkins sold his grocery? Is huskin' ended yet?

I've read your special telegrams from every foreign spot.

But they don't tell whether Jenkins is a justice now or not.

Why couldn't you just spare a line or two some time to say

How Bill Jones ran for office? Did the office get away?

And why not take sufficient space to add upon the side,

That old man Wilkins' brindle cow got well at last, or died?

Confound your foreign fixin's! Give me the news, you bet!

And the only paper that prints it is the old Wayback Gazette.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

(Washington Star.)

It's curious, whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;

How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins ter brew,

An' take the sting from whut commenced ter rankle when 'twus spoke;

By keepin' still an' treatin' it ez if it wuz a joke.

Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,

An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years

By jes laughin'.

Folks sometimes falls ter note the possibilities that lie

In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye;

It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye thinks lies hid:

It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did.

An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,

An' like ez not, a kingdom hez been rescued from decay

By jes laughin'.

NANTUCKET'S NOISY JEHUS.

They Believe the Island from an Otherwise Quiet Atmosphere.

Those of Smallest Stature Have the Roughest Voices—Squeaky Tenor Voices Out of Tune—Attractions at the Captains' Club—Business at the Hotels and Latest Arrivals.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

NANTUCKET, July 16, 1897. Perhaps the first thing of interest to the stranger who reaches these island shores—that is, if he comes by passenger steamer—is the peculiar condition of affairs at the business end of the wharf. The hotel runners and carriage drivers are particularly referred to. These men deserve the distinction of being placed in a class by themselves. They are peculiar to the island, and no doubt they are objects of interest to nine-tenths of the travelling public.

Almost every writer who touches on Nantucket, no matter if he be conversant with affairs of the town, or be a man or woman who never had much to do with the place, calls Nantucket "quiet" and "quaint." There is little doubt that the town, so far as the people are concerned, is quiet, but at the steamboat wharf things are different. Did you ever chance to pass a frog pond when the green-backed choristers were getting into vocal trim? Well, that is about the way things sound in town when one approaches the wharf from a distance; that is, if a steamboat has just arrived. To a weak-nerved person, or one who has just concluded a long and tiresome journey this yelling and confusion is something startling.

Perhaps the jehus and hotel runners don't know what a discordant racket they make. At any rate it will prove a hard job to stop the time-honored custom, no matter how many complaints are sent the steamboat company, upon whose premises the noisy petitioners for public patronage have their vantage point.

The other day the writer landed in Nantucket in company with a full complement of passengers as companions. The gang-plank was crossed, and not a word or sound broke the serenity of our footfalls on Nantucket. In an instant, however, an outlandish shout went up, and all of us recoiled as if a mob or savage Patagonians had assailed us.

The shock was entirely unexpected to those who knew nothing of the coming pent-up howl. Others had stuffed cotton in their ears, and with bent bodies and closed eyes made a rush for a foothold on a bit of ground, where the racket would lose its force.

If these noisy men were only Nantucketers they might be forgiven their garrulous exuberance. One associates natives of the island with men who have been shouting orders to sailors against the fury of a gale for many years. Their voices, according to custom, one supposes, must have become strong and brazen through constant use. Such is the fact with the genuine sailor, who makes his home in Nantucket. But these carriage drivers and hotel runners are not sailors, and have no claim to that honorable calling. Many of them drift in with the spring, seek a job, get it, and leave in the fall. One should not associate them with the true Yankee of Nantucket, because the error may have a very bad effect upon one's tarry on the island.

Just look at these loud-mouthed men. There are those who are small in stature; others are large. The little men have great, rough voices that would flutter the scales of a bluefish a mile away in the deep water. The big men,

those with tobacco juice in the corners of their mouths, are tenors of the squeakiest kind. Their shrill voices pierce and set the nerves on edge. Well, when these two classes of men get to work, with perhaps 50 others for filling, the effect is something like a disturbance of the peace. It is clearly out of order, and not needful. The men shout and crowd, push and beg, till one shuts his eyes and seeks safety from bodily injury in flight. The writer, in conversation with a member of the board of selectmen, relative to this nuisance, was informed that the town licenses the carriage drivers. This selectman said that the custom was an old one, and it would be difficult to put a stop to it. At any rate, the board will shortly receive some pretty heavy complaints, with requests that the authorities cause the hangers-on at the steamboat to cease their yawp and do business in a decent way.

The Captains' Club is again in commission, and the well-kept room, with its sanded floor, is just as much of an attraction as in years gone by. This room is in a building which was erected on speculation by a number of men who style themselves the "Captains' Club." So wisely has the investment been managed that it pays a pretty dividend. When you visit the room, which is in the brick building on Main street occupied by the government as a telegraph office, weather bureau and office for the collector of the port, you should make note of the pictures that hang so thickly on the walls. You will find that at least a half-dozen styles of art are included in the collection, which deals, almost entirely, with the whale fishery. A picture of an old-fashioned ship, with a bow that looks like a modern piazza with porte cochere, is put on paper with water colors. This snip is the famous Boston, which went out of commission before the majority of us were born. Every detail of sail and rigging is admirably executed, and the captain's stovepipe hat is shown with marvellous distinctness.

There is a photograph of Thomas B. Reed, and next to it is a sort of Daniel-in-the-lion's-den representation of how the old Nantucket whalers killed sperm whales. This picture was made perhaps a century ago. The boat steerer is dressed in one of those red, yellow and blue plaid shirts such as dudes are wearing today, while the oarsmen are got up in yellow, blue and green costumes.

The whale is a black creation with a forehead that would serve pretty well for the side elevation of a brick block. His tail sweeps the air with the grace of a gull's wing. The whaleboat is a small affair, like a Charles river paddling canoe and the whaler's ship is as trim as a yacht, only her model isn't just right for the speed of a mile in 1:32. Then there is another gaudy picture of a whale that has been lanced. If it wasn't for the waves and other marine attributes one might readily imagine he was looking at the representation of a fireman's muster. But these old pictures should not be ridiculed. They are no doubt faithful, or the Captain's Club would not have them on view. Another picture shows a fleet of vessels in the Arctic ocean, where nearly all out of a fleet of 41 ships were crushed in the ice. Some of the ships are lifted completely above the surface of the ice-field. The picture is very interesting.

There is an old book which gives the dates of sailing of vessels from the port on whaling voyages. The first record begins in 1815. The book shows that there were more losses to shipping through wars of 1775 and 1812 than from any other cause. In fact, the war of 1812 nearly paralyzed the industry, because so many whalers, when almost home, with valuable cargoes, were taken as prizes.

The hotels thus far are not doing such a heavy business as in former years in this month. In 1890 the receipts of the telegraph office during July were more than \$1000; this year the receipts for July will not reach \$300.

During Wednesday the wind reached a velocity of 35 miles an hour, and 2½ inches of rain fell.

UNUSUAL.



Mr Tiedup—You took this picture of my wife by the instantaneous process, I presume?

Artist—Yes, sir; how did you know?
Mr T.—Her mouth is closed.—(Up to Date.)

SARAH ELLEN.

(Anson Evans in Louisville Courier Journal.)
The languid air is laden with the odor of the roses,

The burly bees are busy in the tassels of the corn,

And down the pasture pathway, where the placid pool reposes,

A man and maid are wooing in the musk of early morn.

The dewdrops flash their diamonds on the fingers of the clover,

A haze of floating amber hangs upon the distant hill,

While from a little window, where wild gourd vines clamber over,

A voice of pent-up anger is calling with a will:

"Sarah Ellen! O, Sarah Ellen!
De hogs am in de gyarden!"

What's dat no 'count niggah, I'd lak to know?"

A double row of hollyhocks aligns to form an alley,

Down-dipping from the door steps to the dust-disheveled road;

Below the hay-sweet meadow patch spreads widening down the valley,

And on its sward the harvesters are winnowing up a load.

For half an hour beside the bars the cows have been neglected,

The pall is hanging upside down upon the picket fence,

The voice calling from the hut is sadly disrespected,

And yet the tones are growing louder, longer, more intense:

"Sarah Ellen! O, Sarah Ellen!
De hogs am in de gyarden!"

What's dat no 'count niggah, I'd lak to know?"

Higher up the saffron sky the sun is slowly steaming,

The thrush trills gayly from a tree far down upon the creek;

The honeysuckle avenues with insect life are teeming,

And from the cups the humming birds their morning nectar seek.

Far down the sun-besprinkled road beyond the greening pasture

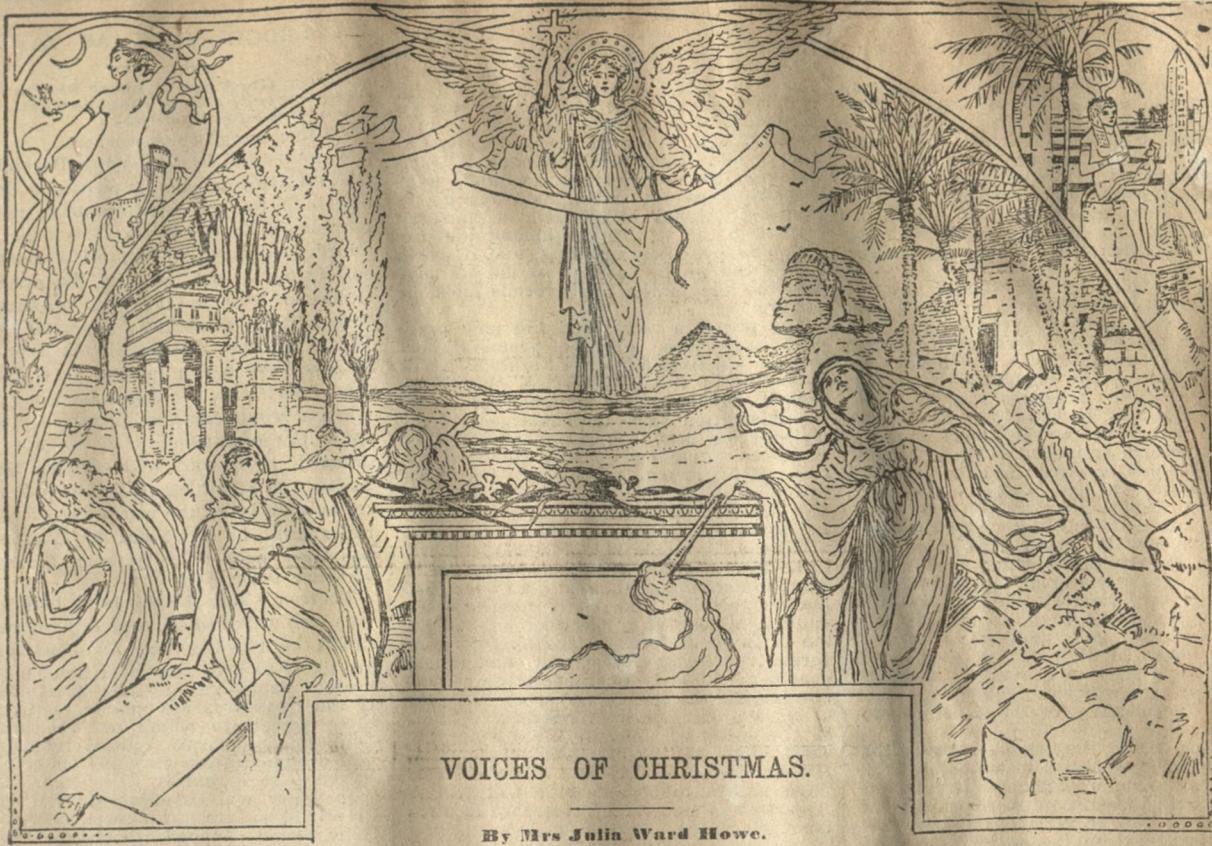
Astride a bag of corn the boy is riding toward the mill,

And still the lovers bill and coo, unmindful of disaster,

And still the voice is calling with an energetic will:

"Sarah Ellen! O, Sarah Ellen!
De hogs am in de gyarden!"

What's dat no 'count niggah, I'd lak to know?"



VOICES OF CHRISTMAS.

By Mrs. Julian Ward Howe.

THE MANY.

Th' o'er-mastered voice of nature speaks,
Th' o'er-burthened Earth her ransom seeks,
Low cringing at the Despot's stool,
Mankind aspires to higher rule.
The multitudes with bitter cry
Lift their despairing hands on high,
Praying for succor from afar—
The token of an answering star.

"Sure, on the gloom in which we dwell
In ages past, some luster fell.
Some agency without a name
Touched our rude sense with quickening
flame,
Some voice divine, some promise fair
Moved us to worship and to prayer.
But now our oracles are still,
Our altars desolate and chill;
Oh! could that better light return—
That beacon-fire before us burn!
Could some bright message from the sky
The power reveal that rules on high!"

THE THREE.

From Orient's spicy groves we come;
Beyond the desert lies our home,
Where, grand with jewels and with gold,
Our haughty kings their scepters hold.

We journey far, and not of choice,
In answer to a warning voice;
"Forsake the purple gates of morn,
Westward the world's true King is born."
Him should our thoughts more fitly deem
Cradled in groves of Academe,
Or where the circling chariots speed

And bards rehearse the victor's meed;
Or nursed at Egypt's awful shrine
Where wells the wondrous flood divine
But 'mid the stars our guiding light
Hither doth lead—by day and night;
We follow with unweary feet,
The portent of the fates to greet.

STROPHE FIRST.

Give us comfort, Aphrodite, thou art fair,
Lo! the sunbeams light the meshes of thy
hair;
And thy car is drawn by doves
To the light of human loves,
While thy perfumes float, like incense, on the
air.

ANTI-STROPHE FIRST.

Day—the joys I bring are ravishing, but brief,
And my servants shun the lonely house of
grief.
All my songs are tuned to pleasure,
To the dancing Lydian measure—
Not to me is born the soul-commanding chief.

STROPHE SECOND.

Mother Isis, with the lotus blossom crowned,
Shall Earth's rescue in thy child beloved be
found?
Wilt thou loose him from thy arms,
With his amulets and charms,
That the song of our redemption may re-
sound?

ANTI-STROPHE SECOND.

Ye unhappy ones, no succor seek from me,
I am pledged to Death's unfruitful majesty.
Ever, in sepulchral state,
Must I mourn my vanished mate,
And my son alone may keep me company.

THE ONE.

Then uprose the tender wailing of a child
Which a maiden-mother, merciful and mild,
With sudden joy caressed,
Shielded soft upon her breast,
Unto Israel's God devoted, undefiled.

"What of thee, O mother, born in lowliness?
Are those veins of thine enriched with royal
blood?
Shall this tiny infant hand
Give the law to every land?
Hast thou brought to light the everlasting
good?"

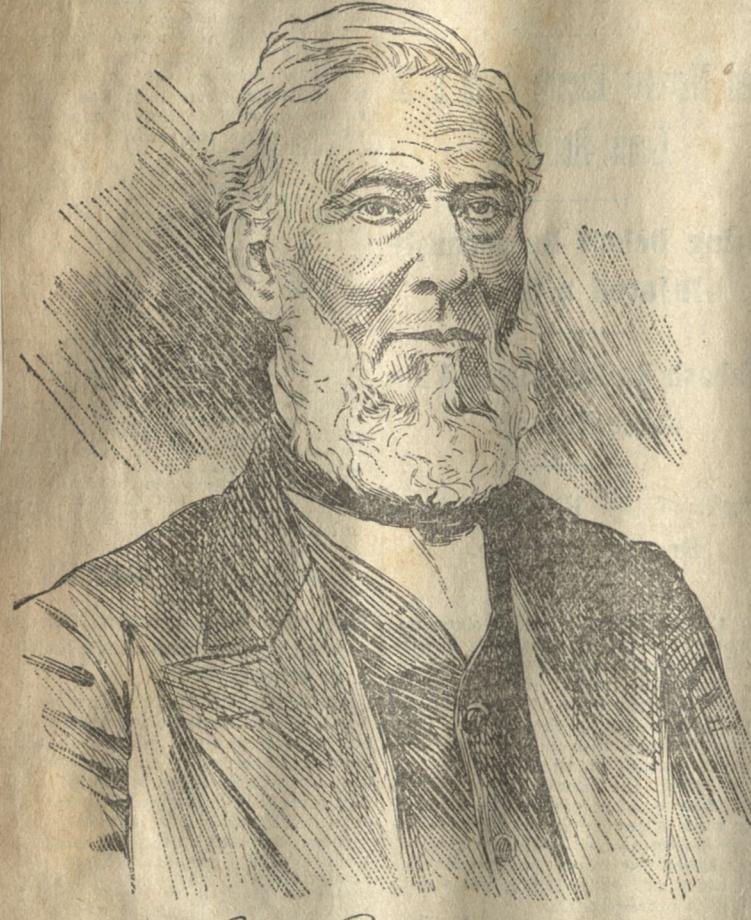
As they listen, lo! a wondrous prophecy
Of the glorious deliverance yet to be
With the infant's tones did blend;
And their seeking was at end—
They had found the monarch they were fain
to see.

"Whoso struggles for his life 'mid grief and
wrong,
Let him come to me, with all who labor long;
In my heart their woes have place
And my love shall give them grace—
I will comfort them with saying and with
song.

"I will bargain their redemption with my
blood,
Heirs of Heav'n are we in holy brotherhood.
To the ages I bequeath
Bot the measure of the breath
That God breathed on me, renewing and re-
newed."

OLD-TIME DEMOCRAT.

Celebration of 89th Birthday of Maj Sylvanus
B. Phinney of Cape Cod.



S. B. Phinney

BLIND LOVE.



Daughter—Papa, did you know mama long before you married her?
Papa—No, I didn't know her until long after we were married.—(Up to Date.)

A HAPLESS HE.

Most boys and girls will jump with joy
To see the snow come down
And spread its blanket white o'er both
The country and the town.

It sets their eyes a-dancing and
Their ev'ry pulse it thrills
To think what coasting there will be
On big and little hills.

Boys get their double runners out,
And cut a swath that's wide
In hearts of pretty Little maids
Who're dying for a ride.

A heaven for them lies on the crest
Of ev'ry shining slope
When earth is folded safe within
Its snowy envelope.

No thought of danger them deters,
No fear of broken heads,
Who now display their new or drag
Out their old last year's sleds.

But O, it's hard upon the wight
Who might as well be dead
For all the good the snow does when
He hasn't any sled!

M. N. B.

WHEN YOU WILL THINK OF DAD.

When you are far away, my boy, way up among
the hills,
Adrinkin' in the odor that the forest grand
distills,
Of course, you will not think of me atollin'
here in town,
An' wonderin' how I best can keep our big ex-
penses down.

When you are climbin' up the mount, or sailin'
on the lake,
To write ol' Dad a line or two the time you
will not take,
When you are dancin' in the hall with ladies
young and fair,
To think of Dad, down here in town, of course
you will not care.

When you are startin' for a ride behind a four-
in-hand,
An' everything that you desire Dame Fortune
well has planned,
I know you will not think of me, but I will bet
my neck
That you will think of your ol' Dad when next
you want a check.

Lynn.

Thomas F. Porter.

Watermelancholy Tale.

"Yes," said the Nebraska man, "we had plenty water here, till we took to raisin' watermelons."

"Aw, really?" responded the tourist.
"Fact. They growed so fast and so big
that they jest natelerly took all the
water out of the air and the ground.
And then, like a lot of dern fools, we
shipped 'em out of the country. And
they ain't been no water to speak of
here sense."

"Aw!"—(Indianapolis Journal).

Good Times for the Dressmakers.

Baldwin—Times getting better? Well,
they may be for some folks; but I can't
see it that way.

Dalton—Why?

Baldwin—I was fool enough to go and
get engaged to be married to three girls
this fall, and they're all getting their
wedding clothes made now.—(Cleveland
Leader.)

How About Last Winter's Coal.

"People don't seem to worry about
keeping the wolf from the door in the
summer."

"No; it is all they can do then to hold
off the ice man."—(Chicago Record.)

No Dust on Them.

She—Now—listen here—the average
woman has a vocabulary of only 8000
words!

He—Yes; but remember—she uses them
all every day.—(Detroit Free Press.)

THE WEATHER PROPHET'S WOES.

(H. S. Barnes in New York Sun.)

I promised them a rainstorm
And it never rained a jot;
Then prophesied a hailstorm
And the sun was piping hot.

I told them snow was coming
And the sky was summer blue;
Then I wrote of frosts and blizzards
And both of them fell through.

I promised April showers
And December came instead;
Then I said it would be cloudy
And the sky was clear and red.

So now I take of guesses
An armful, hit or miss;
A little bit of that, and
A little bit of this.

I shake them in a bottle,
Promise wind, and snow and rain,
Fogs, and clouds and clearing weather
In a manner brief and plain.

In this way I'm sure to hit 'em,
Whiche'er way the wind may blow,
And next day I calmly tell 'em,
"Certainly! I told you so."

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

Indian Bride of 115 and Her Bridegroom of 98.

Ohio Farmer Digging Up a Whole Farm to Find a Spirit's Gold.

Porpoises Upset an Oregon Man's Boat to Get at Its Cargo of Pork.

It is said that Cupid knows no season, and that love is blind. Let it be added that Hymen is indifferent as to the age of those who stand within the glow of his torch.



MARIA, AGED 115, AND HER BRIDE-GROOM OF 98.

On Sunday of last week at the mission of San Fernando, one of the century old institutions of the Spanish priests who discovered the golden state, the remarkable wedding of a bride of 115 was solemnized. The church is within an easy ride, eule back, of Los Angeles, and hand-some young Fr. Laebla goes out there every Sunday to intone a mass, and to minister the sacraments of marriage and baptism, or to perform the last rites over the remains of some simple member of the faithful flock who has gone to his reward.

The bride is known as "Old Maria." She has an Indian name, perhaps, but for many years she has been simply "Old Maria."

She is part of the history of the mission. When it was built, 100 years ago, she was an Indian girl 15 years old. With her strong young hands she helped to make the great adobe bricks, and carried to their places many that are set in the walls that look down today upon a wedding which quite possibly may be her last.

It is by no manner of means the first time that Maria has been led to the altar,

even during the memory of man. Fr. Laebla cannot and Marie herself will not tell you of her earlier experiences. But of late years it has become a sort of custom of the community, expected if not exacted, for Maria to marry the oldest single male inhabitant.

The bridegroom, according to a correspondent present at the ceremony, was a shy young thing in the latter 90s. He arrived at the door of the chapel where his bride and the priest awaited him after all the congregation was assembled. He was coaxed forward with some difficulty, but, once inside, his reverence for the place carried him safely through the service.

When it was over the priest, who doubtless wished to entertain the young people of his charge, instructed the new

made husband to kiss his wife. He was reluctant, but the father insisted, and the old man finally attended to the matter quite with the air of finding it a most severe and unusual penance which the good and wise priest had seen fit to inflict upon him.—(New York World.)

HUNTING FOR A TREASURE BOX.

AH THERE YOU DUDE.

Last week I met a lady;
She cut quite a dash,
And as I gazed into her eyes
I thought I'd made a smash.
She smiled on me so sweetly,
The hours glided by;
I'll ne'er forget the day I met
That charmer on the sly.

CHORUS.

Ah there, you beauty!
Ah there, you dude,
Ah there, now stay there
Ah pray don't intrude
Ah there, you beauty,
Ah there, you dude,
Ah there, now stay there,
How do you do.

I begged to see her safe at home;
She granted my request,
And as we walked along the street,
I tried to do my best.
She seemed so absent-minded,
I asked the reason why;
She said "Young man, I really think
That you are far too fly."

I called next day to see her,
She acted rather queer;
I tried to hug and kiss the girl—
The mother was always near,
She marched me to the front door,
Her movements they were fleet,
I felt a queer sensation when
She threw me in the street.

TWO INKY WAYS.

(E. G. Townsend in New York Sun.)
There was a man who advertised
But once—a single time.
In spot obscure placed he his ad
And paid for it a dime.

And just because it didn't bring
Him customers by score,
"All advertising is a fake"
He said, or rather, swore.

He seemed to think one hammer tap
Would drive a nail clear in;
That from a bit of tiny thread
A weaver tents could spin.

If he this reasoning bright applied
To eating, doubtless he
Would claim one little bite would feed
Ten men a century.

Some day, though, he will learn that to
Make advertising pay
He'll have to add ads to his ad,
And advertise each day.

Lawyer Sues Ex-Pal.

THE LITTLE RED STAMP.

(Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
I'm the Little red stamp with George Washington's picture;

I have the right of way;
And the mail train thunders from under the stars

And rattles into the day.
Now clear the way for your Uncle Sam's mail;

Ye freight trains stand aside!
Spur your iron-lunged horse to his fullest speed

For the little red stamp would ride.
So vomit your flame on the startled night

And your smoke in the face of the day;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture

Must have the right of way.

The engine plows, when I start on my ride,
Through the drifted banks of snow;
But we hasten to climes where the rivers melt
And climes where the roses blow.

First the pines of Maine, then the Kansas plain,
Then whiffs from the western bay,
Till I drop in the hands that have reached for

me

A thousand leagues away.
Pull open the throttle and loose every brake,
And dash through the night and the day;
For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture

Must have the right of way.

I'm the little red stamp with George Washington's picture,
And I go wherever I may,
To any spot in George Washington's land;

And I go by the shortest way.
And the guns of wrath would clear my path,
A thousand guns at need,

Of the hands that should dare to block my course
Or slacken my onward speed.

Stand back! Hands off of Uncle Sam's mail!
Stand back there! Back! I say!

For the little red stamp with George Washington's picture

Must have the right of way.

COMFORTING.



Stranger (soothingly) — Good doggy-nice doggy! I say, friend, call him off, will you?

Owner (calmly) — Can't do it. He's deaf as a post. Wait till he gets hold of you, then turn round, and I'll try to ketch his eye. He minds by sight!

Usually This Jest Requires Cigars.

"You can't get something for nothing," remarked the man who gives advice.

"My wife thinks she can," said Mr. Meekton, with unusual cynicism, "and of course I don't say she isn't right when she says she achieved it."

"When did she make the experiment?"

"Yesterday. She bought me a necktie,"—(Washington Star.)

Ordinary Folks and Lawyers.

Teacher — How many divisions of mankind are there?

Bobby — My paw says it is divided into the people who earn a living without getting it, and those who get a living without earning it.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

LITTLE LOSS TO THE WORLD.



"I scarce can speak, my choler is so great."—(Shakespeare.)

BROWN'S RED BARN.

Us folks of Punkin Village have had a monstrous loss—
'Twas not a fine-bred Jersey cow, nor any racin' hoss;
For pesky trifles such as them we wouldn't care a darn,
But we one and all regret the loss of Brown's red barn.

Of good ole Punkin Village 'twas the center and the pride;
'Twas admired for twenty miles aroun' about the country side;
Ole Deacon Tompkins' windmill is a smashing big consarn,
But it 'tracted no sich 'tention as did Brown's red barn.

It stood atop of Winnow Hill, where neighbor Brown resides,
And letterin' of varus kinds was writ on roof and sides;—
For instance, mottoes such as these, "Try Baxter's Pep'mint gun."
"Please call at Holt's in Centerville for fine New England Rum."

Before that barn was built a train would give jest one short toot,
But sence 'twas built each passin' train has gin a grand salute;
It made the town look city like—its signs and walls of red
Were jest in city style—at least, so city folks have said.

Les' night 'twas burnt to ashes, and I tell ye 'twas a sight;—
In town and fields aroun' about 'twas more like day than night;
The Punkin Village Fire Brigade were there and did their best—
They saved the houses and the cows, but couldn't save the rest.

The second-handed injine it broke down within an hour,
And arter that to quench the flames was not in human pow';
The hungry flames 're mornin' gobbled up the hull consarn,
And today there's naught but ashes left of Brown's red barn.
Newport, R.I. Henry P. Sullivan.

Is Her Hair Still Golden?

An Atchison woman is allowed so little money since her marriage that even her laugh is no longer silvery.—(Atchison Globe.)

Watch Him at His Wedding.

Don't judge a man's avery in the daytime, when there are no ghosts or mad women around.—(Atchison Globe.)

When a Woman Slips She Tumbles.

When a man slips, he always stops and looks at the place where he slipped.—(Atchison Globe.)

Perhaps Because They Have.

Why don't the women try the faith cure on bad husbands?—(Atchison Globe.)



SENATOR MASON'S CHILDREN WHEN HE WENT TO CONGRESS.

THE PASSING OF THE PETTICOAT.

The petticoat is passing!
Loose grows its old-time tether,
While woman's getting ready
To drop it altogether.

The petticoat is passing!
When kept, the crafty kickers
'Gainst custom merely use it
To cover naughty knickers.

The little feet—that erstwhile
Stole in and out its shelter
So shyly—up fame's ladder
Now skurry helter-skelter.

Voluminous its flounces,
Yet each, meseems, but utters
A "vale!" as its laces
Give little farewell flutters.

Old-fashioned folk are startled
By truths that seem the oddest;
They're told, as woman stands now,
The petticoat's immodest.

Tall towers the tree of knowledge;
And since each she must shin it,
Propriety decrees that
The petticoat's not "in it!"

M. N. B.

A STRONG MAN'S WEAKNESS.

For God's sake, don't say nuthin' now, boys!
I kain't bear nuthin' more—not jes now—
I've been hit, 'n' hit hard, but I'm somehow
Er standin' et, tho' I allow
I'm jes dazed—not all here. I ain't kickin',
Not er hit—I'm er gittin' resigned;
But, fer God's sake, don't speak, don't say
nuthin',
Leastways, don't say nuthin' that's kind!

I know what ye'd say ef I'd let ye;
But, boys, I kain't stand et, that's all.
Ef what's keepin' yer strong men's lips twitchin'
Wuz told, I should break down 'n' bawl
Like er baby. Don't put what's er moistnin'
Yer eyes inter words! I don't mind
If ya talk common talk; but, fer God's saks,
Now, boys, don't say nuthin' that's kind!

With th' sun 'n' the moon 'n' the stars all
Blotted out on er sudden—all black
Whar 'twas blue sky 'n' glory—et's dasin'—
She's gone 'n' she ain't comin' back!
Bimeby I'll be gittin' my bearin's;
But jes' now I'm er goin' et blind,
'N' I'll break down 'n' go all ter pieces
At er touch or er word that is kind!

Mary Norton Bradford.

SUNSHINE.

(Capt Jack Crawford.)
If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world.

Go up and slap him on the back, and holler
"how d'you do,"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.

Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'im, and laugh
his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just a-

fore the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain.

And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.

So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat
at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide
with yours;

But always keep rememberin' when cares your path ensnroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

REALLY UNPLEASANT.



Miss Oldfriend—I declare I begin to feel that I'm growing old. It's really unpleasant!

Mr. B. Sharpe—Yes, dear; it must be especially so for one who has been young so long!
(And he wondered why she was offended.)

A BAD CASE.



Young Lady—I have seen the doctor calling at your house frequently, Tom my. I hope no one is seriously ill.

Small Boy—Johnny is.

Young Lady—Indeed! What is the matter?

Small Boy—He refereed our football match last Saturday.

Unless a New Bonnet Passes Them.
The women will wear such high collars this winter that they will have to take their waists off to turn their heads around.—(Atchison Globe.)

Especially if They are Married.
No two people ever see anything alike.—(Atchison Globe.)

A BATTLE FIELD.

'Twas an awful scene of conflict,
An appalling field of fight,
Where the combatants were battling
Without ceasing, day and night.

Now and then recruits were added,
Fresh and fiercer elements,
To the lists, where some disabled
Veteran was carried thence.

On their wild barbaric warfare,
Sure, the sun astoried shone;
And no language could quite picture
How they struck the lookers-on.

There the rampant reds ran riot;
There the royal purple flew
In the face of green and orange
And the allied gray and blue.

And this awful scene of conflict,
Whose mad horrors e'en now loom
Up in mem'ry like a nightmare,
Was a tasteless woman's room,
Where the chairs were always clashing
With the cushions, and the lace
Tried to smother the loud curtains
That were fighting face to face;

Where the walls fought with the pictures,
And the pictures with their frames,
While the carpet, for a medal
As a monster, set up claims.

'Mid this cruel war the woman
Who had caused it made it more
Dreadful still with the atrocious
Crimson negligee she wore.

'Mid the chaos she created
She reclined, in rapture lost;
'Twas all perfect, and the proof lay
In the price the whole thing cost!

M. N. B.

And Does She Have to Advertise?
A dainty, graceful, pretty, sweet,
plump, affectionate, shapely miss de-
sires acquaintance gentleman of means;
object, matrimony. Dainty, 180 Herald,
—(New York Herald "Personal.")

That Wasn't Nice at All.
The weather at Nice yesterday was
showery.—(New York Herald.)

THAT OTHER PRAYER.

(Ella Higginson in Ladies' Home Companion.)
Sometimes I kneel when twilight falls,
And try to ask the Lord
To lean one moment from above
And hear my trembling word;
But scarcely have I knelt, when quick
Springs that old aching care,
And with a tremble on my lips,
I pray that other prayer.

With that old choke within my throat,
Those old, hot, useless tears,
With which I used to kneel and say
That prayer in other years;
With the same beating of my heart,
Bowed by the same fierce care,
And the old tremble on my lips,
I pray that other prayer.

It was not answered—nay; and I
Now would not have it so,
And that is why God heard it not,
And it was best, yet, O!
So often in that sky-lit room
With walls so cold and bare,
With that poor tremble on my lips,
I prayed that other prayer!

And so, tho' it was answered not,
And old desire is dead,
I cannot kneel these happier nights
Beside this other bed;
But the quick choke comes to my throat,
Vibrant to that old care,
And ere I know, with trembling lips,
I've prayed that other prayer!

A FOOL'S CONFESSION.

(Cleveland Leader.)

I tossed about through all the night,
And tried to sleep, in vain;
A thousand dreadful thoughts came up
To clog my weary brain.

I thought of wicked things that I
Had done in former days;
My conscience rose to taunt me in
A thousand fearsome ways.

And why, you ask, was I harassed?
What sin was in my breast?
What fearful crime stood at my door
To rob me of my rest?

Ah, righteous virtue claimed my soul,
No wrong had entered in—
Unless to eat a hearty meal
And go to bed's a sin.

It Will be Ancestral for Posterity.
Miss Parvenue (visiting in Boston)—
We belong to a very honorable family.
Miss Beaconsfield—Indeed?
Miss Parvenue—Yes, papa built an
ancestral mansion last summer at a cost
of \$250,000.—(Cleveland Leader.)

Even One Pair Beats Three of a Kind.
"Well, Mr. Benedict," said the physi-
cian, "you scarcely expected triplets to
begin with."

"No, I didn't," replied the discon-
solate man; "I prefer my family on the
instalment plan."—(Life.)

Perhaps It Was a Gain.
Arabella—Did you lose much on elec-
tion?

New woman—Only a trifle. Clarence
promised to marry me if it had gone the
other way.—(Buffalo Times.)

Maybe She Wouldn't, if She Knew.
We wish we knew a school teacher
who would not look at us in scorn if
we asked her if frost rises or falls.—(At-
chison Globe.)

THE OLD MAID'S HALLOWE'EN.

(Margherita Arlina Hamm in New York Mail
and Express.)

The rosy apples roast apace;
The cat sits blinking at the blaze;
I feel a flush upon my face
Like what I felt in younger days.
It's Hallowe'en, and not a beau
Has rapped as yet upon the door—
Tho' ma's asleep an hour ago
And pa is trying hard to snore.

It's very foolish at my age
Old superstitions to revive,
But we cannot be always sage,
Nor maybe without folly thrive.
So in my cup, at tea, I tried
The letter of my love to see;
I sipped with care and looked inside—
The tea leaves spelled an X or Z!

I pared an apple while I said
The Lord's Prayer slowly backward twice;
I was a little bit afraid
Because it did not seem quite nice.
A name I whispered I adore,
Then o'er my head the paring threw;
It lightly fell upon the floor
In curls which read Q. Q. Q. Q.!

I tiptoed to the garret room,
And faced a glass to learn my fate;
I saw no face of joy or gloom,
But markings I could not translate.
But when I turned I understood;
My naughty nephew off at school
Had written with some half-charred wood
Upon the wall, "My ant's a fule."

It's really stupid! When I went
Into the orchard lane just now,
With darkness o'er the firmament,
The only man there was our cow.
But hark! A footstep well I know,
Which gives me joy when past it goes—
It's Joseph J.; it's Joe, my Joe,
And I shall help him to propose.

NOTHING TO FEAR.



Lodger—I find a rather nasty effluvia
here this morning. Are you quite sure
the drains are all—

Servant (interrupting) —Drains? Lor,
sir, it can't be the drains—'becos there
ain't none!

She Will Tell This to the Judge.
She—You are willing enough to pay
\$50 a month for your cigars, yet you
grumble awfully when I want \$10 for a
hat.

He—Well, I can't smoke hats.—(Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.)

Blinding Sympathy.

Some rich men's eyes fill with tears at
the sight of poverty so that they can't
see to write a check for \$15 or \$20 to re-
lieve it.—(Somerville Journal.)



Mr Softy—Sir, I come to confess a great wrong I was about to do you, and to beg your pardon. I was about to close with your eldest daughter.

Quiverfull—What was the difficulty, my dear fellow? Didn't have enough money? Let me lend you a couple of hundred.

A WONDERFUL SPELLER.

(Louise R. Baker in Youth's Companion.)
"You can't spell nothing," said Willie Brown, As he held the old speller upside down.
"You can't spell dog and you can't spell cat, And you can't spell this and you can't spell that."

A look of serenity settled down On the fat little face of Baby Brown.
"I can spell dog and I can spell cat, And harder words than this and that."
"Spell turkey, then, and let me see."
"Turkey," said Baby Brown, "A, B, C."
"Now, Miss Missy, spell chickadee."
"Chickadee," said Baby Brown, "A, B, C."
"I dare you to spell old donkey for me."
"Donkey," said Baby Brown, "A, B, C."
"And now spell coffee and then spell tea."
Blithely said Baby Brown, "A, B, C."
So all the morning Willie Brown Held the old speller upside down.
And Baby Brown, so little and fat, Spelled harder words than this and that.

Men Are Such Stupid Things, Anyway.
"I don't like to ride my bicycle now," said the fair young girl, "because of the wind."

The young man slightly blushed.
"Co—couldn't you use strips of lead or something?" he stammered.
"Strips of lead for what?"
The young man blushed again. The room seemed painfully hot.
"Why, in the hem of your sk—skirts," he stuttered.
"My skirts?" echoed the tall beauty. "I'm not talking about my skirts. It's my frizzles that the wind blows out."
And the youth went forth into the cool night and butted his head against the first lamppost.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

This Wouldn't Have Bothered a Boston Mother.

"Mama, if I had a hat before I had this one it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Johnny."
"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"

"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"

"Johnny, you make my head ache!"—(Chicago Tribune).

Apparently He Was Deceived, Too.

"Men are such deceivers," said Mrs Surley. "There's my daughter's husband. When he came a-courtin', he always went home before 9 o'clock; he said that he could not be out late; that his health did not allow it. The villain! Almost ever since he has been married he has been out till midnight every night of his life."—(Transcript).

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

At the State House.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Kindly tell me where the office of the Massachusetts district police is located. F. M.

"A Voice from Mt Auburn."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to — I send the following, by Hannah F. Gould: S. A. C.

A VOICE FROM MT AUBURN.

A voice from Mt Auburn, a voice, and it said, Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead.

From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free,

My earth ye have hallowed, henceforth I shall be

A garden of graves, where your loved ones may rest:

O, who shall be first to repose on my breast. I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere; Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.

I shall call, I shall call, and the many shall come,

From the heart of your crowd to so peaceful a home;

The great and the good, the young and the old, In death's dreamless slumber my mansions shall hold.

To me shall the child his loved parent resign, And, mother, the babe at thy breast shall be mine.

The brother and sister for me are to part, And the lover to break from each tie of the heart.

I shall rival the bridegroom and take from his side

To sleep in my bosom his beautiful bride, And sweetly serene from all pain they shall lie,

Where the dews gently fall and the streams ripple by,

While the birds sing their hymns mid air harps that sound

Through the boughs of the forest trees, whispering around.

And flowers bright as Eden at morning shall spread,

And at eve drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed.

But this is all earthly, while thus ye inclose A spot where your ashes in peace may repose, Where the living may come and converse with the dead.

With God and his soul, and with reverence tread

O'er the sod he so soon may be sleeping below. Have ye chosen the home where the spirit's to go?

Shall it rise to the glorious mansions above, To join the redeemed in proclaiming the love of our glorious Redeemer, our High Priest and Lord?

By prophets, apostles and patriarchs adored, Forever ascribing all glory and praise To Him who hath loved and redeemed us by grace?

Shall it go where the gardens of Paradise bloom,

Where the flowers never open to die o'er the tomb,

With the song of an angel, a vesture of light? Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight,

Where the waters flow free from a fount never sealed,

And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?

The Satirist Has Spoken.

Boston has just held the largest whist tournament on record, and the two leading prizes were taken by women. The satirist will now declare that they held nothing but trumps, which rendered questions unnecessary.—(St Louis Globe-Democrat).

Hasn't Yet Met a Cannibal.

"Why does that Miss Musty wear such a ridiculous hood?"

"Because some near-sighted guy told her a dozen years ago that she looked good enough to eat in it."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

IN SPITE OF POLICE ASSISTANCE.



Bohemian nursery maid—O, madam, I've lost Freddy at the park!

Mistress—For heaven's sake! But why didn't you speak to a policeman?

Maid—Why, I was talking with a policeman when I lost him!—(Der Floh of Buda Pesth).

Pleasant Exercise.

Stern Father—What were those peculiar noises I heard down here last night? Did you and young Comeback uncork any of my beer bottles?

Demure Daughter—No, papa, we were just going through some labial exercises.

Stern Father—O! I suppose these new educational fads must have their run.—(Detroit Free Press).

Declined With Thanks.

He—Do you think marriages are made in heaven?

She—Well, I don't know, but I guess yours will have to be if you ever get married.

People who saw him one minute later thought that he was trying to catch a train.—(Cleveland Leader).

Sure Enough to Bet On.

"Why," the young man asked, "do you think that Miss Ashley will never be the wife of any one but Harry Hinkley?"

"Because," said the fair widow, "her parents are both strongly opposed to her having anything to do with him."—(Cleveland Leader).

Are There Any Thoughtful Ones on Beacon Hill?

It is at this time that thoughtful people will again consider the need of compelling street railway companies to invent some protection for the drivers and motormen who now shiver in misery on the front platforms.—(Chicago Record).

Just a Little Love Spat.

He (angrily)—Was there any fool sweet on you before I married you?

She—Yes; one.

"I'm sorry you rejected him."

"But I didn't reject him; I married him."—(Joker).

He Was Posted.

"Do you go to school, little boy?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I love to go to school."

"What do you study—reading, writing and arithmetic?"

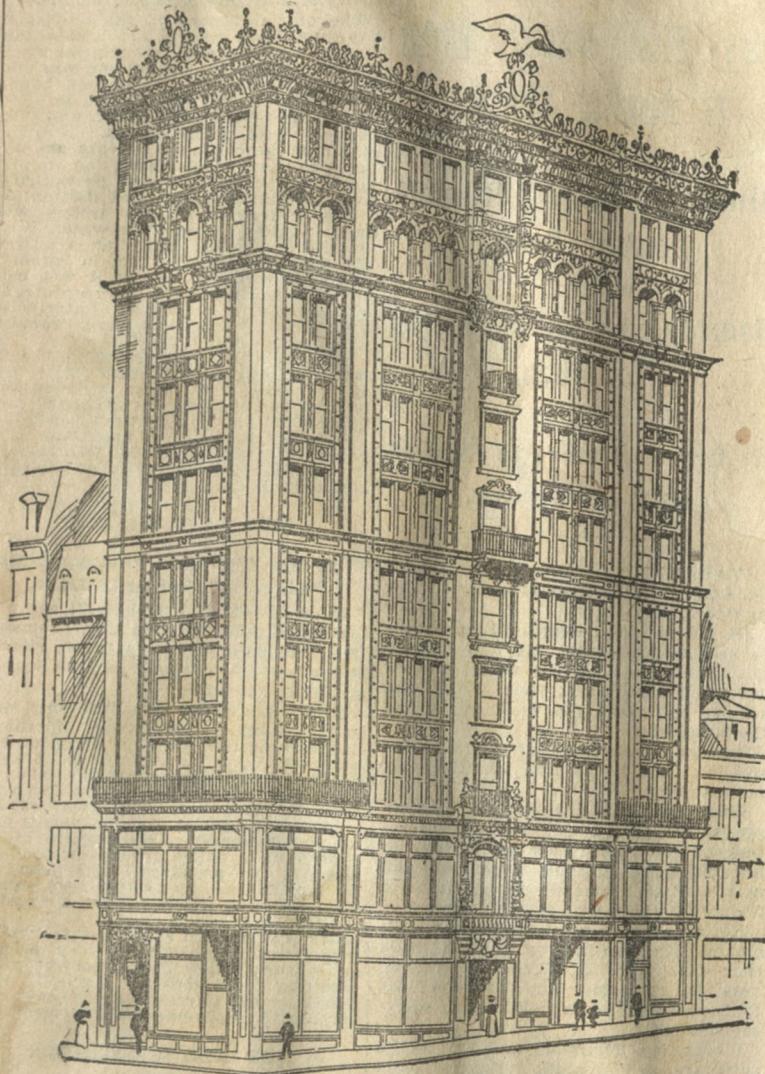
"All of those, sir."

"And are you familiar with punctuation?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. Teacher punctuated her tire las' week, an I recommended it for her in less'n ten minutes. Yes, indeed, sir."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

TEN-STORY OFFICE BUILDING.

Handsome Structure in Process of Erection
For the Jewelry Trade.



PROPOSED JEWELERS' BUILDING,
Corner of Washington and Bromfield Sts.

She Might Have Sent to "Collect."
Amy—What! Your valentine to Jack
only cost 25 cents?
Maud—That's all.
Amy—for pity's sake, what did you
send him?
Maud—Yes by telegraph.—(New York
Journal.)

Not Sportively Inclined Herself.
Farmer Green—Don't be skeered, Miss!
that cow is only playful.
Miss Ancient (out of breath)—I never
played with a cow in my life, man, and
I am not going to begin now!—(Puck.)

Odd Items from *Puck*.



A CONCEALED TYRANNY.



Maud—Why has Lillian given up wearing rational costume? Did George object?

Ethel—O, no; he said he approved of it, because it would prevent her attracting any other man's admiration.

Always Prompt With an Excuse.

The pastor—I don't see your husband at church any more.

The wife—No, he never goes now.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you know, he's a vegetarian, and he says there is too much meat in your sermons to suit him."—(Yonkers Statesman.)

Something Like Washington This Week.

"Pilkington has finally struck it rich."

"That so? What's he doing?"

"Running a hotel in the Dakota divorce colony. He writes me that two beds in a room and cots in the hall are the regular thing now."—(Cleveland Leader.)

Go Off!

That sporting editor of yours has a queer way of pronouncing the word golf. I asked him a little while ago what he called it and he said 'guff.'"

"That wasn't the sporting editor. That was the agricultural editor."—(Chicago Tribune.)

A Profitable Acquaintance.

Easy (who thinks he knows the game) —It requires a lot of study to learn how to play poker.

Swift (raking in a pot)—Yes; but then it is such a pleasure, you know, to meet a man who has thoroughly mastered the game.—(Boston Transcript.)

Especially in Prohibition Maine.

The average man takes five and a half pounds of food and drink each day, amounting to one ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. In 70 years he eats and drinks 1000 times his own weight.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

How About Ella Wheeler's Poems?

A woman who has not read Keats' "Eve of St Agnes," Coleridge's "Christabel," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," Shelley's "Adonais," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and Longfellow's "Evangeline" has unconsciously missed the greater part of her emotional inheritance—"Droch" in *Ladies Home Journal*.

It May be 100 Feet Before Spring.

"What's the width of your lot?"

"Forty feet."

"Why, it doesn't look to be more than 25."

"Well, I guess I ought to know. I've measured it with the snow shovel 16 times since the first of January."—(Chicago Tribune.)

Yes, and Other Poets Will be Writing Poetry.

(Mary Wilson Todd in *Houston Post*.)

When I am dead
The grass around me will grow just as green
And flowers as brightly bloom above my head,
As those which all these summers I have seen,
When I am dead.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

The Year 1904 is the Next Leap Year.
To the Editor of the People's Column—When
is the next leap year? J. G.

The Ride of Jennie McNeil.
To the Editor of the People's Column—Will
some reader send me the poem, "The ride of
Jennie McNeil"? M. R.

"It May be Your Turn Next."
To the Editor of the People's Column—In
answer to "Ella" I send this poem, J. L. C.

IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.
Judge not too harshly, O, my friend!
Of him, your fellow-man,
But draw the veil of charity
About him if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before sore trial vexed,
He stepped from out the narrow way—
It may be your turn next.

Fainting upon the great highway
A suffering soul doth lie;
Go, stanch his wound and quench his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by;
God will not brook the swift excuse,
The thoughtless, vain pretext,
A fellow-mortal bites the dust—
It may be your turn next.

You heard one day a single word
Against a person's name;
O, bear it not from door to door,
To further hurt his fame.
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember well the text,
To "speak no evil," true or false—
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And may need more light;
Yet, with true love to all, may we
Help in the cause of right.
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall
It may be your turn next.

NORTH DAKOTA NORMAL SCHOOL

O, Don't Look on the Dark Side of Things.

New York's sales of postal cards and stamps so far this month are 13 percent greater than in the same time last year. Thirteen is lucky sometimes.—(Globe). The increased sale of stamps was, perhaps, due to a great increase in the number of dunning letters. Hard times mean slow collections, and slow collections mean the use of more stamps, hey?—(Roxbury Gazette).

Safe from Interference.

Waylow—What a dirty looking yard that is back of the house next door. Whose is it?

Bablin—That's Growlem's; he's a member of the board of health.—(Roxbury Gazette).

Do All the Dumb Die Young?

And now we are asked to believe that a Chicago woman refused to speak for 50 years. What a lie! No woman on earth could keep silent for that length of time.—(Haverhill Gazette).

A Fatal Crack.

Whitecaps went to the house of Frank Smith, colored, near Abbeville, Ala., and shot him through a crack in the house, from the effects of which he died.—(Nashville Banner).

Some of Them Are Fast.

Girls who wear clocks on their stockings ought to be right up to date.—(Boston Beacon).

OUT OF PLACE.



Old boy—Ah, young man, I once had a finer chest than you have.
Athlete—You have now. It only wants moving up a bit.

TAKIN' BOARDERS.

(Joe Lincoln in Puck)
We'd never thought of takin' 'em, 't was Mary Ann's idee.—

Sence she got back from boardin' school she's called herself Maree,
An' scatterin' city notions like a tomcat sheds his fur;—
She thought our old melodeon wa'n't good enough for her,
An' them plannars cost so that she said the only way
Was to take in summer boarders till we'd made enough to pay.
So she wrote advertisements out to fetch 'em inter camp,
An' now there's boarders thicker here than June bugs round a lamp.

Our best front parlor 'll jest be sp'iled, they h'ist up every shade,
An' open all the blinds, by gum! an' let the carpet fade.
They're in there week days jest the same as Sunday; I declare,
I really think our haircloth set is showin' signs o' wear!
They set up ha'f the night an' sing—no use to try to sleep—
With them a-askin' folks to "dig a grave both wide an' deep."
An' "who will smoke my mashum pipe?" By gee! I tell you what:
If they want me to dig their graves, I'd just as soon as not.

There ain't no comfort now at meals, I can't take off my coat,
Nor use my knife to eat, nor tie my napkin round my throat,
Nor drink out of my sasser. Gosh! I hardly draw my breath
Thout Mary Ann a-tellin' me she's "mortified to death."
Before they come our breakfast time was allus ha'f-past six;
By thunderation! t'would n't do; you'd arter bear the kicks.
So jest to suit 'em t'was put off till sometime arter eight.
An' when a chap gits up at four that's mighty long to wait.

The idee was that Mary Ann would help her ma; but, land!
She can't be round a minute but some boarder's right on hand
To take her out to walk or ride—she likes it well enough,
But when you're gettin' grub for twelve, ma finds it kinder tough.
We ain't a-sayin' nothin' now, we'll see this season through,
But folks that's bought one gold brick ain't in love with number two;
An' if you're passin' down our way next summer, cast your eye
At our front fence. You'll see a sign,
"NO BOARDERS NEED APPLY."

SHE KNEW JACK.



May—Did Jack ever kiss you?

Maud—Not once.

May—How many times?

ON THE SEA WALL.

(H. A. Crowell in Puck)

I'm a Battery boatman,
That's my boat on the basin-chain;
Slackin' the line or takin' the strain
As the tide floods in or gits out agayn.

Here I make it a p'int to stay,
Exceptin' the time that I'm away
Pullin' her out with a gang from town
Or grabbin' a kid on his third time down,
Or, I might leave, sure, fer a leg o' beer;
But, lookin' fer me, the way's to steer
To old Cap Ericsson's statue, here.
(Say! he was a bird of an engineer;

Straight-haired bloke as yez ever see;
I knowned him well—and he knowned me.)

Here I be, or in easy call,
Wet or dry, on the old sea wall;

I'm a Battery boatman.

Plenty to see? O, come now, say!—
Nothin' but goes on every day.

Boats a-passin' out on the bay—

There goes one to Coney, now;
Frinch line, there, with the p'nted bow;

Police boat here where the flower bed's laid;

And yonder's a bark in the Chinese trade.

Right down there where the coppers stand

The Guineas come in from Dago-land—

(Knockin' white men out o' their jobs;

Ruin this country, yet, begobs!

Mowin' machine in the park 'll pass,
Leavin' the smell o' the fresh-cut grass,
Unless 'n the wind's from over the bay,
Comin' up with the stink o' the salt and spray.

No—nothin' but I see every day;

I'm a Battery boatman.

'T ain't like this in the winter time!
Geel—I've see them old waves climb
Over the wall, and jam and tear,

Stackin' the ice up everywhere;

Bust them posts and seats fer fair!

Then git into yer suit o' gums,
And keep outside o' yer hot spiced rum!

Venture out, then? O, I don't know;

Depends on whether there's call to go.

It's a stiff old storm 'll make me wait

When I see a chanst fer a payin' freight.

Wantin' a boat, sir? That's the gait!

Me'n' you knows, sir, night or day

We'er better off out on New York bay

Than we are in tryin' to walk Broadway.

Ye're safe out here with the sun or stars,

There ain't no huncos nor cable cars.

Step right in, sir; stern seat, see?

All right, now, sir; leave it to me—

I'm a Battery boatman.

Dog Days, as Every Woman Knows.

Before answering The Globe correspondent who wants to know the cause of "curly or wooly hair," we should like to know if he has already informed himself as to the cause of straight hair.—(Roxbury Gazette).

TOWER FOR NEW YORK TWICE AS HIGH AS EIFFEL'S.

Policemen Prove That a Pair is Able to Beat Even Four of a Kind.

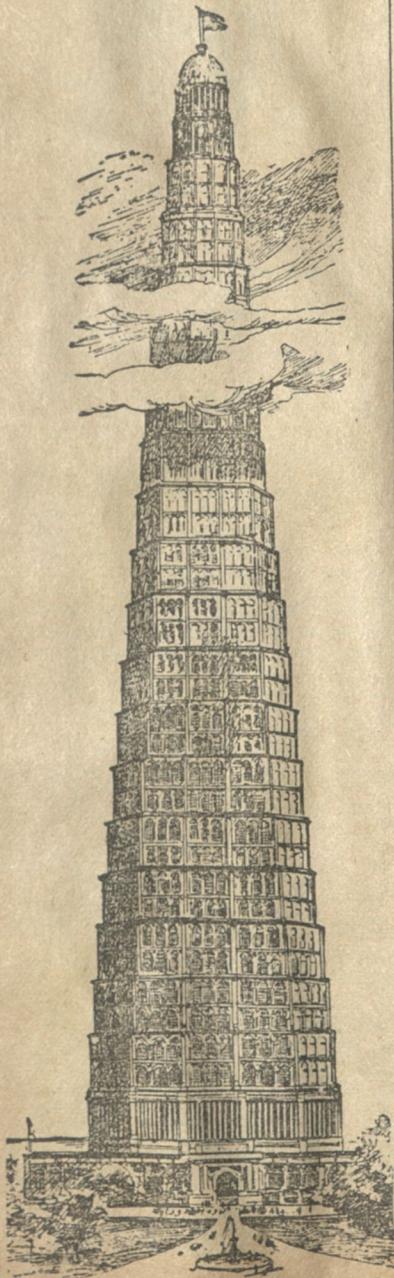
Charge of the Six Hundred Far Surpassed by the First Minnesota.

William J. Frye has drawn plans for a proposed tower to commemorate the consolidation of greater New York.

The proposed tower, which is to be 2140 feet in height, would be in all respects the most wonderful structure in the world.

The Eiffel tower in Paris is 984 feet in height, less than half the height of the proposed observatory tower for New York.

The tower is to be twelve-sided and



PROPOSED TOWER FOR GREATER NEW YORK.

built of steel. The lowest portion will be 300 feet in diameter and will be flanked by four pavilion buildings, giving the structure a base of 400 feet. The outer walls will be of cement, having wire cloth imbedded within that material.

Internally, the tower will be a labyrinth of steel columns, girders, beams, plates and other shapes in steel, no particle of wood being used in construction or finish, and when completed will be a white tower, absolutely fireproof.

Directly in the center will rise a tube 20 feet in its outward diameter, and 10 feet in its inner diameter, extending up to and in through the dome roof. The inside of the tube will be smooth and sightseers may enter through doors on the ground floor and look up through the tube, 10 feet in diameter and 2140 feet in height.

Electric cars with reserved motor power of compressed air will run spirally around the 100-foot central area, making a trip to the fifth floor from the top, about a 2½-mile ride. From this point to the top visitors will be conveyed in an elevator.

This proposed tower is to be built within the next three years, and somewhere up on the heights, where there is a firm, rocky foundation. The promoter and projector of this great scheme is E. C. Townsend.—(New York World.)

PAIR BEATS FOUR OF A KIND.

EASTER.

(Written for the Boston Journal.)

Let every blade of grass
Uplifted from the sod
Sing in its happiness
"Glory to God,"
While all the air
Between this earth and heaven
Pulse with prayer,
With the sweet rhythm
"Glory to God!"

Far over land and sea
No music shall there be
Like to this dream of bliss,
Like to this song divine
"Glory to God,"
Nor may it fade away,
A song of yesterday—
Beauty of far-off skies
Seen through affection's eyes—
But linger all the year
Nearer and still more near
Till each heart catch the song
And sing it loud and long
"Glory to God!"

Let every bubbling note
From every wild bird's throat
Help swell the glad refrain
"Glory to God,"
From near and from afar
From farthest star to star
Re-echo back again
Till all the world be full
Of the song-beautiful,
"Glory to God!"

NELLY HART WOODWORTH.

KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

Grandmamma—What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy?
Tommy—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—Come come, Dick; what comes after ten?
Dick—Eight, nine, ten—er—I dunno.
Teacher—Bobby, can you tell Dick what comes after ten?
Bobby—Yes'm, jack, queen and king.—Judge.

"I should think deaf-and-dumb people would be great at golf."
"Why?"
"They could hit the balls all right, and wouldn't have to learn the dialect."—Chicago Record.

SMITH'S EXPLANATION.



1. Smith was out walking with his best girl the other day, when a smart young lady passed them. Smith raised his hat.



2. "Why did you raise your hat to that lady, Mr Smith? You don't know her, do you?"
"No," said he, "but my brother knows her well; and it's his hat."

THE UBIQUITOUS SUMMER MAN.

(Lillian Ferguson in San Francisco News Letter.)
Who spends the dollars he has made,
On ice cream soda, lemonade,
At ninety-something in the shade?

The summer man.

Who is it baits the fishing hooks,
The hammock swings in cozy nooks,
And buys the girls the latest books?

The summer man.

Who parts the briars overhead,
And on the turf his coat will spread
For some divinity to tread?

The summer man.

Who fetches, carries, night and day,
A slave to every woman's way—
Who is, indeed, her lawful prey?

The summer man.

Who tunes guitar and banjo strings,
And smashes rattlesnakes and things,
And revels in engagement rings?

The summer man.

Who is it dives in from the brink
When some fair swimmer fain would sink,
And is rewarded—I don't think?

The summer man.

Who narrowly escapes sunstroke,
Gets tangled up with poison oak,
And reaches home, sweet home, dead broke?

The summer man.

LIGHTLY TOUCHED BY TIME.

Mr and Mrs Daniel White Round Out Sixtieth Year of Married Life.



MR AND MRS DANIEL WHITE.

WATERTOWN, March 30.—At 82 years of age Mr and Mrs Daniel White are still far more strong and active than many whose ages are less than theirs by a score of years. Their 60th year of married life is now being rounded out.

Mr and Mrs White are now residents of Watertown, but most of their lives has been passed in Boston, where they have hosts of friends. Their home is with their daughter, Mrs M. T. Favor of Mt Auburn st, East Watertown, and they are numbered among Watertown's oldest inhabitants.

Mr White was born in Alfred, Me, in September, 1814, and is a lineal descendant of Peregrine White. He came to Boston in 1833. He took up the baker's trade, and for some time drove a baker's cart over a great part of old Boston.

The events of those early days are clearly impressed on his mind, and Mr White is full of interesting anecdotes of

the days when the common was washed by the tide and exceptionally high tides flowed over the low parts of Washington st.

The greater part of Mr White's active career was passed in the hotel business. He opened the hotel on Causeway st, now hotel Eastern, but then Allen's hotel, 35 years ago. He was at another time in charge of "Cumming's" hotel on Pleasant st. For a number of years he was the head of the wholesale liquor firm of White & Allen on Long wharf. During his active career he came in contact with hundreds of Boston's prominent citizens, and had a large circle of acquaintances among the older residents of the city.

Mrs White's maiden name was Sophia Ransom, and she was born in Dover, N. H. Her age is also 82, and there is a difference of only three months in her age and that of her husband.

To them have been born 12 children, three of whom are living. They have 20 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

THAT WONDERFUL WEAN.

O what was the Baby smiling for,
Dear little day old Baby,
As it lay asleep on its mother's breast,
Dreaming of angels may be?

Smiles hovered round the rosebud mouth,
Searching out ev'ry dimple;
Smiles ran n-rippling round to keep
Rose-petal cheeks a-crinkle.

A day old Baby, who smiled like that,
Was born—Mama said—a poet;
But presy old Nurse just patted his back,
And said he would soon outgrow it.

Mama said those smiles showed a marvelous
mind,
Where Fancy was all a-frolic;
But Nurse said 'twas wind, and that wonderful
wean
Would wake up crying with colic!

M. N. B.

WHAT CARE I?

(W. E. Nichols in Judge.)
I am only the second fiddle
In the orchestra of her heart;
Yet what care I?—I love her!
No matter how humble my part.

She twists me around her pink finger
And I cry out with delight;
With a wisp of her curling tresses
She can hold me fast and tight.

For she is the queen of my fancy,
And I am her lackey on call;
She dismisses me when she pleases,
My heart is a leather football.

I am willing to be her doormat,
Penwiper, or any old thing,
If only she'll smile on me sometimes
And list to the love songs I sing.

I'm a blanket fool, yes, I know it,
And I'm glad her fool to be;
For what care I?—I love her!
That's reason enough for me.

NOT A WORD!



Cholly—Say, deah boy! I went to a phrenologist yesterday, and had my bumps examined.

Chappie—Weally! What did he say?
Cholly—Nothing. He just coughed, and gave me my money back!

Unhappy Stakeholders.

An Eastport teamster had an iron stake in his sled repaired by a blacksmith, and without cooling put it in place and started homeward. With expectation of a free ride, two young men grasped the stake to get aboard, but they didn't hold it long.—(Bangor Commercial).

But It Can't Accuse Them of Hatching Mischief.

Only wicked and unfeeling men refer to the average club women as "hens," yet the dear, good Transcript gravely announces that Mrs Howe and "other well-known club women will set in a box" at a forthcoming entertainment.—(Boston Beacon).

Another Night Editor Discharged.

"It was careless," mused the advertising manager, in a melancholy tone.
"To what do you refer?"

"The manner in which they put that prima donna's indorsement of our cure for a cold on the same page with the announcement that she has a sore throat and cannot sing."—(Washington Star).

Very Sick.

Mr Dana bet on the wrong side, too. "On the cold merits of the men," the Sun said yesterday, "we must expect a Corbett victory."—(Boston Globe).

Yet the only money made around this office came in the shape of a 7 to 10 bet on Fitzsimmons. Sic transit gloria mundi.—(New York Sun).

Do Spinsters Ever Get to be as Old as That?

A Denmark old maids' insurance company pays regular weekly "benefits" to spinsters of 40 years and upward.—(Hartford Post).

The Reason Why.

It was just after their first tiff following the honeymoon, and John was trying to make it up.

"Do you know why I call you the queen of hearts?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

This wasn't what he expected her to say, but he had to go ahead.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because when I married I took the Jack," she answered.

He made no further attempt to make it up for 35 minutes.—Chicago Post.

MARRIED OVER 68 YEARS AGO.

Their Many Friends in East Boston Congratulate Mr and Mrs Neil Bonner on Their Long and Happy Married Life.



MR AND MRS NEIL BONNER.

To have 68 years of wedded life is more than is granted to most couples, but for that time and over have Mr and Mrs Neil Bonner of Cottage st, East Boston, lived in happiness and enjoyment of each other's company.

Neil Bonner was born in the parish of Glendale, county Donegal, Ire, Nov 10, 1802. His father was a weaver and taught his son to work at the loom. For several years the boy was contented to help his father, and give his portion to the support of the family, but after he had found that his advances and words of love were not repulsed by pretty Mary Houghton, whose father kept a large farm in the same parish, he wanted to put by something for himself in preparation for an event he hoped would take place.

Weaving did not bring money fast enough to satisfy his impatience, and he gave it up for the better paying occupation of fisherman. For several years he followed this with good success, and when he found himself in position to support a wife he asked the maiden of his choice to share his lot with him.

He was considered one of the best looking young men of the parish, as well as the most industrious and best situated to support a wife; he was accepted all the more quickly, as Mary was as deeply in love with Neil as he was with her.

They were married in January, 1829. For 24 years they lived among their neighbors and friends in their native parish.

In the spring of 1853 they determined to come to America to give their children the advantages to be had there. Accordingly they took passage in the bark Mary Ann, Capt Hettrick. After a rough voyage which lasted six weeks they landed at St John, N.B.

The remembrance of the distress of that voyage has not yet been eradicated from the minds of the old people. Before the ship was long out of port an epidemic of measles broke out on board. Of the 385 passengers few escaped, and before they reached port they had left a dozen of their number at rest in the bosom of the ocean.

After a stay of one week on British

soll Mr Bonner started for Boston, reaching here in May, 1853. Alone and without acquaintances the strangers were delighted to find a vacant house where the Sisters' convent now stands on Havre st, East Boston. The house stood against the wall of the Catholic church, whose altar was the only familiar thing they found in the new land.

Since that time they have made their home in East Boston, principally in the First Section, where they are known to everybody. Mr Bonner has worked as a mason for several builders, but for a number of years has not done any regular work, although he is still strong and active.

He takes long walks daily, and the storm must be a pretty severe one that will force him to remain in the house all day. His eyesight is still good and he can read his newspaper without glasses.

He has been a smoker for so many years that he does not know exactly their number, and enjoys his pipe today as much as ever. His memory of things that took place both in the old country and this is excellent.

He has always been foremost in church work, and was one of the body of men chosen by Fr Wiley to guard the church on Maverick st at the time of the Angel Gabriel excitement.

Mrs Bonner, who is four years younger than her husband, is as well preserved as he and as active as most women are at 50. She insists on doing her own housework and refuses to accept the assistance of any one, or to allow any one to interfere with her arrangement of the house.

Neither of the old people had known a day of sickness, except the natural sickness of maternity which came to the wife at the births of her 10 children, until three years ago, when both had an attack of the grip.

There are living 32 descendants of Mr and Mrs Bonner, the youngest being still in its mother's arms, while the oldest is over 60 years of age.

At the celebration of their wedding anniversary children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and neighbors were present to wish a prolongation of life to the couple, that they might at least see the opening of the next century.

THE GOOD-NATURED ELEPHANT.

(R. K. Munkittrick, in New York Journal.)

Little Tommy, Lou.

I know he's constructed of paper mache
And yet he is happy and brimming with play,
His smile is good natured, his eyes full of fun,
He's bursting I'm certain, with peanut and bun,
He's lively and frisky, I know how he feels,
While standing and grinning upon his four
wheels

His trunk's fondly swinging as if he'd confess
To all my demands he is answering "Yes."

His face is aglow

With a quaint loveliness

He cannot say "No,"

He can only say, "Yes."

O, if he means "No" when the "Yes" has been
said

It's not a mistake of the heart or the head.
The blame's on the pivots that go through the
jaw

And swing the trunk true to a natural law.

'Tis "Yes" when I ask him for candy or pie,
'Tis "Yes" when I'm anxious a popgun to buy;
He's kind and congenial and ne'er in the dumps,
He reeks with the sunshine that ripples and
jumps.

Although a wild plaything that grins on the
shelf,

He's yet a big circus right unto himself;
Besides the companion I kiss and caress,

Because to my wishes he always says "Yes."

His eyes overflow

With the joy he'd express.

He cannot say "No,"

He can only say "Yes."

O, if he means "No" when the "Yes" has been
said

It's not a mistake of the heart or the head.

The blame's on the pivots that go through the
jaw

And swing the trunk true to a natural law.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Thursday.

To the Editor of the People's Column—On
what day did Sept 28, 1865, fall? E. W.

"The City of Bells in the Mist."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will
some reader kindly send in the words of the
poem, the first verse of which is as follows:

The mist from the ocean is lifting,

And my bark, as I breathlessly list,

O'er the resolute tides is drifting

Towards the city of bells in the mist.

H. J. O.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.



Mistress—How is it, Mary, that whenever I come into the kitchen I find you gossiping with the baker or butcher?

Maid—Well, ma'am, if you really ask for the truth, I should say as it was them nasty soft-soled shoes you come creepin' about in.

SIGNS OF SPRING.



"O, Mr de Guss! have you noticed the signs of spring—how every little thing is sprouting?" (She was thinking of the flowers.)
But de Guss said: "It's awfully good of you to notice it! I've taken no end of trouble over it." (He was thinking of his new mustache.)

AFTER YEARS.

(C. E. Barnes in Truth.)
She'd been up in the attic,
This little wife of mine,
A-rumaging and tumbling,
For what, I can't divine.
But suddenly I noticed
A silence weird and strange,
And wondered what had happened
To cause this pensile change.

For quite an hour I listened,
And then, alarmed, I stole
Up to the lonely chamber,
My conscience to console.
And, well, wond'ryou believe it?
I found her reading low
Love letters that I wrote her
Some fourteen years ago!

Her face was wreathed in blushes,
Her dreamy eyes half closed;
Her heart was beating wildly—
You'd thought I'd just proposed.
Strewn 'round her were those tokens
That spoke from heart to heart;
Good saints! what founts of passion
A faded sheet will start.

Well, then I turned and left her
Dreaming in ecstasy
On what a mad young lover
Her husband used to be.
But soon she came and kissed me—
To which I'm scarce averse;
"Dear, you're the same old rascal,"
She whispered—"only worse!"



BROWN, THOMSON & CO.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

(Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.)
After supper, of an evenin', 'long 'bout ha' past six o'clock,
When I've fetched terrorrer's wood in, 'n I've milked 'n seen t' the stock,
It's 'most gin'rally my custom, or my habit, you may say.
To stroll down to the groc'ry, where the "Office" is an' stay
An' meet the other fellers, 'round the stove an' set an' smoke,
That is, smoke or chaw or sunthin', an' jest laff an' crack a joke
With the rest of the crowd, I tell yer, it's clean comfort to the core
Waitin' for the mail er evenin's, down to Bingham's groc'ry store.

Course, I don't expect a letter, every time the mail comes in,
Though my son Elvathan writes me, an' Maria, now 'n agin,
An' the Barnhill Weekly Bugle comes 'round every once a week,
But it's more the social sperrit that I'm after, so to speak.
Why, you can't help feelin' woke up when old Capt'n Salt'll tell 'Bout the cu'ns flyin' fishes that he seen t' sea an'—Well!
When Rube Pettigrew gits goin', gosh, we nigh bust through the floor,
Waitin' for the mail er evenin's, down to Bingham's groc'ry store.

That there Pettigrew, by mighty, he's a hull camp-meetin' team,
Land! he beats play-actin' holler, when he really gits up steam.
Say, he did git off the best one on Sam Hardin's t'other night,
Ephraim Hardin's boy, not Hiram's, him that's sparkin' Mabel White.
She come in, all fuss an' feathers (old man White's well off, you see),
Hardin' he stepped up to meet her, an' sez Pettigrew, sez he,
"Sam ain't after mail—it's female." Well, you'd arter heard us roar,
Waitin' for the mail that evenin', down to Bingham's groc'ry store.

Male an' female. See the p'int now? Wa'nt that g-eat? I tell yer what!
Never stepped to think nor nothin', but just give it good an' hot,
An', when he see how 't was takin', course, he said it over then,
An' jest emphasized a little, where it needed it, an' when,
"Gesh!" I sez to Rube, "I'm thinkin'," s' I.
"I'd like to bet a bat."
"T will be quite a spell, by Judas! fore Sam hears the last of that."
Talk about your wit an' humor, I git all I want an' more
Waitin' for the mail er evenin's, down to Bingham's groc'ry store.



A BIKE BALLAD.

(Chicago Record.)

O, there's sulphur in the kitchen
And there's brimstone in the hall,
While oaths, loud and portentous,
Ricochet from every wall;
The women walk on tiptoe,
Lest they feel effects of ire,
For father is attempting
To repair a punctured tire!

There are sprockets on the doorknob,
And the saddle's on a nail;
The rims are on the gas jet
And ball bearings fall like hail;
There is gore upon the carpet,
Caused by blistering spokes of wire,
As father is attempting
To repair a punctured tire!

O, the baby's gone to gasping
And each breath seems like its last,
For it's swallowed half the stickum
And its insides are glued fast;
Little Johnny's lost the rubber
In his wish to help the sire
In his wild, misspent endeavor
To repair a punctured tire!

O, the gasoline for cleaning
Has exploded with a flash,
And the tub for tracing bubbles
Has tipped over with a splash;
Hush! 'Tis finished! Now he's pumping!
"Failed to stick!"—and through the mire
To the puncture man goes father
With his still deflated tire.

DON'T CROWD.

(Alice Cary.)

Don't crowd! this world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of art are open wide,
The realm of thought is free;
Of all earth's places, you are right
To choose the best you can,
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

What matter though you scarce can count
Your piles of golden ore,
While he can hardly strive to keep
Gaunt famine from the door?
Of willing hands and honest hearts
Alone should men be proud!
Then give him all the room he needs,
And never try to crowd.

Don't crowd, proud miss! your dainty silk
Will glisten none the less
Because it comes in contact with
A beggar's tattered dress;
This lovely world was never made
For you and me alone;
A pauper has a right to tread
The pathway to a throne.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad,
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
Be each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right, give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

TAKING A HOLIDAY.

[From Pick-Me-Up.]

The head master of a Leicester board school was starting out the other morning to go to his occupation when he saw two tiny toddlers coming toward him.

One of them stopped him and said: "Please, sir, Bill and Jack can't go to school this morning, because they're going to have a tooth out."

Failing to see why both should go to have one tooth pulled out, the master said: "But what's Bill (the elder of the two) going for?"

"Please, sir, Bill's going to have his tooth out."

"Then, what's Jack (the little one) going for?"

"Please, sir, 'e's goin' to 'ear 'im 'oller," was the reply.

FOUND SENSELESS ON HIS OWN GRAVE

Parkes, of Pennsylvania,
Buried on the Instal-
ment Plan.

HE DECORATES THE MOUND

The System He Pursues in Lay-
ing Himself Away to
Rest.

FOUR TIMES A WIDOWER.

The Story of a Man Who Tells the
Greatest Series of Hard-Luck
Stories That Have Ever
Been Heard.

Girardville, Pa., July 17.—William F. Parkes, or that portion of him which still lives, was found by Henry Murphy, a grave digger, lying unconscious upon his own grave in a remote part of St. Edwards's Cemetery early in the morning last Wednesday.

The unconscious man, who is nearly seventy years old, had but one arm; no legs whatsoever, and a portion of his left shoulder had been cut away by surgeons' knives. He had fallen from his little vineel chair on to his own grave, and had evidently laid there all night.

The dead portion of Mr. Parkes's body was buried in a rosewood coffin in the grave upon which he was found. He had come, as was his custom, to decorate and care for his own grave, and had fainted while trying to pull a very stubborn weed.

Parkes was carried to the gate house and afterward to a neighboring residence, where he revived sufficiently to be removed to his own house.

The story of Parkes's life and his queer mania is an interesting one. Half of him is dead and buried, but in the rosewood coffin which he purchased himself, there is still room enough for the rest of him when life passes away. He was his own undertaker, and one shroud will suffice for him, yet he will have two funerals.

Parkes was born in a suburb of Detroit, Mich. When he was twenty years old he married Bessie Woodruff, but she died a year after he married her. Shortly after her death he met with his first accident. While riding a half broken colt one day the animal suddenly shied and threw him to the ground, breaking his left leg. The surgeon who was called to attend him set the leg wrong, and it was necessary to break it again. The operation was not a success, and blood-poisoning set in. His foot swelled and mortified, and in order to save his life the doctors amputated it.

They thought they had stopped the progress of the poison, but in a few days it became apparent that it was extending

further up the leg. A week afterward they performed another amputation at the knee. After a month of suffering the wound healed up, but a short time after that the poison again commenced to work. After a long consultation the physicians decided to cut the leg entirely off. This they did and saved Parkes's life.

Burned Pieces of His Leg.

The doctors wanted to take the pieces of the leg to dissect, but young Parkes insisted that they should be buried. When Parkes recovered, he married his dead wife's sister, who had nursed him during his long illness. Parkes decided to go to Saratoga Springs for his health and take his young bride with him.

When they were half way to their destination the sleeping car ran off the track. Parkes's other leg was crushed and mangled and his wife was killed.

Parkes was removed to his father's home and the doctors made every effort to save his leg, but were at length compelled to amputate it close to the body. The grave was opened and the second leg buried with the first.

A wheel chair was made for the helpless man and he propelled himself for short distances about the neighborhood. Among the boarders at an adjoining farm was Miss Bessie White. She was a consumptive and had but one arm, the other having been crushed by a fall. Her father was wealthy and she had considerable money in her own right. Young Parkes met her. They both were unfortunate and their feelings were akin. Three weeks afterward they were married by the village parson.

Parkes lived with his third wife in Detroit for two years. Then her fatal disease asserted itself and after a lingering illness of three months she died. She left him \$25,000 and a baby girl. He hired a nurse for his baby and determined to devote the remainder of his life to her welfare.

Married His Fourth Wife.

The nurse, a widow named Mrs. Mariah Lawler, was still young and handsome. Parkes fell in love with her and soon asked her to become his wife. She refused, but for six months he pressed his suit, and with such persistence that he conquered, and they were married.

A few months after this marriage his father became ill and one night, while Parkes was watching by his bedside, a servant came to Parkes's house intoxicated, upset a kerosene lamp and set the house afire. Mrs. Parkes and the baby were sleeping soundly, and before assistance arrived they were both smothered to death. Just as this sad news was brought to Parkes his father expired. The father, wife and child were buried on the same day.

After the graves had been covered and the last sad words spoken, Parkes was placed in a carriage to be taken to his cheerless home. As the carriage was crossing a railroad track the horses took fright and ran away. The carriage collided with a tree, smashing the vehicle, instantly killing the driver and throwing Parkes out, breaking his left arm in two places and crushing it. He was carried home unconscious, and when he returned to consciousness the doctors had amputated the arm close to the shoulder. It was buried with the other portions of Mr. Parkes.

Two years ago Parkes's mother died and he came here. He bought the little cottage he now owns and determined to pass the remainder of his life there. He purchased a handsome rosewood coffin, placed it in his parlor, and sent for the remainder of his body. When the bones arrived he purchased a dress suit, dressed the legs in the trousers, the arm in one coat sleeve, placed them in the coffin in their natural positions and buried them. The rest of the suit of clothes he is saving for his own shroud.

Once a week Parkes determined he would visit his own grave, decorate it and keep it in good order.

On his second trip to his grave, Mr. Parkes was run over by a runaway team, and his left shoulder was severely injured. The doctors were compelled to take out a bone and cut away a large portion of the flesh. The grave was opened and the bone and flesh placed in the coffin at Mr. Parkes's direction.

Although he is not known to be seriously ill, Parkes appears to be impressed with the idea that his end is near.

THE FIREMAN'S DEED.

(Paul Pastnor in the Independent.)
The black-plumed, shining, vast mogul, a-throb
with conscious power,
Came reeling, rocking round the curve—speed,
fifty miles an hour.

Great God!—a gleam of curl's of gold—a child
midway the track,
Sitting in glee astride the rail, and riding
"pick-a-back!"

"Tom!" But the fireman was outside before
the shock of brakes;
The engine tottered 'neath his feet, the black
rails writhed like snakes.

He fought the gale with foot and hand; he
gripped the rod, and strove,
While onward, spite of hissing brakes, the
mighty engine drove.

It slid along the polished rails as they were
ice. Too late!

The heavy train crowds hard behind. The child
must meet her fate!

Nay—look! The fireman wins his way along
the scaffold slight,
His blouse a-flutter in the wind, his young face
set and white.

Upon the pilot bars he drops—stoops forward,
clinging fast,
And lifts the child above the wheels, as they go
grinding past.

The train stops, thirty feet beyond—the hero
sitting there,
With neck and shoulders netted in a mist of
golden hair.

"God bless you, Tom! You've saved us all!"
half sobbed the engineer;
"I don't know when I've felt so kind of broken
up and queer."

And Tom—he laughed a little, cried—and
fainted dead away;
His sister, too, had golden hair, and just such
eyes of gray!

THE OLD HAND PRESS.

(Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.)
I love to haunt the pressroom of a modern city
sheet,

And watch the flying cylinders, as folded, trim
and neat,

The perfect papers, finished by some mystic
force it seems—

So strangely hidden is their course—flow out in
endless streams,

But as I view the busy scene, my thoughts will
often fly

Back to a little printing shop within the town
where I,

A printer's devil, dreaming of my future great
success,

On Friday afternoons would ink the old hand
press.

In that far time and place 'twas not our for-
tune to enjoy

Self-inking presses, but we had a real self-ink-
ing boy,

And I recall how men who worked the old press
would oppose

My stopping in my task to ink some other fel-
low's nose.

On every pressday afternoon, the farmers, in a
knot,

With others used to wait about to get their
news red hot.

The story of their simple lives—their joys and
their distress—

Was in that paper printed on the old hand press.

O, mighty, flying cylinders! whirl onward in
your might,

And let the torch of learning send abroad its
blessed light;

It has been truly spoken that a little drop of
ink

Falling, like dew, upon a thought, can make
the millions think.

'Tis recollection's subtle charm that prompts
us to imbue

Old things with grace—"tis distance lends en-
chantment to the view."

The newer ways are better, yet at times, I
must confess,

I'd like to toll once more beside the old hand
press.

A YOUNG ECONOMIST.



Uncle—And how are you getting on with geography?
Willie—O, I've given up geography.
Uncle—Given up geography! What for?

Willie—Well, you see, uncle, it occurred to me that I was only wasting time in studying the stupid old geography, when all the papers say that the trouble in Crete will change the whole map of Europe before long.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

(Minna Irving in Judge.)

The little cabin gray and old
Is roofed with moss and patches;
The windows shake with shattered panes,
The doors with broken latches.
A creeper to the crumbling eaves
Its way is slowly threading,
But there they came from far and near,
The night of Nora's wedding.

If you across the ridgy field
Had happened to be straying
You might have heard from dark till dawn
The blind old fiddler playing;
And, peering in, you might have seen
A wrinkled woman heading
The mazes of an Irish jig,
The night of Nora's wedding.

She brushed her whitened locks aside
And courtesied down the middle,
Still keeping perfect step and time
To partner and to fiddle.
Her ample skirts of woolen stuff
Coquettishly outspreading—
The fire of youth was in her eye,
The night of Nora's wedding.

O, Nora was so fair a bride
She needed no adorning;
But Nora's mother kept the floor
Until the early morning.
With all the grace of seventeen
The merry measures treading,
She danced the lads and lassies down,
The night of Nora's wedding.

WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.

(S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.)

He grubbed away on a patch of ground,
"Waiting for something to happen,"
Year after year the same old round.
"Waiting for something to happen,"
The moments he had to spare he spent
"In waiting for something to happen,"
His hair grew gray, his shoulders bent,
But he grubbed and he loafed, and was content
To "wait for something to happen."

His tools wore out, and his ground grew poor,
"Waiting for something to happen,"
But he grubbed and he loafed and he still was sure
That "something would some day happen,"
And many a chance he let go past,
"Waiting for something to happen,"
Until there came a day, at last,
When clouds above his head were cast—
Something had finally happened!

WEIGHING THE BABY.

(Rev. W. W. Morlow in the Interior.)
Bring at once the steelyards,
And get the basket, quick;
Wrap her up in flannels,
The warmest you can pick;
—Ah! take care, my lady,
Don't twist up your face—
For we're going to weigh the baby,
The youngest of her race.

Now put in the pillow,
As soft as elder down,
And place her gently on it,
And tuck the covers round;
Is everything just ready?
Do you have her just in place?
For we're going to weigh the baby,
The sweetest of her race.

She doesn't seem to like it,
She's going to rebel:
—Ha! ha! see here, my lady,
Don't fear your weight to tell;
'Tis time enough when older
To falsify the case—
But now we'll weigh the baby,
The proudest of her race.

Every ounce is precious—
More precious far than gold;
—That's it—shall I raise it?—
I'll keep a steady hold—
Alas! again she's squirming,
And tears and frowns deface,
But we're bound to weigh the baby,
The choicest of her race.

But do you ask—What baby?
Why, "baby mine," of course;
And this I must attend to,
Or suffer grim remorse;
That tale of pounds so precious
Time never must erase—
So we're going to weigh the baby,
The plumppest of her race.

But do not keep me longer,
She's growing, you must know;
I want the precious figures
Before this hour shall go;
—And now she frets and wiggles,
'Tis hard the lines to trace;
But we must weigh the baby,
The dearest of her race.

Well, well! At length it's over—
The deed at last is done;
We've weighed the precious burden,
Her pounds are fully known;
We did it all so calmly—
We managed it with grace—
We've weighed our darling baby,
Most precious of her race.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Truth and Justice."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Here is a poem asked for by one of your correspondents:

TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

What nobler themes can be embraced.
By thoughtful man, or studious youth;
What pictures drawn or motto traced.
Compared with Justice and with Truth?

Truth is a gem of priceless worth,
Inspired the word to all its given;
Revered and prized by man on earth,
And justified by God in heaven.

Truth is irresistible, and must,
Its eternal course pursue;
Though clouded, 'twill I hope and trust—
Give all oppressed their righteous due.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"
Reads this adage, trite and olden;
Wrong never conquers, in the man,
While truth is pure and golden.

Truth is mighty and will prevail,
Though darkened, for a day and night;
When cruel wrongs do men assail,
A power divine will rule men right.

Truth holds within itself, I'm told.
Bright rays and gems of splendor;
True courage lives now as of old,
Thus these words of truth I render.

"I Shall be Satisfied."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "S. E. F." I send the following:

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here, not here! not where the sparkling

waters

Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters,
"I shall be satisfied," but O, not here!
Not here, where all the dreams of bliss deceive

us,

Where the worn spirit never gains the goal;
Where haunted ever by the thought that grieves

us,

Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is still-

ing,

And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.
Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! The spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds,

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vain longing,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
O, what desires upon my soul come thronging,
As I look upward to the heavenly hills

Whither my weak and weary steps are tending;
Savior and Lord! With thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where all my wander-

ing ending,

I shall see Thee, and "Shall be satisfied."

M. E. G.

at St. Anthonine.

A WIFE'S SONG.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Facts and Fiction.)

In my life's morn, when my heart was fired
With that bold courage of ignorant youth,
By the wild, warm tide in my veins inspired,
I sang of love, of its strength and truth.
I said I would suffer and dare and be fearless
For love, which was only a word to me then
(Yet a word that seemed holy, and grand, and
peerless,

And much misused by the speech of men.)

And now, as I stand in the noonday of splendor
And crowned with the regal crown of wife,
Those passionate songs, as wild as tender,
Seem all too tame for the love of my life,
I would rather walk by your side in trouble,
Than to sit on the throne of the mightiest
king;

And the love that I give you today is double
The worth of the love that I used to sing.

I may not prove it by deeds of daring
In the reckless spirit that young verse shows;
But a true courage is needed for sharing
With patient sweetness your cares and woes.
O, not in sinning, and not in dying
For those whom we love is love's strength
shown;

The test of our strength lies in living and trying
To lighten their burdens and laugh at our own.

The truest courage is needed daily
In facing life's worries and smiling them
down;

And he who can carry his crosses gayly
Is greater than he who can take a town.
And the smallest word that your lips may offer
Of praise or approval is dearer to me
Than all the plaudits the world might proffer
Or princes utter on bended knee.

All that was noble, or sweet, or tender,
Whatever within me was strong and true,
Merged into the perfect, complete surrender

I made of my life and my soul to you.
And, had I the gift, I would write one royal
And deathless song—the song of the wife
Who finds her glory in being loyal
And worthy the love that has crowned her life.

WILLIAM PEOPLE'S

THE GEORGIA MAGISTRATE.

(Montgomery M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.)

So preposterously pompous in his pride and pulsance
His acumen of such compass that his penetrating glance
Sweeps the corridors of ages, grasps their learning and their lore
And the wisdom of the sages in the golden days of yore.

He presides at rural weddings and is always in demand
At the festive quilting spreadings, and will always take a hand
At a funeral or frolic, at a foot race or a fight,
And in other sports bucolic he's the biggest man in sight.

He is versed in all the mazes of the legislative acts
And recites with ease the phrases and unravels all the facts,
And he knows just how to settle which is which and which is not
In the case betwixt the kettle and the paralytic pot.

He can argue on a topic from the rising of the sun,
With an air that's philanthropic till the weary day is done,
Never growing sentimental over time and labor lost,
Caring not a continental so somebody pays the cost.

You may talk about the mightiness of kings and emperors,
And the transcendental flightiness of earth's great orators,
Who may all be influential in a somewhat humbler state;
But there's no man so potential as the Georgia magistrate!

And Vice Versa.

Some of the most dissatisfied wives in the world are those whom their husbands leave entirely free to do whatever they choose.—(Harper's Bazar).

Is Giving Sleight-of-Hand Shows Now.
"Broker doesn't play whist any more."
"What's the matter?"
"He got to know so much about the game that his club expelled him."—(Chicago Record).

ONLY ONE IN IT.



She—Do you love me for myself alone, dearest?
He—Of course I do. You don't suppose I want your mother about you all the time, do you?

He Must Have Friends.

She surveyed her lord and master as he lay snoring in the stupor of intoxication. She wrung her hands.
"O, how can he drink so?" she wailed.
"How can he?" she continued. "Especially when I don't allow him more than a dollar a week out of his salary for spending money."—(Indianapolis Journal).

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Fair Canton, loneliest village of the plain,
Where crowds erst came on nearly every train,
The hum has ceased; no more the echoing tread
Is heard. Thy streets are dead;
The cows browse peacefully today
Where, yesterday, we heard the brass bands play.
The sheep bells tinkle in the quiet streets;
The ewe is munching and the lambkin bleats;
The old ram stands as master of the scene,
And all is peaceful, sober and serene!

There stands the empty hack—its use is past—
But hark! A train approaches! Hear the blast!
A swish, a roar and then a sudden crash,
The monster speeds through Canton like a flash!

It does not stop! It hurries on its way—
This was the greatest station yesterday!
Fair village! Loneliest one upon the plain,
Thy day is fled—'twill never come again,
The oldest resident, e'en now, begins to prate
Of things he saw when Canton was so lively and so great!

It's Good to Press Autumn Leaves In.

Uncle David thinks that a dictionary is the most useless book ever printed. He says that you can't find out by it how to spell it in the first place. This remark was made after an hour's search among the ks for the word "kwiet."—(Boston Transcript).

'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round.

Dearie—Your voice is "sweet," and in the "light" of thy face I see life. O! how I love to see you, dearie! Am well? Are you happy? Ideal didn't receive letter.—(New York Herald Personal).

Adam's Life in Eden Was Poetry.

"I wonder if Adam could have had any poetic talents?"
"Of course not. Poets are born, not made."—(Indianapolis Journal).

A CYNOSURE.

(Somerville Journal.)

His front name was Adolphus, and his surname it was Brown. The girls all said his mustache was the prettiest in town. His hair was a deep auburn, and it crinkled up in curls. That made him the cynosure of all the village girls.

Now, being a cynosure, he had more or less conceit. You could see it in his manner when he walked across the street. His very air proclaimed aloud to every one in town: "Say, don't you think I'm handsome? My name's Adolphus Brown."

Well, so it went for several years. Adolphus cut a dash, But being a cynosure doesn't pay in ready cash, And finally his father brought the youth up with a jerk, And he said, says he: "Adolphus, you have got to go to work."

Now when Adolphus heard these words, and thought what they implied, His first thought was that he would go and be a suicide; But of nerve to swallow poison he found there was a lack, And the thought of a revolver sent cold shivers down his back.

And so Adolphus still survives, with his mustache and his curls, And he still is a cynosure for all the village girls; In fact, he's rather more so now than he ever was before, For he's selling lace and ribbons in McCloskey's bargain store.

THEN HE FELT ANNOYED.



He was getting on very nicely with that song "Look into mine eyes, love," till someone called out: "It's yer mouth yer want us ter look into."

HEROISM.

(New York Times.)

We are going to thrash the Spaniards, (with our tongues;) We will blow them off the briny, (with our lungs.) If you do not think we're in it You'll admit in half a minute That our talk would start a powder barrel's bungs.

Wow!

Hark! Our rhetoric rends the various parts of speech. Forward! led by gallant Sulzer, (he's a peach.) Lodge, our hero, does not linger; Mark, he fires his right forefinger, And above the battle hear the eagle screech! Wow!

See us sniff the scent of carnage, (from afar,) That's the kind of fighting hairpins that we are. "Cuba Libre" for our slogan, While we load our trusty blowgun, Simply wallowing in the horridness of war! Wow!

THE POWER OF THE COLONEL'S EYE.



Col Blazer—You say that you don't believe the human eye can keep a wild animal at bay? Well, when I was in India, I kept a tiger at a distance for two hours by simply staring at it!

Van Popple—H'm, what are the facts, colonel?

"Well, I have sometimes thought it was because I was perched on the top branch of a tree about 80 feet high; but still, that's a mere detail!"

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

(R. K. Munkittrick, in New York Journal.)

The tiny, tuneful tanager
Awakes my fond esteem,
Because he rhymes with manager
And helps the poet's scheme.
Though in no sense a cuckoo, or a shanghai, or
a stork;
Or e'en the queen of honkers
The wild goose as she conquers
Upon the dish from Yonkers.
To Trolleylo and Cork,
He's the gayest little minstrel on the land or
on the sea
When his singing,
He is slinging
While he's winging
Through the tree.

I love the scarlet tanager,
And listen to his note;
That cheers the old tincanager
The dream-beggarred goat,
That on the sward most nimbleful
Half-cocks his head elate,
While gulping by the thimbleful,
The stovepipe and the skate.
He seeks not to dissemble while his soul's
with joy a-stir.
But listens to the scarlet, not the black and
tanager.

I love the scarlet tanager,
Who sings as full of glee,
As doth the swart bananager,
From sunny Tusca-nee,
Who capers like Terpsichore,
And tosses high his cap,
While marching on the hickory
And grawsome ginger snap.
Because the scarlet tanager is singing fancy
free,
Within the olive orchard of his vision by the
sea.

The frisky scarlet tanager will not be here till
May—
Why do I build three moons ahead the joy
bejewelled rhyme?
It is because spring underclothes are adver-
tised today;
They why should not the tanager be boomed
ahead of time?
We can't make flesh of underclothes and fish
of tanagers,
And both should have the springtime "ad,"
although we're wearing furs.

I love the scarlet tanager—
Whoever cares to make
Another rhyme for tanager,
This limpid lay may take.
And fix it up and polish it, and to it tack his
name,
And sell it to some magazine of acrobatic dash,
And he may keep the laurels and the glory and
the fame.
And I'll be satisfied to take the evanescent
cash.

A MAN OF BRAIN.



New Lodger (sarcastically)—Is this all
the soap there is in the room?
Landlady (decidedly)—Yes, sir; all I
allow for one room.
New Lodger—Well, I'll take two more
rooms. I've got to wash my face in
the morning.

CAN BIDDY PROVE HER TITLE CLEAR?

Long I've sought her. Is she found?
Can it be the Fates so will it?
Even now, alas! the void
Aches for her to come and fill it.

Can it be the queen will come
To her own? O, let no skeptic
Doubt dismay the hope that springs
'Mid the pangs of pain dyspeptic!

Have I found her? Can this be,
After all, the one I've looked for?
Who'd deny it, noting now
Names of all the nobs she's cooked for?

If, to reign, she'd prove the right
That's divine, O let her pitch in
And bring order— heaven's first law—
From the chaos of our kitchen!

Let her prove her title clear!
Let joy, unconfined, gyrating
Round a juicy joint, protest
'Gainst her ever abdicating!

M. N. B.

TOO LATE TO SEE HIS WIFE ALIVE.

Robert Treat Paine Made Record-Break-
ing Journey From Washington to Bos-
ton on Special Train.

Mr Robert Treat Paine arrived in Boston at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, after his record-breaking journey from Washington, too late, however, to see his wife before she passed away. He was in Washington Tuesday afternoon, when he received a telegram announcing that his wife was dying at her Boston home.

He immediately gave orders for a train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, which was to cover the distance between Washington and Boston at such a pace as has never before been attempted. The terms of the agreement were \$2 a minute, and a big bonus was to be given for every minute chopped off the record time. The first run of 135 miles between Washington and Grays Ferry, Philadelphia, was covered in 132 minutes. Stops of three minutes' duration were made at Baltimore and at Grays Ferry to cool the journals of the engines.

Engineer Hukill was at the throttle of the engine and ran it with its car attached, at such a rate of speed as has probably never before been gained upon a run of such a distance. The 34 miles run between Perryville and Wilmington was timed and occupied exactly 30 minutes.

New York was left at 2.28 yesterday morning on a special train, and Boston was reached at 8.02.

As was told in yesterday's *Globe*, Mrs Paine died at her home, 6 Joy st, in the evening. The funeral will be held at Trinity church, Friday noon.

FOR MY SAKE.

Three little words, but full of sweetest meaning:
Three little words the heart can scarcely hold:
Three little words, but on their import dwelling
What tenderness of love do they unfold.

"For my sake" cheer the suffering, help the
needy,

On earth this was my work, I give it thee,
If thou wouldst follow in thy master's footsteps

Take thou and bear my cross and learn of me.

"For my sake" let the harsh word die unuttered,

That trembles on the swift impetuous tongue.

"For my sake" check the quick rebellious feel-

ing,

Which rises when thy brother does thee wrong.

"For my sake" press thou with all patience
onward,

Although the race be hard, the battle long,

Within thy Father's house are many mansions.

There thine own voice shall join the victor's
song.

And if in coming days the world reviles thee,
If "for my sake" thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went before
thee,
They only wear his crown who share his cross.

JUST AS MOTHER USED TO DO.

(New York Evening Sun.)
He criticised her puddings, and he didn't like
her cake;
He wished she'd make the biscuit that his
mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't
make a stew,
And she didn't mend his stockings, as his
mother used to do.

Ah, well! She wasn't perfect, though she
tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come
to have a rest;
So, when one day he went the same old
rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears, just as his
mother used to do.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT "TRIALS OF A TWIN."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in
answer to "Minnie" I send the following:

Al.

TRIALS OF A TWIN.

In form and feature, face and limb
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another;
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It raised a fearful pitch,
For one of us was born in twin
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got completely mixed;
And thus you see by fate's decree
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged
When John turned out the fool;
I put this question fruitlessly
To every one I knew,
What would you do if you were me,
To prove that you were you?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife;
In fact year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

CUT IT SHORT.

(Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.)

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down—

Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter,—
Boil it down;

Fewer syllables the better,—
Boil it down.

Make your meaning plain,—express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it,
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings,—
Boil it down;

Skim it well, then skim the trimmings,
Boil it down.

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Cut another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

[From Life.]

Bridget—Sure, ma'am, I wud call your
attenshun to the beautiful sunset out av
the kitchen winder.

Mistress—That's nothing, Bridget. You
ought to see it rise some morning.



Sympathetic Friend—Old boy, bear up; I have bad news for you. Your wife—(pause for emotion)—your wife has met with a serious accident whilst bicycling. She ran over your dog, got upset, and had to be taken to the hospital.

Hubby—Ow's the dawg?

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

(S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.) How many of us are there who Work on from day to day, Performing tasks we have to do In a careless sort of way— Who would not grumble, moan, and sigh Did we not hope to profit by "Some happy accident?"

Yon teamster, driving down the road, Whistling as he goes, Snapping the graceful, plaited goad Beside his horse's nose, Might be a sour misanthrope But for the ever-present hope Within his bosom pent, That some day he will have his due, That Fate will stoop to reach him through "Some happy accident."

The miner in his gloomy cell, The weary-fingered clerk, They that in wretched hovels dwell, And only live to work, They, too, hope on from day to day, And, hoping stumble down the way, Each drowning discontent With deathless faith in that pale ghost Which man has ever prayed for most, "Some happy accident."

Alas, how many men have died In want, despair, and doubt Because they drifted with the tide, Instead of branching out? Go forth, O brother, challenge Fate! God surely never meant That man should just work and await "Some happy accident."

What Did the Clerk Select?

A clerk in a Chicago bookstore was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him:

"I want to buy a present of a book for a young man."

"Yes, Miss," said he; "what kind of a book do you want?"

"Why, a book for a young man."

"Well, but what kind of a young man?"

"O, he's tall and has light hair and I always wears blue neckties!"—(Chicago News).

LOOKING FOR GOOD APPETITES

[From the New York Recorder.]

Mrs. Skinner—I'm glad to hear you say you have such a good appetite.

Mr. Newboarder (about to take his first meal, and much pleased at the prospect)—Landladies generally fear a good appetite.

Mrs. Skinner—I don't; when a man has a good appetite he can eat almost anything.

FIDO'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.



"What's the matter with your dog?"
"Poor fellow! he went and bit one of those soldier chaps, and forgot about his spurs."

THE COURTING.

Once there was a maiden fair,
A many years ago.
With laughing eyes and misty hair,
A many years ago.
And when the golden sun had fled
Beyond the hills, and day was dead,
Unto her door a brave youth sped,
A many years ago.
Adown the winding lanes they strayed,
A many years ago.
While Cupid on their heart-strings played,
A many years ago.
And moonlit were the summer skies,
And lovelight glistened in their eyes,
And earth to them was paradise,
A many years ago.
He told the story new, yet old,
A many years ago.
The sweetest story ever told,
A many years ago.
He kissed her on her downy cheek,
Her blushes warm played hide and seek,
For love of him she could not speak,
A many years ago.

The maiden fair and gallant swain,
A many years ago;
Husband and wife at last became,
A many years ago.
But not each other did they wed,
She wedded a man whose wife was dead,
He wedded another maid instead,
A many years ago.

Chelsea, Chas. L. Hurd.

Editors Who Are Slow but Honest.
"I hear that Bindle has fallen heir to a large fortune."
"It amounts to that. You see, his great grandfather used to send things to the magazines to be paid for upon publication."
"Well?"
"That's all. Bindle is having quite an income all at once."—(Boston Transcript).

Did She Have the Last Word That Time?

Mrs. Jones—Do you remember that night in June, Henry, when you first asked me to marry you?

Mr. Jones—if you refer to that first, last, single, solitary and only occasion upon which I ever asked you to marry me, I do—and you never gave me another chance, remember.—(Judge.)

Especially When Your Note's Coming Due

Mother (to little 6-year-old Louise)—It's two weeks since you promised to learn that verse.

Louise—Yes, dear mama, but the time does flies like lightning bugs.—(Judge.)

A Sure Sign.

"Now," said the attorney for the defence, "here is a skull. Can you tell us to what species it belongs?"

"It's the skull of a lawyer," said the expert witness.

"How can you tell?"

"By the cheekbones."—Philadelphia North American.

UNEXPLAINED.

(Washington Star.)

They tell you it's cream, when you go to the shop.

Though it's thin and uncanny in flavor.

The coffee you buy seems devoid of a drop

Of that wondrous traditional flavor.

But the mystery's worse than the taste,

though that's bad,

And the things we are now so afraid of

Perhaps we'd endure with sensations less sad,

If we only knew what they are made of.

And it isn't alone in the merchandise line

That these puzzles loom up, disconcerting.

There's many a title impressively fine,

And a coat-of-arms most self-asserting,

Which leave you to guess how they came to exist.

These baubles they make such parade of
Seen good as the best. But you mustn't insist
On knowing just what they are made of.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

My Ships.

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "C. O." I send this poem:

A. J. C.

MY SHIPS.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Weighed down with gems and silk and gold;
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many sails as there would be,
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me;
Ah, well! I would have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the storm clouds then might frown;
For, if the others all went down,
Still, so rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With honor, glory, riches, golds
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me!
But if thou sendest some a-wreck,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me.

THE WINDY CORNER.

(M. L. Neal in San Francisco News-Letter.)

We met beneath a summer sky,

But Phyllis coldly passed me by;

And fair was she, and mute was I

In love that could not scorn her—

Not knowing we should meet one day

Beneath a sky of black and gray

And on a windy corner.

For dainty maid in dainty dress,
When pride is great and love is less,
Is slow to pity man's distress

And leaves him long to mourn her;

But grace is awkward in a squall

And even pride may have a fall

Upon a windy corner.

With garments wildly blown about,
Her silk umbrella inside out,
My lady's pride was put to rout,
No sight could be forlorner,

And she had fallen at my feet,

But swifter than the tempest beat

Upon that windy corner.

I flew to render joyous aid,
Then hinted to the troubled maid
That to my arms, through storm and shade,
A happy fate had borne her;
And evermore I lead my wife
Round all the varied turns of life
And every windy corner.

OLDER THAN THE CENTURY.

Mrs Amos Weed of Merrimac Has Lived Under Every President of the Nation but Washington.

It is nearly a century since Mrs Amos Weed of Merrimac first saw the light there, as she is nearly 99 years old, having been born Jan 28, 1798. She occupies the proud position of the oldest person in the vicinity.

Her mind is remarkably clear and active, and she bids fair to live many years past the century mark. Quick to understand, she converses connectedly and interestingly of her younger days, and the important events that have taken place during her long life.

She is by birth a member of one of the oldest families in town, the Sargent's. So numerous is the family name that the voting list has a special column devoted to the Sargent's, and this name has been identified with all that was progressive and prominent since the settlement of the place.

Her father was deacon Orlando Sargent, who died at the age of 86 years, and was a prominent man in his time, having filled many public offices.

It was to him the town intrusted its ammunition and powder for safe keeping, a place being built in his cornhouse for that purpose.

He married Hannah Welch of Plaistow, and they had eight children born to them, the first of whom was Mrs Weed.

She was married in 1819 to Amos Weed, who was carpenter and farmer, and filled many public offices, being town clerk for many years, succeeding his father, Capt Ephraim Weed, who held the office for 25 years.

They lived at what is called Pond Hills, very near the "block house," which was a very necessary adjunct to a little settlement in early days.

Here eight children were born to them, only two of whom are alive, Amos, aged 66, now living in California, and Judith, now Mrs Kimball, aged 72, with whom she lives in a pretty home on Main st, a locality which, in her early days, was a wilderness.

Her brother Joseph was a captain, and in 1861, when news came that the 6th Massachusetts regiment had been fired upon, in Baltimore, he raised a company which was mustered into the 14th regiment, which took part in the battle of Bull Run.

During the latter part of the war he was stationed at Washington; after it closed he was appointed postmaster, a position that he held for many years.

She was 8 years old when the famous dark day occurred, when the sun was totally eclipsed and the stars were visible in the heavens; was 14 when the war of 1812 was declared.

She can distinctly remember when Pres Munroe passed through the Ferry and stopped to inspect the mills and manufactured goods at what was then the Mills (now Amesbury), the same route that Washington took on his way to Portsmouth, some years before.

She was 26 when Gen Lafayette visited Newburyport, and well remembers the public display, when triumphal arches lined his way, and thousands flocked to see him from all quarters.

The carriage industry, which was to make Amesbury and Merrimac known the world over, was begun two years after she was born.

AMBIGUOUS.



He—Would your mother object to my kissing you?

She (indignantly)—My mother! Why, she wouldn't hear of such a thing!—(Up to Date).

One of the Devil's Worst Forms.

"Mrs O'Rooney," said Rev Fr McMurphy, "why do I never see Patrick at church now?"

Mrs O'Rooney shook her head sadly.

"Is it anarchism?"

"Warse that that, your riverence."

"Is it atheism?"

"Warse, your riverence."

"What is it, then?"

"Rheumatism."—(Pittsburgh Chronicle).

Will There Ever be a Prune Trust?

"I see that there has been an oatmeal trust formed," said the shoe-clerk boarder.

"That settles it," said the cheerful idiot. "As long as the trusts were content to lay their clammy fangs on the homes of the country it was none of our business, but when they attack the boarding houses it is time for action."—(Indianapolis Journal).

Unusually Modest for Mr Howells.

William Dean Howells, in his December article on Oliver Wendell Holmes, speaks of his subject 25 times and alludes to himself 210 times, or six times as often as he mentions Dr Holmes.—(New York Commercial Advertiser).

None of Them Profane.

"They think now that the Bible was written in Boston."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, there are 22 references to the east wind in it."—(Chicago Record).

He Swallowed the Jest.

"I'm hungry enough to eat a horse."

"Come along with me, and we'll have a couple of ponies."—(Indianapolis Journal).

POETRY AND PROSE.

(Baltimore News.)

Poetry.

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Rapping on her heart;
"Please," said he, "do come and make me
Of your life a part!"

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Raising such a din;
Cold, he trembled in the doorway,
And she let him in.

Prose.

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Rapping as he swore:
"Wife," said he, "do come and open
This confounded door!"

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Raising such a din;
Cold, he fumbled for the keyhole,
And she let him in.

A BEAUTY.

Red as rubies her lips are,
Each cheek like a rose
That's a-blossom beside her
Dear nondescript nose.

We pronounce her a beauty,
In spite of the fact
That her pate's just at present
An all but bare tract.

Her mouth's like a rosebud—
That can't be gainsaid—
Tho' 'tis true that she hasn't
A tooth in her head.

Tho' teeth couldn't improve her,
She'll get them. Her nose
And her locks will be longer
When Tootsikins grows.

But, O dear! will she ever
Again be so sweet
As she is now—a baby—
Her world at her feet?

M. N. B.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

(Marian Douglas, in Harper's Bazaar.)

"Happy New Year!" say you;
"Happy New Year!" say I;
And each one tries to smile,
But both of us we sigh,
For O! each year we less and less
Have faith in dreams of happiness.

We hear a haunting so!
The notes of joy between;
Our first thought is of graves
When spring-time's sod grows green.
"Happy New Year!" For us to say
Those words seems mockery today

Nay! Nay! what beauty has
The rose seed in the dust?
But fair will be its bloom;
Wait, wait in patient trust.
The meaning of our days
Hereafter we shall see.
"Happy New Year!" Fear not;
God's love guards you and me!

Demoralizing Influence of Business Life.

When the new boy first enters the establishment he thinks of the time when he will be one of the firm. Before the first month is ended the height of his ambition is to sneak off half an hour before closing time. Boys are not altogether different from grown folks.—(Boston Transcript).

Is He Still a Creditor?

Briggs—I didn't know that you were near-sighted, old man.

Griggs—Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday.—(Detroit Free Press).

THE THORNS 'MID WHITE HOUSE ROSES.

Fast and furious is the onset:
From the Golden Gate to 'Sconset,
From the ice-bound northern borders to the
blotting orange groves,
Lo the patriots on the move now,
Love of country for to prove now
By descending on the White House ev'ry day
in perfect droves!

And the cheek of Prex McKinley
Pales what time he trembles only
As he hears the roar that rises from the rav'ning
rushing hordes:
All in vain he tries to shirk 'em,
Knowing well he ne'er can work 'em
A miracle upon the pap the nation's crib affords.

The ignoble army thickens,
And the Major all but sickens,
Prematurely, of his pretty little presidential job
When he sees how big their nerve is,
And recalls the civil service
Rules, and knows there's no escaping from the
office-seeking mob!

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Feb 2, 1884.

To the Editor of the People's Column—What
was the date of Wendell Phillips' death?

J. L. G.

Sir Walter Scott.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Who
was the author of the following lines?
Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.

S. G. B.

Forty-Five States.

To the Editor of the People's Column—How
many states are there in the United States at
the present time?

A. N. D.

Thursday.

To the Editor of the People's Column—On
what day did Feb 10, 1825, fall?

F. L.

"The Easter Bells in the Mist."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In re-
ply to a correspondent I send the following:

W. B.

THE EASTER BELLS IN THE MIST.
The cloud from the ocean is lifting
And the ship, as I breathlessly list,
On the reflux tide is drifting
Toward the city of bells in the mist.

The ocean lies darkly behind me,
The winds through the cordage that hissed,
And I hear though the storm shadows blind me,
The music of bells in the mist.

The fond hopes I cherished are bringing
The tears, that I cannot resist,
As I bear, in the viewless towers ringing
The sweet bells of home in the mist.

Ah me! What fond hopes and emotion
So near to the lips I have kissed,
Mehinks that my life is an ocean,
And the end is a shore in the mist.

The haven of rest is before me,
And I hear through the calm as I list,
From the crowns of the domes rising o'er me,
The sweet bells of hope in the mist.

Parted bands, that were trustful and tender,
That once in your beauty I kissed,
Do ye ring, amid shadowless splendor,
The sweet bells of Peace in the mist.

Saluting the Colors.

To the Editor of the People's Column—W
some reader please send in the poem in whi
these lines occur?

Bring my arm chair nearer, Pompey,
Let me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.

A. B. V

POOR PAY.



Edie (after hearing all about Grand-
father Inglenook's Crimean medal)—
What! Did they only give you that one
little half-crown for fighting all those
big battles?—(London Fun).

A BAFFLED FLORIST.

(Somerville Journal.)

Now Gladys sends for catalogs
From seedsmen far and near,
And studies them with diligence,
As she does every year.
Most lovingly she turns the leaves,
And lingeringly she looks
At pictures of plants never seen
Except in seedsmen's books.

A new kind of chrysanthemum
Just fills her with delight.
A pictured sweet-pea is a thing
To dream about at night.
And so fair Gladys turns the leaves,
And makes her mental choice,
And when she speaks of flowers, you hear
The love-tones in her voice.

Well, when she's looked the book all through,
And made her little list,
She foots the figures up—and then
You see a sudden mist
Of fleeting tears in Gladys' eyes.
Her order represents
An eighteen-dollar outlay, and
Her limit's fifty cents.

And He Can't Afford Candles.

"I s'pose the bill's all right?" he said,
as he produced a roll of bills at the office
of the gas company.

"Can't you read your meter?" in-
quired the clerk politely.

"No."

"It's easy to learn."

"O, I don't know. The trouble is that
the gas burner over it doesn't give light
enough to enable me to see the figures."

—(Washington Star).



"My best girl's a porker."—(Truth).

SHE DRIVES AN OSTRICH.

Mrs John Ellitch of Denver Has Trained
One to Draw Her Wagon.

Mrs John Ellitch of Denver, Colo.,
drives a strange steed. Her horse is not
a horse, but an ostrich, behind which
she rides in a light wagon.

Mrs Ellitch is the only woman in the
world who owns a zoological garden and
manages it herself. Through it she is
known all over the Pacific slope.
"When I want a change from driving
horses I have an ostrich," she says,
"the only pacing bird owned by a woman."



MRS JOHN ELITCH AND HER OSTRICH.

an. I drive it for amusement, never for
the public. It hauls a light road wagon,
and I've just got a new one with pneu-
matic tires.

Ostriches don't drive like horses. It
is all very well if it doesn't catch sight
of a banana peel, a stray orange skin,
or something equally attractive. If he
does he'll stop in his fastest gait and
dive sideways for the tidbit. He isn't
guided by the reins, but by a long whip,
with which I hit him on the side. It
takes a hard blow, too, to handle him.
If I should pull on the reins it would
break his neck.

"I raised him from a baby. He hates
reins, but once harnessed is very tractable.
His legs, of course, are immensely
strong. He seems never to get tired,
and goes like the wind."

AN UNSUCCESSFUL STRIKE.

"Daffydowndilly!" Dame Nature cries,
"Daffydowndilly, awake, arise!"
Daffydowndilly just rubs her eyes.

Still in her brown bed, she snuggles down.
"Daffydowndilly, get on your gown!
Hurry, with beauty to take the town!"

"What! that old yellow thing? I declare,
Mother, you're mean, and I won't, so there!
Go out, indeed, and with nothing to wear!

"Give me a new gown of blue or red,
Or pink with polka dots bespread,
Or all the season I'll stay in bed!

"I'm tired of yellow!" "And I of white!"
Pipes up the snowdrop. I'm such a sight—
Pale as a ghost, now—a perfect fright!

"Give me, O give me a plaid shirt waist!"
Tulips, with tears plead for something chaste.
"Gay hues are vulgar, and stripes bad taste."

While they're still grumbling, they're routed
out.

Daffy's gold petticoats flutter about,
Just as of old, while the March winds shout.

As 'tis with her, 'tis with all the rest.
Save for some tulip's more gaudy vest—
Some mau-given wrinkle—each one is dressed

Just as she was on her natal day.
Mothers, alas! but too oft obey
Daughters. Dame Nature's not built that way!

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

SMALL MERCIES.



Clergyman—Fine weather, Jones.
George—For them as ain't got to work.
Clergyman—Your garden looks well, Jones.
George—To them as doan't have to toil on it.
Clergyman—I'm glad the wife's better, Jones.
George—Them as doan't have to live with her may be.

Settled His Chances Forever.

He—They say, dear, that people who live together get to looking alike.
She—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—(Detroit Free Press.)

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)
The folks that write of fields of green where birds and daisies rule,
I'll bet you never struck them fields and plowed a Georgy mule;
And them that write of tinkling bells in dells where cattle roam,
I'll bet you, never had to drive the scampering cattle home!

And them that sing of woodlands sweet, and softly sighing pines,
I'll bet you, never had to tramp through prickly briers and vines
And cut a cord of wood or two! No matter what they say,
The country ain't as purty as it looks from far away!

Just let 'em come and try it—where people have to rise
Before the sun has blazed a way along the chilly skies,
And work from then until the stars look from the darkening dome—
I'll bet you, 'fore the day was done they'd all make tracks for home!

And yet, they keep on singing of country life
"so sweet."
And leave out all the mortgages and notes we have to meet!
We thank 'em for their compliments—for all the words they say;
But still—we ain't as purty as we look from far away!

Apparently His Mind Was About Gone,

Too.

"Queer, isn't it?" remarked the town loafer the other day.
"What's queer?" inquired the editor.
"The night falls?"
"Yes."
"But it doesn't break?"
"No."
"The day breaks?"
"Yes."
"But it doesn't fall?"
"No."
"Queer, isn't it?" and he was gone.—(Kansas City Journal.)

THE BICYCLE GIRL

(Modern Society.)

O, the bicycle girl in the picture
Which the catalog cover adorns,
Is a jimp little girl, with her fringe in curl,
Who the feminine petticoat scorns,
In her smart little "knicks" she undoubtedly licks

Creation and renders it tame!
But the girl one meets in the dusty streets,
Well—they're somehow never the same.

O, the bicycle girl in the picture
Never meets with the least mishap,
Nor contrives to lose any nuts or screws
Nor to travel clean out of her map.
But the girl who bikes—well, she sometimes likes

To break down in a long day's run;
And, when somebody nice gives his aid and advice,
Then the bicycle girl scores one.

O, the bicycle girl in the picture
Is as bright as the dawn in June;
And as clear and cool as a bathe in a pool
By the light of the silver moon.
And her color is fast, as she pedals past,
With her lips curled up for a kiss;

But the "bicycle face" of the girls who race,

Well—it never looks quite like this.

O, the bicycle girl in the picture
Is always remarkably neat;
And small-sized "twos" are the "toothpick" shoes
On her smart little brown-shod feet.
And her gloves snow-white are as trim and tight
As a bride's, and as spick-and-span;
While the girl's who bike, well—they're something like,
But they dress on a different plan.

Vesper Recital at Dartmouth

FRIENDS.

They may be east, they may be west,
Or they may be far over seas,
Or better, still, close to my side,
Who in my dearest thought abide.
When I my loneliness would ease,
Of all my blessings, great and small,
I count my friends as best of all.

Others may claim their friends as good,
But none can better be than mine,
And if I might I would not choose
Them for my benefit to use,
With selfish thought or dark design;
Rather I would be best content
My friendship their advantage meant.

For well I know some darkest day,
When courage shall be ebbing low,
That none of these will fail to be
As true as steel in heart to me,
And this is joy for me to know;
It makes me rich to feel I may
Claim kinship with such souls as they.

I thank God for them day by day,
Whose worth is more to me than gold;
Whatever changes life may bring,
My faith to them will constant cling,
Who in my heart of hearts I hold;
And whether far or whether near,
The thought of them is Heaven here.

Taunton. Charles Edward Pratt.

A CLEVER GIRL

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)
The stockings of the bloomer girl went out upon a strike;
"You've stretched us out of shape with muscles made upon a bike
Until we're tired out," they said, "and now that you propose
To fill us up with Xmas things, we will not be your hose!"

The owner of the stockings smiled, but argued not the point.
She saw they had the right to kick—their world was out of joint.
She gave them as a plaything to her little poodle pup—
And when the eve of Christmas came she hung her bloomers up!

THE RIGHT WORD.

"Are we too original in our costumes?"
Asked the bicycle girl; "what say you?"
"Well," said he, "perhaps that is not quite the word;
How would aboriginal do?" —Judge.

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

Mrs. Swellton was impressing little Willie with some principles of ethics which were supposed to have been discovered by George Washington when he had his first introduction to a cherry tree.

"No," she said gently but firmly, awakening the infantile conscience, "you will never go to heaven, Willie, if you don't stop telling those naughty little fibs. People who tell fibs go to that awful bad place where they don't get the best cut of the turkey breast and the nice little chocolate cream-drops every day that you do."

Just then the servant came in. "Mrs. De Highly is at the door," she whispered to her mistress.

"What! that impudent old gossip? Tell her I'm out, of course." The servant disappeared and delivered the message.

Willie listened in silence to these proceedings, not a little overwhelmed with a new sense of realization. "Say, ma," he said quietly.

"What is it, my son?"
"I was jes' thinking"—
"What?"

"That if I have to go to that naughty, bad place for telling little white fibs, I won't have to look far for company, will I?"

"Ahem!—er—er," said Mrs. Swellton, coloring. "I think it's your bed time, Willie, dear." —World.

COURTESY.

"Did you see Brookton?" he asked as the bill collector came in.

"Yes, sir. I went in and told him I was a bill collector."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he was, too, and that if I'd leave my bill he'd take pleasure in adding it to his collection." —Washington Star.

A VETERAN TOO.

(Mina Irving in Judge.)

He stood before the village store
Unkempt and weary-eyed,
His shabby harness here and there
With bits of rope was tied;
His knees were stiff, his coat was long,
As sorry sight indeed,
The butt of many an idler's jest—
The farmer's old gray steed.

Across the hot and dusty square
And up the narrow street
Arose a burst of rolling drums
And bugles loud and sweet.
He turned his head and pricked his ears
And shook his tangled mane,
As memory with its magic swelled
His withered veins again.

With every well-remembered note
A vision on him grew
Of trumpets with their crimson cords
And lines of men in blue.
He seemed to see from far and near
The marching squadrons come,
And flung his broken harness off
To curve to the drum.

For upon a battle field
He heard the bugles blow,
"Attention" in the dreary day
And "Charge" upon the foe.
The soldier-heart was in him yet,
Though he was blind and lame,
And many a whip had left its scar
Upon his gallant frame.

So every hand to every cap
Went up in grave salute
As all the veterans passed him by
With flag and rifle and flute;
And some were seen to drop a tear—
Those bearded men in blue—
A tribute to the old gray horse
Who was a veteran too.

RIGHTS AND LEFTS.



Miss Byker—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?
Miss Thythy—Yes; I now go in for women's rights.

Miss Byker—What's that?
Miss Thythy—Widowers.—(Up to Date.

A CASE AT COURT.

(Roy Farrell Greene in Up-to-Date.)
"Dan Cupid, Attorney-at-Law," is he in?
A chair? Yes, I'll wait here a minute!
I've a suit quite annoying I'm anxious to win,
As my counsel I wish you'd begin it!
The case has to do with a maiden so true
That a legal proceeding's bother,
And yet there is nothing remains but to sue
The maiden's most obstinate father.

The maiden some way stole my heart and I sued
At once for her hand, and reviewing
The case from inception with ardor imbued
I won a sweet "Yes" by the suing.
Her father, in wrath, upon learning of this,
Gave notice of surely appearing
The next night I called, with a move to dismiss,
And since then there's been no rehearing.
So, Cupid, just fix up a legal retort,
A something to frustrate the father!
Perhaps 'twould be well in contempt of the court
To hold him and end all this bother.
Do this and the rector at once we will seek,
With license and all due provision,
For some slight retainer the words ne will speak
Sustaining the former decision!

THE SPENDING OF A PENNY.

What care is this that corrugates
The brow of little Benny,
Who grasps so tightly now, within
His grimy fist, a penny?
He's hied him to the little shop
Which to his home is handy,
And there he stands divided 'twixt
The charms of toys and candy.
With either he'd so happy be
If 'twasn't for the other;
But should he buy the one, he knows
He'd surely wish 'twas t'other.
He dotes on sugar candy and
On tops—O, there's a dandy!—
But then he couldn't eat the top
Or keep the sugar candy.
Joy there's e'er a note of pain;
A fly's bid in the honey;
And e'en the Rothschilds rack their brains
To make the most of money.
And so the tiny rootlets of
All evil bother Benny.
As in his mind the top contends
With taffy for that penny!

M. N. B.

A FAR-OFF LAND.

(Albert Millard in N. O. Times-Democrat.)
There's a beautiful land—I can't tell where—
Though I've dreamed of it time and time,
Beyond the deeps of the violet air
Where the musical glasses chime.

Where the silvery clouds go sailing by
On the wing of the summer wind,
And the smiles of the sun for ever lie
In the hearts of our vanished kind.

And the flow'rs that bloom in that far-off land—
White asters and asphodels fair—
Entangle the feet of the joyous band
Of harpers with gold-streaming hair.

The song of that band is a wondrous song
That floats through the deep azure skies,
And it pulses on, eternally on—
'Tis an anthem that never dies.

"Thy beautiful world is a world of dreams,"
Some wiser than I am have said,
But to me this land where asphodel streams
Is the land of our vanished dead.

Some day, some day, in the oncoming time,
Earth's veil being rended in twain,
We'll hear the harp and the musical chime
And the wondrous anthem's strain.

And we'll float along with the joyous band
'Mid asters and asphodels fair,
And we'll cling with love to a mother's hand
And be fanned by a sister's hair.

And maybe our ears will listen above
To one who is dearer than they,
And maybe we'll love as the angels love,
And not as the riotous clay.

And maybe we'll sleep, and maybe we'll dream,
Somewhere, though I cannot tell where;
And maybe we'll wake where asphodels stream
In the ocean of amber air.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)
Pedouin, Ilthe, barefooted, and blithe, the
rollicking melody

Which through thy lips so lightsome slips is the
ballad of "Rosalie,"
The Prairie Flower," and fracious power,
within the ancient tune,
Brings back the day when I rode way in the
buxom month of June.
When the slender stalks of the hollyhocks
Lifted the blooms so high
Above the wall, that they shouted all: "Goodby,
my lover, goodby."
In its tunic yellow, a wild bird mellow and mad
with tipsy joy,
Tilted the rhyme of his tuneful chime to the
lilt of a whistling boy.

No meadow lark in the misty dark, when winging
her upward way
From cloud to cloud, and caroling loud, to
waken the sleepy day,
No whip-poor-will, in the twilight still lamenting
in lonely shade,
Where fireflies seek for her and peer into every
glimmering glade.
No slave refrain, with a warp of pain and a
weft of psalm between,
No aria trilled to audience thrilled by the art
of the opera queen,
No shepherd's hall in the hawthorn vale; no
mariner's "Home ahoy!"
Moistens my eyes, like thoughts that arise,
with the lilt of a whistling boy.

Through my happy tears, across the years, on
the upland farm I see,
Driving his line of lowing kine, the laddie that
once was me.
Whistling clear to the thrushes near, that
cheery and quaint old strain
Loitering slow, in the long ago, adown the
blossoming lane,
We know that some, when death has come, and
all life's toll is o'er,
On the river brim have heard a hymn float up
from the farther shore,
But at Charon's ford, one low, sweet chord will
all my fear destroy,
If over the tide, from the other side, comes
the lilt of the whistling boy.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

(Joe Lincoln in Puck.)

She's little and modest and purty,
As fresh as a rose, and as sweet;
Her children don't ever look dirty.
Her kitchen ain't noway but neat.
She's the kind of a woman to cherish,
A help to a feller through life,
Yet every old hen in the parish
Is down on the minister's wife.
Twas Mrs 'Lige Hawkins begun it;
She alters hez had the idea
That the church was built so's she could run it,
'Cause Hawkins is deacon, you see.
She thought that the hull congregation
Jest marched to the tune of her fife,
But she found 't was a wrong calkerlation
Applied to the minister's wife.

Then Mrs Jedge Jenks got excited,
She thinks she's the hull upper crust—
When she heard the Smiths was invited
To meetin', she quit in disgust.
"You may have all the paupers you choose to,"
Sex she, jest as sharp as a knife,
"But if they go to church, I refuse to."
"Goodby!" sez the minister's wife.

And then Mrs Jackson got stuffy
At her not comin' sooner to call,
And old Miss MacGregor is huffy
'Cause she went up to Jackson's at all.
Each one of the crowd hates the other,
The church hez bin full of their strife;
But now they're all hatin' another,
And that one's the minister's wife.

But still, all the cackle unheedin',
She goes in her ladylike way,
A-givin' the poor what they're needin',
And helpin' the church every day.
Our numbers each Sunday is swellin',
And real, true religion is rife,
And sometimes I feel like a-yellin',
"Three cheers for the minister's wife!"

ASK THE NEIGHBORS.



Mrs Squaks—My daughter is taking
great pains with her singing.
Farmer Hoen (on a visit)—I think the
pains are sort of give-an'-take, don't
you?

SOPHISTICATION.

(Puck.)

My little niece sniffs loftily,
"Huh!—only old ice cream!"
And eats it or refuses, with
Indifference supreme.

Why, bless me! Thirty years ago,
On some hot summer day,
When we saw Bridget pounding ice,
We stopped short in our play.

And I can see your eyes shine now—
And how your teeth would gleam—
As we ran crying, "Goody! Good!
We're going to have ice cream!"

Such squealing, hopping on one foot,
Such gleeful laugh and shout;
It needed active exercise
To let the gladness out.

Meanwhile we quarreled amiably—
Hopes fixed on nothing rasher—
Which one should scrape the spoon and can,
And which should lick the dasher.

Poor little niece! From such delights
By too much use exempt;
In whom familiar luxury
Has bred blasé contempt.

NOT MUCH OF IT TO BURN.



He—Oh, Miss Vere! your beauty sets my brain on fire.
She—Well, never mind. It won't be much of a conflagration.

A BALLAD OF BOSTON.

(W. J. L. in New York Sun.)

Col Henry Walker of the Ancient and Honorable artillery company of Boston recently delivered a lecture explaining his meeting with Queen Victoria during the visit of the Boston favorites to England; but the following incident did not appear in the colonel's remarks, for obvious reasons:

The queen sat in her carriage grand,
The people, they stood near,
So that, perchance, if she did talk,
They might the better hear.

The queen, she looked to right and left,
And presently her eyes
Did rest upon a pleasing sight,
Which gave her no surprise.

For well knew she which in the group
Of beauteous men who make
The A. and H. A. C. so fine
Does always take the cake.

Then did the queen uplift her hand
And beckon to the one
She wished to see, and Walker, quick,
Came to her on the run.

The colonel, he with martial step
Strode to the queen's right side.
And, bowing to the ground, he said
He gazed on her with pride.

And not himself alone did gaze
Thus on her majestic,
But each and every of his troop,
The A. and H. A. C.

And likewise thus the whole U S
Through him did also gaze,
While Boston, he was pleased to state,
Found much in her to praise.

The queen, she stammered out her thanks,
"I hope I do not err."
She said, "concerning Boston; but
Ain't that in Texas, sir?"

The colonel, he is known to be
A very martinet
On discipline, and likewise he
Is so on etiquette.

He knows full well the royal rules,
To wit: One must express
Agreement with the queen; and so
He had to answer, "Yes!"

Alack! alas! no wonder that
The colonel cannot tell
The painful tale of monstrous woe
Which him and his befell.

Nobody Has Answered Yet.

"Reggie, darling, was ever any one so happy before?"
"No, sweetness, never."
"O, Reggie! what have we done to deserve it?"—(Truth.)

1897 Model, of Course.
Government official—Well, what do you want now?
Indian—Want to change my pony for a bike.—(Brooklyn Life.)

WHEN MARIA STARTS THE FIRE

(New Haven Evening Register.)

Some poet has written a few stanzas on "When Mary Winds the Clock." This style of household poetry seeming to meet a popular demand, we have gone this gentleman one better, and here give a few classic lines on "When Maria Starts the Fire:"

At the unholly hour of four, the time when all the world should snore, I'm awakened by a slamming door—

By my Maria.

She rises Phoenix-like from bed, puts on a rig to knock you dead, then in a moment she has fled—

To build the fire.

I hear a rumble and a roar, like wreck upon a rock-bound shore, then bang—down falls a ton or more

Of coal for that blamed fire.

I hear a rattle, roar, and slam, a muttered word that sounds like clam—she's wrestling with that fiendish pan

Of ashes from the fire.

Then into the cold world she goes, and bumps against a wind that blows about her form those misfit clothes.

O, my, that blasted fire.

The pan of ashes veers about, I hear a wild, blood-curdling shout; the contents have been emptied out

On my Maria.

Her golden locks and dreamy eyes are filled, poor girl, not with surprise—but filled with ashes, I surmise,

From kitchen fire.

She rises in her fearful wrath and kicks the ashpan up the path—then comes the rest, the aftermath.

She salls in on the fire.

She works an hour and may be more—I hear the contest through the door—I hear her struggling o'er the floor.

But Maria builds the fire!

Then when it blazes cheerfully, my dear Maria steeps the tea, and cooks the buckwheats hot for me,

On that old kitchen fire.

No sign of conflict in her air—how calm, how sweet beyond compare, is my Maria, so dear, so fair,

Who builds the kitchen fire!

Noah's Misfortune.

"I have always felt sorry for Noah," said the large-hearted man.

"I don't see the need for it," said the man of the shrunken sympathies, "Looks to me as if Noah got off pretty well."

"But just think of it. When the waters subsided there was not a soul left for him to ask, 'Now, what did I tell you?'"—(Indianapolis Journal.)

It is Cut Very Summary.

The Globe wants "Mrs Bacchante" to be released from the public library cell in which she has been locked up for so long. Possibly, however, she's "only waiting for warm weather; she's in summer garb, you know."—(Brockton Enterprise.)

But Rev Dr Abbott Says He Didn't.

Hewitt—How did you feel when you were seasick?

Jewett—As if the whale knew his business when he got rid of Jonah.—(Truth.)

Probably True.

A boy never expresses the love he feels for his mother, and seldom feels the love he expresses for other women.—(Atchison Globe.)

Perhaps in Philadelphia.

Miss Passee—I assure you I have lived only 18 short years.

Grump—Where were you the rest of the time?—(Truth.)

So Will.

ABSENT.

You are not here, and sad must be my song,
That once was full of hope and gladsome cheer;
For dark and sunless are the days, and long,
You are not here.

You are not here in your accustomed place,
That once you hallowed with your presence dear;
I miss your sunny smile, your loving face,
You are not here.

You are not here, and joys, that once I knew
Seem void of all that rendered them so dear;
Because no longer share I them with you.
You are not here.

You are not here, dear heart, and as the flowers
Must droop without the dew's refreshing tear;
So I must lonely wait the lagging hours,
You are not here.

North Cambridge. Emma Hodges.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"The Light of Childhood Days."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I here-with send the old ballad asked for by "Sadie." I don't recall the author's name. It is sung to the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Harris.

THE LIGHT OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I love to review the days of my childhood,
When sweet recollections recall them to view;
Then the thoughts that I gathered so pure from the wildwood,
From friendship's pure fountain none other I knew.
The love of companions kept my heart free from passion,
No bright fell upon me, no withering foe;
Then the hand that clasped mine in true friendship's fashion,
'Twas a pleasure to feel and worth more to know.

The clouds of those days were not dark and dreary,
No bitterness lurked in my cup full of joy;
Nothing wounded my heart, which was blithe-some and cheery,
No malice toward men did I then employ.
O! the days of my childhood, could they return to me,
How happy I'd be with the ambitions of youth;
But no, the dark clouds of deceit now surround me,
And I find but a morsel of honor and truth.

But I garner anon with true sense and pleasure,
Many bright, sunny spots in my life that has passed;
So that out of the sunbeams of my early life's measure,
I can hope for a haven in heaven at last.
No thorn on the roses, such clear waters flowing,
And each day that fleeted was sunny and fair;
Life's storms were held captive, the sunshine was glowing,
No flowers were then blooming but those bright and rare.

WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES.

(Mary C. Francis in Judge.)

A candidate thought that he had a grip On the presidential chair,

And his backers said, "We'll give you a tip No one can beat him there."

But alas for that million-dollar cinch,
And some other "favorite sons!"

He missed by about as much as an inch— And he wasn't the only one!

A fellow went courting a wealthy girl— Nor knew she thought him a bore—

For he had a mind to stay in the whirl,
And his creditors pressed him sore.

And he wedded a duke with an empty purse,
But she wedded a duke with an empty purse;

And her millions spiked his guns;
And the things that he said were bad, and worse—

But he wasn't the only one!

I tell you, brethren, it's often the way We're left at the pool of Siloam;

And the angel murmurs, "Some other day

Your fortune will be at home."

Your fortune will be at home;

And here's to the luck of what we can get,

And here's to our fortunes and win fame yet—

Mr. Parkslope—Shakespeare says that "A soft voice, gentle and low," is an excellent thing in a woman. Mr. Heights—it is, but it is more excellent than that.

Mr. Parkslope—Shakespeare says that
"A soft voice, gentle and low," is an ex-
cellent thing in a woman, but it is more excel-
lent in a baby.—New York Journal.

GAVE THE SNAP AWAY.



TO CURE A COOL



Teacher—Tommy, spell cat.

Tommy—C-A-

Teacher (encouragingly)—Well, what do we drink at evening?

Tommy (promptly)—Beer.

THE LOAFER.

(Chicago Record.)

I hear the singing of the scythe
As through the tall, green grass the blade
Flashes. I watch the motions made
By Henry's arms, brown, strong and lithe.

Across my back lot, where the weeds
And timothy have held their sway,
He courses on this summer day.
His perspiration falls in beads.

Remorselessly as Azrael
He cuts his way through that dense growth.
—Methought I heard a German oath.
A bee's nest, I suppose. Ah, well.

Henry is tall and red of face,
And broad of back and strong of limb,
How good it is to look on him
As he mows up and down the place!

It is a soothing thing to sit
Here in this porch's cooling shade
And listen to the singing blade,
And know that I've got out of it.

I love the honest workingman;
I love to watch him at his work,
And see his arms curve, swing and jerk—
And rock myself, and fan and fan.

Across my lot with giant swings
Henry goes amputating grass,
And swearing frequently, alas,
At bumble-bees and such like things.

An honest man at honest toil—
What better, nobler sight could be?
It fills me with delight to see,
Good Henry swing his scythe—and broil.

JUST TO PLEASE FATHER.



Father—What, Johnnie! smoking those cigarettes again?

Johnnie—Yes, father. I heard you tell mother that you wished all the cigarettes on earth could be burnt up, and I thought I would help to burn them.

IN THE AGE OF FANCY BOSOMS.

(Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.)

What made the man conspicuous
I, somehow, couldn't tell;
His coat was in the best of taste
And fit exceeding well;
His trousers—light, but not too light—
Were of a modest check,
And not an ultra stitch was in
The collar on his neck.

The extraordinary something I
Sought vainly in his hat,
For neither shape nor trimming gave
Me ought to cavil at.
His shoes, I found, were seemly for
A self-respecting man—
Not bottle-green nor ox-blood red,
But just a decent tan.

His tie of golf effects, so-called,
Was innocent; and why?
The jewelry in sight you could,
I vow, put in your eye.
In fine I stewed and studied till
I felt defeated quite,
When suddenly I noticed that
The shirt he wore was white!

JUST FOR ONCE.

[From Harper's Round Table.]

Two up-state farmers, Jerry and Jake, had been enjoying a brief holiday at New York, and during the trip they had seen a great many sights. Jerry was rather a domineering sort of a fellow, and, somewhat to his companion's annoyance and humiliation, had taken the lead all day. In fact, Jake had been trailed about here, there, and everywhere, willy-nilly, without being consulted, and he was just about sick of it all. At last it was time to go home.

When they reached the station, Jake marched upon the platform and jumped into the first car he saw.

"What have you got in there for?" demanded Jerry, as he came up.

"To please myself," returned Jake, sulkily.

"Well, get out, then; this isn't our train," said Jerry.

"I don't care a straw whose train it is, Jerry; I'm going with it."

"Jake, don't be a fool. This train doesn't go our way. It goes to Chicago, and that's where it will take you if you don't get out."

"I tell you I don't care where it takes me to, Jerry. You have had your own way with me all the day, and I've never gone anywhere where I wanted to go, so I don't care if it takes me to San Francisco; I'm going to please myself just for once."

THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.



Daughter—Gout, papa?
Papa—O, no, toothache.

OTHERS FIND YOU FAIR TO SEE.

NOT MUCH OF IT TO BURN.



He—Oh, Miss Vere! your beauty sets my brain on fire.
She—Well, never mind. It won't be much of a conflagration.

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They might the better hear.

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And presently her eyes
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Which gave her no surprise.

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The A. and H. A. C. so fine
Does always take the cake.

Then did the queen uplift her hand
And beckon to the one
She wished to see, and Walker, quick,
Came to her on the run.

The colonel, he with martial step
Strode to the queen's right side,
And, bowing to the ground, he said
He gazed on her with pride.

And not himself alone did gaze
Thus on her majesty,
But each and every of his troop,
The A. and H. A. C.

And likewise thus the whole U.S.
Through him did also gaze,
While Boston, he was pleased to state,
Found much in her to praise.

The queen, she stammered out her thanks,
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She said, "concerning Boston; but
Ain't that in Texas, sir?"

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On discipline, and likewise he
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Agreement with the queen; and so
He had to answer, "Yes!"

Alack! alas! no wonder that
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Which him and his befall.

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"Reggie, darling, was ever any one so happy before?"
"No, sweetness, never."
"O, Reggie! what have we done to deserve it?"—(Truth).

1897 Model, of Course.

Government official—Well, what do you want now?
Indian—Want to change my pony for a bike.—(Brooklyn Life).

WHEN MARIA STARTS THE FIRE

(New Haven Evening Register.)

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At the unholly hour of four, the time when all the world should snore, I'm awakened by a slamming door—

By my Maria.

She rises Phoenix-like from bed, puts on a rig to knock you dead, then in a moment she has fled—

To build the fire.

I hear a rumble and a roar, like wreck upon a rock-bound shore, then bang—down falls a ton or more

Of coal for that blamed fire.

I hear a rattle, roar, and slam, a muttered word that sounds like clam—she's wrestling with that fiendish pan

Of ashes from the fire.

Then into the cold world she goes, and bumps against a wind that blows about her form those misfit clothes.

O, my, that blasted fire.

The pan of ashes veers about, I hear a wild, blood-curdling shout; the contents have been emptied out

On my Maria.

Her golden locks and dreamy eyes are filled, poor girl, not with surprise—but filled with ashes, I surmise,

From kitchen fire.

She rises in her fearful wrath and kicks the ashpit up the path—then comes the rest, the aftermath.

She sails in on the fire.

She works an hour and may be more—I hear the contest through the door—I hear her struggling o'er the floor.

But Maria builds the fire!

Then when it blazes cheerfully, my dear Maria steeps the tea, and cooks the buckwheats hot for me,

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No sign of conflict in her air—how calm, how sweet beyond compare, is my Maria, so dear, so fair,

Who builds the kitchen fire!

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"I have always felt sorry for Noah," said the large-hearted man.

"I don't see the need for it," said the man of the shrunken sympathies. "Looks to me as if Noah got off pretty well."

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Jewett—As if the whale knew his business when he got rid of Jonah.—(Truth).

Probably True.

A boy never expresses the love he feels for his mother, and seldom feels the love he expresses for other women.—(Atchison Globe).

Perhaps in Philadelphia.

Miss Passee—I assure you I have lived only 18 short years.

Grump—Where were you the rest of the time?—(Truth).

So Will—

ABSENT.

You are not here, and sad mu
That once was full of ho
cheer;

For dark and sunless are the

You are not her

You are not here in your acc
That once you hallowed y
dear;

I miss your sunny smile, yo

You are not he

You are not here, and joys
Seem void of all that ren
Because no longer share I

You are not

You are not here, dear
flowers

Must drop without the

So I must lonely wait the

You are not

North Cambridge.

not
some
now
receiving a cure,
and a live bottle of my
press and postoffice address.
POLY. W. H. PERE F. D. 4 Geat St. NEW YORK

new
sence
Send at once for a
treatise
Give Ex
ages.

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"The Light of Childhood Days."

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THE LIGHT OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I love to review the days of my childhood,
When sweet recollections recall them to view;

Then the thoughts that I gathered so pure from the wildwood,

From friendship's pure fountain none other I knew.

The love of companions kept my heart free from passion,

No bright fell upon me, no withering foe;

Then the hand that clasped mine in true friend-ship's fashion,

'Twas a pleasure to feel and worth more to know.

The clouds of those days were not dark and dreary,

No bitterness lurked in my cup full of joy;

Nothing wounded my heart, which was blithe-some and cheery,

No malice toward men did I then employ.

Of the days of my childhood, could they return to me,

How happy I'd be with the ambitions of youth;
But no, the dark clouds of deceit now surround me,

And I find but a morsel of honor and truth.

But I garner anon with true sense and pleasure,
Many bright, sunny spots in my life that has passed;

So that out of the sunbeams of my early life's measure,

I can hope for a haven in heaven at last.

No thorn on the roses, such clear waters flowing,

And each day that fleeted was sunny and fair;

Life's storms were held captive, the sunshine was glowing,

No flowers were then blooming but those bright and rare.

WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES.

(Mary C. Francis in Judge.)

A candidate thought that he had a grip

On the presidential chair,

And his backers said, "We'll give you a tip
No one can beat him there."

But alas for that million-dollar cinch,

And some other "favorite sons!"

He missed by about as much as an inch—
And he wasn't the only one!

A fellow went courting a wealthy girl—
Nor knew she thought him a bore—

For he had a mind to stay in the whirl,

And his creditors pressed him sore,

But she wedded a duke with an empty purse,

And her millions spiked his guns;

And the things that he said were bad, and worse—

But he wasn't the only one!

I tell you, brethren, it's often the way

We're left at the pool of Siloam;

And the angel murmurs, "Some other day

Your fortune will be at home."

Then here's to the luck of what we can get,

And here's to creditors' duns;

And we'll launch our fortune and win fame yet—

"We'll launch our fortune and win fame yet—

GAVE THE SNAP AWAY.



Teacher—Tommy, spell cat.

Tommy—C-A-

Teacher (encouragingly)—Well, what do we drink at evening?

Tommy (promptly)—Beer.

THE LOAFER.

(Chicago Record.)

I hear the singing of the scythe
As through the tall, green grass the blade
Flashes. I watch the motions made
By Henry's arms, brown, strong and lithe.

Across my back lot, where the weeds
And timothy have held their sway,
He courses on this summer day.
His perspiration falls in beads.

Remorselessly as Azrael
He cuts his way through that dense growth.
—Methought I heard a German oath. . . .
A bee's nest, I suppose. Ah, well,

Henry is tall and red of face,
And broad of back and strong of limb,
How good it is to look on him
As he mows up and down the place!

It is a soothng thing to sit
Here in this porch's cooling shade
And listen to the singing blade,
And know that I've got out of it.

I love the honest workman;
I love to watch him at his work,
And see his arms curve, swing and jerk—
And rock myself, and fan and fan.

Across my lot with giant swings
Henry goes amputating grass,
And swearing frequently, alas,
At bumble-bees and such like things.

An honest man at honest toll—
What better, nobler sight could be?
It fills me with delight to see,
Good Henry swing his scythe—and broil.

JUST TO PLEASE FATHER.



Father—What, Johnnie! smoking those cigarettes again?

Johnnie—Yes, father. I heard you tell mother that you wished all the cigarettes on earth could be burnt up, and I thought I would help to burn them.

IN THE AGE OF FANCY BOSOMS.

(Edward W. Barnard, in Judge.)

What made the man conspicuous
I, somehow, couldn't tell;
His coat was in the best of taste
And fit exceeding well;
His trousers—light, but not too light—
Were of a modest check,
And not an ultra stitch was in
The collar on his neck.

The extraordinary something I
Sought vainly in his hat,
For neither shape nor trimming gave
Me ought to cavil at.
His shoes, I found, were seemly for
A self-respecting man—
Not bottle-green nor ox-blood red,
But just a decent tan.

His tie of golf effects, so-called,
Was innocent; and why?
The jewelry in sight you could,
I vow, put in your eye.
In fine I stewed and studied till
I felt defeated quite,
When suddenly I noticed that
The shirt he wore was white!

THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.



Daughter—Gout, papa?

Papa—O, no, toothache.

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"Jake, don't be a fool. This train doesn't go our way. It goes to Chicago, and that's where it will take you if you don't get out."

"I tell you I don't care where it takes me to Jerry. You have had your own way with me all the day, and I've never gone anywhere where I wanted to go, so I don't care if it takes me to San Francisco; I'm going to please myself just for once."

THE SEA'S CRADLE SONG.

(M. Eloise Talbot in New York Home Journal.)
 Rocking and rocking,
 The billows are knocking,
 Daylight ebbs wearily over the lea;
 Babes nodding sleepily,
 Birds stirring creepily,
 Hark to the lullaby sung by the sea.
 Pounding and pounding,
 The rollers are sounding
 Loud on the beaches that glisten afar;
 Crashing and splashing,
 The breakers are dashing
 High into foam on the long harbor bar.
 Racing and racing,
 The current is tracing
 Dark blue its way, as it sweeps from the land;
 Melting and swerving,
 The ripples are curving
 Fanciful patterns in seaweed and sand.
 Out on the ocean
 Are stir and commotion,
 Clouds bursting stormily, waves running free,
 But there are mending
 And quiet unending
 Down at the heart of the wonderful sea.
 Twining and bending,
 Without the sun's tending,
 Without the bee's loving, or kiss of the wind,
 Marvelous flowers
 Grow in its bowers,
 Fairer than land-children ever may find.
 Breaking and breaking
 Shall come the awaking;
 Up with the morning the high tide shall flow;
 Anchors are lifting;
 White sails are shifting;
 Over the water the stately ships go.
 Knocking and knocking,
 The billows are rocking,
 Rising and falling as soft as may be;
 Babes nodding sleepily,
 Birds stirring creepily,
 Dream to the lullaby sung by the sea

THE ANNUAL COMPLAINT.

(Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.)
 Again there's sound of scrubbing,
 Again the floors are bare,
 And soap and whitewash odors
 Are floating through the air.
 There's trouble in the kitchen,
 Confusion in the hall,
 For women are housecleaning—
 They do it every fall.
 A chunk of soap and bucket
 Are lurking on the stairs,
 And woe to weary hubby
 Who's taken unawares.
 There's paint in rash profusion,
 But it is never seen
 Until the clothes are showing
 Big stains of brown or green.
 Tacks here and there are scattered,
 And words we can't repeat
 Are heard when they are sticking
 In some poor victim's feet.
 The furniture is shifted
 To unaccustomed place,
 And in the dusk it bruises
 The unsuspecting face.
 On clotheslines heavy carpets
 In dusty silence hang—
 Put there for worried hubby
 To pull and turn and bang.
 In vain he makes excuses,
 Complaints of pain in head,
 For they must all be dusted
 Before he goes to bed.
 There's little time for cooking,
 And hungry wights must wait
 In spite of all their protests
 Against a meal so late.
 And should we ask the reason
 Of anger 'mong the men,
 We get this explanation—
 "They're cleaning house again!"

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(Philosophy of a Tugboat Deckhand.)
 (Chicago Record.)

"Yes, sir, home is where the heart is; which is words that I have read.
 In a book wrote by a party that I understand is dead.
 'Home, Sweet Home's' a tune I whistle often of these summer nights,
 When the smell rolls up the river follerin' the steamer lights.
 "In the heart of ev'ry human is a feelin', kinder soft,
 Fer for the 'liden' place he's uset to, even if it's just a loft,
 An' settin' on the towpost when we've docked here, all alone,
 I feel sorry for the man that has no place to call his own.
 "With my pipe lit an' a-puffin', with the bridge lamps shinin' red,
 An' the black smoke hangin' heavy in the air just overhead,
 An' the garbage in the river bobbin' up and down, you see
 There's a heap of satisfaction to a home body like me.
 "Other men may have their millions an' their houses, big an' grand,
 But I ain't got any envy for them people of the land;
 Twenty years I've bunked down forrad in the old Rebecca Nye.
 She has been my home, an' will be, if I'm lucky, till I die.
 "Home—yes, home is where the heart is, an' the old Rebecca's mine;
 I blowed up with her in '80, sunk with her in '89;
 Ev'ry plank an' rope an' rivet, ev'ry bolthead is a friend
 True an' firm an' tried an' trusted, on the which I can depend.

"Twenty years I've slept down forrad in the same familiar bunk,
 With exceptions of occasions when it happened I was drunk—
 With exception of occasions of a sorry kind when I
 Let the wicked city tempt me from the old Rebecca Nye.
 "This is home—the greasy water an' the sumpin' an' the smoke,
 An' the smell that comes a-floatin' up the river till you choke,
 An' the tootin' o' the whistle, an' the crashin', splashin' sound
 As the whizzin' old propeller swings some pass-in' boat around.
 "This is home—the steward callin' like a voice out of the tomb,
 Tellin' us to come to supper down there aft the engine room.
 This is home—with us a-groanin' up the river, pullin' slow,
 An' we go chasin' outside, nosin' round to find a tow.
 "Let them kings who live in castles be as proudish as they please;
 Let them wade around in carpets that reach clear up to their knees.
 That an' such like things may be their idy of a home, but I
 Druther have my bunk down forrad in the old Rebecca Nye."

COLORED PRINTERS' TRADE.

Floral Wisdom.

"Does your wife understand the care of palms in winter?"
 "Indeed she does; she always wheedles some of the neighbors into keeping hers."—Chicago Record.

Maud—Yes, dear, you can't venture out with those wet shoes. I'll let you take a pair of mine.
 Mabel—But I'm afraid they wouldn't fit.
 "I was about to add, if you could get them on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It—Let me think a moment.

She—No, don't. You know the doctor told you not to overwork yourself.

A QUESTION OF FORM.

O tell me what's good form in golf, I'd really like to learn;
 I've seen so many different kinds, I think there's form to burn;
 And which is wrong and which is right I must confess I find
 Beyond the penetration of my purely finite mind.
 For instance, when you're putting, should you hold your club the way a dainty little lady holds her mallet in croquet;
 Or should you scrouch yourself all up, with stiffened arm and hip,
 And wag yourself all over as you give the ball a clip?
 And when you use your brassy should you stand up near the sphere,
 Or two club lengths away from it, and swoop it o'er the mere
 By some strange bit of management, which some instructors teach,
 Involving a most wonderful and edifying reach?
 And when you make a tee—a joy that's only equalled by
 The bliss that used to come to us who've dabbed in mud pie.
 How many pints of sand are used in making one of these
 By those who are past masters in the art of making tees?
 And when you drive—this is a thing that bothers many a wight,
 And sets my poor head aching as I ponder it at night—
 Do you stand flatly on your feet, and swing back sort of slow,
 Or do you give a lightning stroke and teeter on your toe?

BING.

He was a man well known in town, and people called him Bing,
 He could tell another person how to do most anything;
 And, strange as it may seem to you, for none of his advice
 Would be exact of friend or foe even the smallest price.
 And tho' he never owned a house he could another show
 Just where the rafters and ridgepole ought properly to go,
 And tho' in naught he ever tried was he a great success,
 He always thought that his advice was far from valueless.
 He could tell another person just when to buy and sell,
 And if they followed his advice he knew they would do well,
 And tho' to aid somebody else he often used to yearn,
 When e'er he acted for himself things took a losing turn.
 He could tell a big contractor just how to dig a ditch,
 And could map out for a merchant the sure way to get rich;
 He knew just when a man should sleep and when a girl should wed,
 And yet he scarce had brains enough to earn his daily bread.
 He could tell a railroad magnate how best to build his road,
 And the way to run a paper an editor has showed;
 And as, to give a doctor points, one day he kindly tried,
 He suddenly fell sick himself and very shortly died.
 Lynn, Mass. Thomas F. Porter.

RIVALS IN A SITTING OUT MATCH.

HER CHANGELESS CHARM.

Ah, lady fair, you smile at me,
And yet you never speak!
But, since your silence holds me here,
For words why should you seek?

Aweary of a talking world,
I come to you for calm:
When others' tongues have wounded me,
To be with you is balm.

Unchanged where all around is change,
With fair and fadeless cheek,
Nor kind nor yet unkind, you smile
At me and never speak!

'Tis speechlessness that makes your spell!
The charm that's ever clung
Around you, lady fair, were lost
Were you to find a tongue.

You ask for nothing, and you give
Me joy perpetual,
Dear lady daintily pictured here
Upon my chamber wall!

Mary Norton Bradford.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"The Lords of Creation."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Answering your correspondent, "Harris," who called for the song:

B. T. P.

THE LORDS OF CREATION.

The lords of creation men we call,
And they think they rule the whole;
But they're much mistaken, after all,
For they're under woman's control.
As ever since the world began
It has always been the way,
For did not Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman obey, obey, obey?
The very first woman obey?

You lords who at present hear my song,
I know you will quickly say:
"Our size is larger, our nerves more strong,
Shall the stronger the weaker obey?"
But think not, tho' these words we hear,
We shall e'er mind a thing you say.
For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
Your power will vanish away, away, away,
Your power will vanish away.

But should there be so strange a wight
As not to be moved by a tear,
Though much astonished by the sight,
We still shall have no cause to fear.
Then let them please themselves awhile
Upon their fancied sway,
For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
She'll certainly have her own way, own way,
own way—
She'll certainly have her own way!"

"Now, ladies, since I've made it plain
That the thing is really so,
We'll even let them hold the rein,
But we show them the way to go;
As ever since the world began
It has always been the way.
And we'll manage it so the very last man
Shall the very last woman obey, obey, obey—
Shall the very last woman obey!"

— 1872.

DIED.

In Charlestown, 30th ult.: William H., son of Eliza and the late Capt. Peter C. Brock, of this town, aged 19 years, 6 months, 19 days.

In this town, 30th ult., Martha J., child of Frank W. and Susie A. Gardner, aged 2 years, 5 months, 23 days.

In this town, 5th inst., Aaron, infant child of Frank W. and Susie A. Gardner.

In this town, 5th inst., Cora M., daughter of the late Daniel T. and Emeline Dunham, aged 25 years, 10 months, 7 days.

"You don't mean to tell me you never heard tell of a settin' out, do you? Well, it's plain to be seen as you don't belong in these here parts, then. Why, settin' out's a'most as common as courtin', an' everybody knows that's been common ever since Adam 'n' Eve.

"Settin' out is when two fellers is dead gone on the same gal. That does happen awful frequent, you know; an' most likely they happens to meet at her house some night, both makin' a courtin'. Well, then, neither of them two fellers will go fast. The fust one to git tired an' go home is set out, an' he don't never show up after that at that gal's house. That's what settin' out is. An' a feller that comes foolin' round a gal after he's been set out, he gits set down on hard by the gal. I kin tell you.

"Ever hear of the settin' out at Bigelow's? No? Well, I thought everybody in the state had heard tell o' that.

"You see, old Tom Bigelow, that lives in the big house down across from Burr Oak schoolhouse, he had a mighty purty gal. Her name was Emeline, an' she was the belle of these parts for sure. Everybody said Emeline would make a fine wife, an' all the young fellers was after her hard; but none o' em was in it 'longside of Jim Doolan an' Hi Morgan.

"Course everybody knew Emeline rather favored a young feller down at the Corners, a story-writer or some such thing as had come into these parts to look at us an' write us up into fool stories, which ought to be made shut of by law, goodness knows, they are so ridiculous, an' not a bit as we really are. But we all knew old Tom Bigelow'd never let Emeline throw herself away on no such trash; an' Emeline understood that pretty well, too.

"Well, that was in the winter of 73, an' I was takin' care of the Bigelow house like, helpin' Emeline, Missus Bigelow bein' laid up with rheumatiz in her back. So one night there comes a jingle of sleigh bells in the yard, an' in comes Jim Doolan. Old Tom makes him to home, an' Jim sits down by the fire opposite Emeline, an' begins to talk about the huskin' at his house, which was set for the next Thursday.

"Almost before he gits started talkin' there comes some more bells in the yard, an' in comes Hi' Morgan, an' he looks at Jim kind o' cross like, an' he takes the other chair by the fire, an' Emeline moves over between them, so's to be nice an' impartial; an' there them two fellers sits scowlin', while old Tom brings in some cider an' apples an' sets 'em on the table.

"An' in a little while I hear old Tom come up an' go into his room, an' I know the settin' out had begun in earnest. An' so it had. Emeline told me all about it the next year.

"Fust, for a while Jim an' Hi' set there an' just glared at each other like they saw a bull snake, an' Emeline she sat there waitin' for one or the other to speak; but neither of them showed signs of beginnin', so at last Emeline ups an'

says: 'Dad has put some cider on the table, boys; mebby you'd like some.'

"Thanks, I would like some,' they both says at once; so Emeline she pours out a glass an' hands it to Jim, bein' as he come fust. Then she fills it again an' gives it to Hi'; but he pushes it back, an' says as stiff as tacks, 'If you please, Miss Emeline, I'd rather not drink from his glass.'

"That makes Jim kind o' huffy, an' he says, 'Perhaps you think I poisoned it, Mr Morgan.'

"Well," says Hi', 'I know as you'd like to, whether you done it or not; but I am a bit partic'ler who I drinks after.' "Well, Emeline she sees they are goin' to quarrel all evenin', so she gits her sewin' (some fancy stuff, which I don't take no stock in, for my part), an' she starts to sewin', and them two fellers just sit quiet like an' scowl at each other, not either of 'em sayin' a word for fear the other would take him down.

"After about an hour this way Emeline begins to yawn pretty frequent, an' Jim says: 'Mr Morgan, I think perhaps Miss Emeline means to hint that she an' I would rather be alone. Per-

haps you are thinkin' of goin' home.'

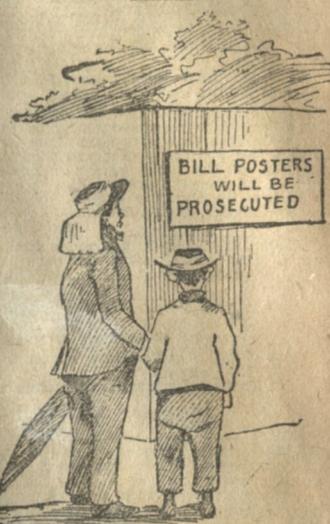
"Not at all," says Hi, 'on the contrary, I'm havin' a very nice time indeed, an' I mean to stay just as long as Miss Emeline will 'low me.'

"An' with that he settles himself back in his chair like he was goin' to stay all night, an' closes his eyes contented like; an' Jim puts a couple of sticks on the fire, an' then he fixes himself back in his chair an' closes his eyes like he was contented.

"Well, Emeline sits there sewin', 'n' them two fellers sits there waitin', an' the fire gits warm an' the clock on the fire mantel keeps up a steady tickin', an' fust thing they knows, both them fellers is sound asleep.

"And she lit out to bed and let them sleep." —(Chicago Tribune).

WHAT, INDEED.



Young Cockatoo—What's Bill been doing, father?—(Bulletin, Sydney, Australia).

Name It! Name It!

Mr Hawkins (in the library)—Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. Am I awake, or is this merely a dream?

Mrs Hawkins—Goodness, Jeremiah, what has happened?

Mr Hawkins—Here's a magazine that hasn't got an article about Grant, Lincoln or Napoleon!—(Cleveland Leader).

Bidding for the Nomination for President

An Oklahoma statesman has introduced a bill in the legislature of that territory which provides for staying the collection of all debts for a year.—(Chicago Tribune).

Not in Boston, of Course.

Very often a girl's disdainful shrug of her shoulders when in company may be traced to a combination of red flannels and buckwheat cakes.—(Atchison Globe).

Not Suggested by a Wick Dealer.

Thewick of a lamp which has become short may have a new one darned to the lower end, and in that way be entirely used up instead of thrown away.—(Chicago Record).

He Could Find Fast Ones in Chicago.

"Give me a slow girl," said evangelist Sam Jones the other day in Boston. Sam has picked out the right town for that sort of thing.—(Chicago Times-Literal).

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

Two Smart Little Dogs and a Dignified Cat.

Pearl Fishing in Kentucky Has Been Unusually Prosperous.

One Bishop Who Defends Tobacco—President Faure's Visiting Clothes.

The combined weight of Robyn and Gyp is about 11 pounds.

Robyn is a King Charles spaniel. Gyp a black and tan. Both are owned by a lady of Claremont, N. H. The two dogs are inseparable companions, and where one goes the other is sure to follow.

Gyp, a female, leads the attack on every large dog met, and is faithfully backed up by Rob. Bulldogs and mastiffs give them the right of way, slinking off with their tails between their legs, probably being ashamed to fight with such small fry.



GYP AND ROBYN.

Whenever a public entertainment is given the dogs are sure to go. Taking their places beneath the seats, nothing more is heard from them. At a recent lecture, however, while Gyp was safely stowed away beneath his master's chair considerable commotion was awakened among the female members of the audience by the appearance of a large rat.

This was too much for Gyp, and she immediately set chase. After driving the rat into its hole the dog demurely came back and took her place beneath the chair.

On a recent trip from Buffalo Gyp was with his mistress in a drawing room car, and no trouble was anticipated. All went well until an elderly man with a monocle espied the dog in her mistress' muff.

Immediately the conductor was notified, and considerable fun was enjoyed by the passengers when a porter weighing nearly 300 pounds seized the four-pound terror and safely locked her in the baggage car.

Gyp's mistress then constructed a small hand bag of black silk with a gathered top and a willow bottom. By placing a piece of dog biscuit or meat in the bag the dog was soon taught that the bag was its best friend.

Afterward as soon as the gathering string was loosened Gyp would jump in and would sleep there for hours.

After being accustomed to the new quarters she was one day taken to Boston, never leaving the bag until the union station was reached. That evening a theater party was arranged, Gyp dove into her bag, rode on the electrics, went to the theater, and, being placed beneath an orchestra chair, nothing more was heard from her during the whole evening.

Afterward she was taken to a hotel with the party. Trouble then ensued, because the waiter insisted on releasing Gyp's mistress of the bag and hanging it on a hook, and it was only by stating that the bag contained "valuable property" that the kindness of the waiter was overcome.

After the supper the bag was slung on the arm of his master and taken from the dining room, no one being the wiser.

In the house with Gyp and Rob is a 14-pound tiger cat called "Bunnie." Whenever Bunnie is wanted he is called by a small hand bell being rung at the door.

Gyp and Bunnie are great friends, sleeping together in the same chair. Every morning when the cat comes in from the hayloft Gyp is waiting for him, and a one-minute kissing match is the result. Both dog and cat vie with each other to see which will get in the most kisses in a given time.

No amount of coaxing or training can induce the King Charles to make friends with Bunnie.

Gyp is a great lover of peanuts, bananas, oranges, apples and fruit of all kinds. After shelling the peanuts she will carefully remove the brown skins, eating only the white meats. Bananas are skinned by her teeth, and always from the small end. She is remarkably fond of popcorn, but will eat it only with butter.



BUNNIE.

Beside the usual tricks of jumping, begging, sneezing, showing her teeth, etc., Gyp readily responds to the query, "Are you a doctor's dog? If you are, put out your tongue." Immediately out comes the tongue to be inspected.

Although weighing but four pounds, Gyp will follow a team for 10 miles.

Bunnie is a great hunter, and beside mice and rats he has brought in a stray woodcock, a gray squirrel and a neighbor's hen. Every time Bunnie catches a small mouse he is sure to bring it in to Gyp, who will play with it for some time, but never kills it.

Whenever the cat thinks Gyp has had sufficient sport he will take the mouse back to the hayloft.

Like all finely-bred spaniels, Robyn has remarkably long ears, measuring between 21 and 22 inches from tip to tip.

Robyn has a remarkable penchant for carrying bundles. Whenever a yeast cake or other small bundle is wanted, he can be sent by his mistress with a note to his master's place of business, and he has never failed to deliver the parcel safely. Sometimes when the house doors are closed, he has been known to wait outside from 10 to 15

minutes with the bundle still in his mouth, never dropping it until it is safe in the hands of his mistress.

Frequently he has been intrusted at 11 o'clock at night with a roll of bills, but has never lost a dollar.

Robyn has a remarkable ear; he can distinguish one tune from another, and is never mistaken in his selection.

His mistress will sit at the piano for an hour playing different tunes, but no notice will be taken until a certain old fife and drum corps tune is played, when he will immediately rush into the sitting room, and, "sitting up" in front of the piano, will "sing" until the piece is ended.

Oftentimes a few notes of "his tune" will be played, until he has taken his position at the piano and given his first yelp; then, without stopping, the music will be suddenly changed. At the first notes of the unfamiliar tune he will leave his place, trotting out into another room; but should the original tune be started anew, he immediately with a rush takes his position again at the piano.

In the kitchen the dogs have a china mug to drink from; whenever it is empty, Gyp turns it over and rolls it about

the room until attention is paid and the mug is refilled.

Gyp's grandfather was given to Gen Grant during his trip around the world, the general afterward giving the black and tan to his coachman.

TIT FOR TAT.



He—Why on earth do you spend so much time running round all the shops inquiring the price of things you have no notion of buying?

She—For the reason, I suppose, that you sit about reading the sporting column of the paper and figuring up how much you might have won if you'd backed the winner. It is a sort of mental diversion.

Can Find Something Besides Politics.

Class in journalism at college—Professor—Who is the happiest man in the country, now that the election is over?

First student—McKinley.

Second student—Mark Hanna.

Third student—Bryan.

Fourth student—The voter.

Professor—No, my boys, you are all wrong. It requires some practical experience in journalism to answer that question correctly. The exchange editor is the happiest man.—(Plays and Players.)

Poor Fellow!

"Never talk shop at home. A man should never mix his home and his business affairs."

"But I can't help it."

"Why not?"

"I edit the housekeepers' column of a family story paper."—(Chicago Post.)

Repartee.

"Margaret and I hadn't seen each other for 10 years."

"What did she say when you met?"

"She said I had grown awfully gray."

"And what did you say to her?"

"I told her she had become enormously fat."—(Chicago Record.)

I'VE GOT A LITTLE GARDEN.

I've got a little garden,
A shovel and a spade;
Now, prithee, come and help me,
My pretty little maid!

We'll raise sweet peas, potatoes,
And radishes and beans,
Cucumbers and red roses,
And, O, such early greens!

Behold the hoe and rake here,
And all the seeds I've bought!
Yet, lacking you, my garden,
I know, must come to naught.

You look down at your hands, dear,
And smile and hesitate;
Such little hands for digging
Are all too delicate?

You've but to bring the sunshine,
I'll dig and plant and hoe;
You'll smile upon my garden,
And things will surely grow!

M. N. B.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Board of Agriculture, Commonwealth Building, Boston.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Please tell me the address of the gypsy moth committee.

W. J. J.

The Sugar or Rock Maple.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will you kindly inform me from what variety of the maple tree the sap from which maple sugar is made flows?

Rock Maple.

He Has Taken Out His First Papers.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Has Fitzsimmons been naturalized as an American citizen; has he taken out only his first papers?

Reader.

"Three Kisses of Fate."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "L. M." I send this poem: F. E. J.

THREE KISSES OF FATE.

Three, only three, my darling;
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweets;
And lavished our kisses as summer
Lavishes heats;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung,
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again;
When we pine because we miss each other
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always,
We always will.
We shall reach until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O, my darling!
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it might be.
We may die and never see each other
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they may not see
Who seek our dying breath—
This one last kiss, my darling,
Seals the seal of death.

TO WILLIAM HYSONG STRONG.

(New York Sun.)

When the tea is in the head and the gout is in
the toe,
And the fumes of indignation stir in you to and
fro,
When hot speech collects within you and you
want to let it go,
Compress your vocal chords then, and choke the
words of woe:
Remember the Recording Angel!

When your tank of imprecation furiously fries,
And the contents, steaming, sizzling, to the ve
surface rise,
Just shut the cover tightly and say "I wi
wise,"
And refrain from an anathema of an
eyes:

Remember the Recording Angel!
What though Reform's a business where
much exposed to wear?
Is that any reason to detonate and tear, else
With your sulphurous cannonadings to conv
the frightened air,
And make Job Hedges pallid as you thunder
ously swear?

Remember the Recording Angel!

Poor old Angel! to the
liling wires—
In a millio
mental
The oaths of
grees:
Spare him. Wa
more than he
Remember the Recording Angel!

Think, too, of the need
donable waste,
Of good sound nervous
guage is defaced
By these apoplectic efforts
misplaced.
Your remarks may still be vige
make them chaste:
Remember the Recording Angel!

Also for Indiscreet Teachers to Pull.
Boston teacher—We will now take up
the study of the senses. Why has the
Creator furnished us with eyes?

Boston pupil (aged 4)—To enable us to
see.

Teacher—And what office is filled by
the nose?

Pupil—It was given to man so that he

SING A SONG.

(Rufus McClain Fields in Nashville American.)
If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or the fancied wrong;
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward cries,
To give to the man who bravely tries;
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,
You'll find that the busy rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;
That the sun will follow the blinding rain;
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;
That the stars will come out by and by;
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends
From where the placid rainbow bends;
And all because of a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
You'll see that the singing will make you
strong;
And the heavy load and the rugged road,
And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous
road
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;
That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
That the world is bad when you are sad,
And bright and beautiful when glad;
That all you need is a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you trudge along!

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Wednesday.

To the Editor of the People's Column—On
what day did Feb 18, 1852, fall? F. H.

"Seein' Things."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I en
close Eugene Field's poem for "A. C. T."

F. E. C.

"SEEIN' THINGS."

I ain't afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or
worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are
awful nice!

I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go
to bed,

For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an'
when my prayers are said

Mother tells me "Happy dreams," and takes
away the light,

An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things
at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes
they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle
uv the floor;

Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes
they're walking round

So softly and so creepy-like they never make a
sound!

Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other
times they're white—

But the color ain't no difference when you see
things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved
on our street

An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to
eat,

I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin'
in a row,

A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—
so,

O, my, I wus so skeered that time I never slep'
a mite—

It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at
night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to
death!

Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my
breath;

An' I am, O, so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an'
then

I promise to be better an' I say my prayers
again!

Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make
it right

When a feller has been wicked an' sees things
at night.

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax
me into sin,

I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges
me within;

An' when they's pie for supper or cakes 'at's
big an' nice,

I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them
things twice!

No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out o'
sight

Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things
at night!

JOHNNY'S DOUBLE RIPPER.

[From Truth.]

Johnny had a double-ripper,
Thought it lots of fun;
Every day he went a-coastin'
When his work was done.

Down the hill he went a-scootin',
Many times a day;
Laughin', shoutin' an' a-hootin',
"People, clear the way!" *

One day Johnny's father sauntered
Out upon the slide;
Johnny happened to be taking
Just his usual slide.

Johnny didn't see his father,
Nor his father him,
Till the double-ripper struck him—
Almost broke a limb.

* * * * *
Johnny's father's gettin' better,
But still wears a frown;
Double-ripper's used for kindlin',
Johnny can't sit down.

OUR LITTLE BACK YARD.

(H. C. Burner.)

It's a long time ago and a poor time to boast of,
The foolish old time of two young people's start;
But sweet were the days that young love made the most of—
So short by the clock and so long by the heart!
We lived in a cottage in old Greenwich village,
With a tiny clay plot that was burnt brown and hard;
But it softened at last to my girl's patient tillage,
And the roses sprang up in our little back yard.

The roses sprang up and yellow-day lilies;
And heartsease and pansies, sweet-williams and stocks,
And bachelors'-buttons and bright daffodilles
Filled green little beds that I bordered with box.
They were plain country posies, bright-hued and sweet-smelling,
And two of us worked for them, worked long and hard;
And the flowers she had loved in her old country dwelling,
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went to the shop where I toiled all the day;
And at night I returned, and I found my love looking
With her bright country eyes down the dull city way.
And first she would tell me what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped into a hand that was hard,
And she led through the house, till a breeze came perfuming
Our little back hall from our little back yard.
It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy;
And we don't live in state up in Madison square;
But the old man is hale, and he's happy and healthy,
And his wife's none the worse for the gray
In her hair.
Each year leads a sweeter new scent to the roses;
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard;
And each year a new love for old lovers closes—
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard!

FUNERAL OF CAPT. SEARS.

THE MAN WHO IS NOT NEEDED.

(S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.)

I'm sixty years of age today,
And I have worked and slaved,
And some one else shall presently
Get all that I have saved!
But it is not
The simple thought
Of going that I deplore;
'Tis this: When I
In the cold earth lie,
They'll think of me no more!

I've labored on from day to day
With one hope in my mind,
'Twas that when I was laid away
I'd leave a void behind—
Something, you know,
To always show
That I had lived and wrought;
But now, at last,
That dream is past—
I've got to share the common lot.

I've thrown a fever off today
And risen from my bed;
For months I've been but helpless clay,
With wild thoughts in my head.
I'd fondly thought
The mill would not
Run if I were not there to see—
But it's kept right on
Though I've been gone,
And that's the thing that saddens me.

HIS ANSWER.

(Beatrice Hanscom in Puck.)

Why do I love you, you ask?—Why, dear!
To tell half the reasons would take me a year!
For your head's proud pose, and your graceful walk,
For the way that you dimple and smile and talk;
For a certain inborn daintiness
Which shows itself in your mind and dress;
For your ready wit with no cynical turn,
For the charity which I fain would learn;
For your woman's heart where all sweetness lies,
For the fearless truth of your loving eyes;
For the soul that is pure as the angels above you,—
But chiefly—I love you, because—I love you!

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Alone.

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "Alice," I send Burnett's poem.

Jean.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling.
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the steeples
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I'm tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! They fall empty apart;
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
'Til the blank of the dumb air is bitter;
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder—
I shrink from the jar that it makes;
Old sorrows rise up and beset me,
Old doubts make my spirit their own;
O, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

"The Officer's Funeral."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will you send me the poem "The Officer's Funeral?"

M. M.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hark, to the shrill trumpet, calling,
It pierceth the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there.
The bayonets, earthward, are turning,
And the drums' muffled breath roll around;
But he hears not the voice of their moaning,
Nor awakes to the bugle sound.

Sleep, soldier—tho' many regret thee,
Who stand by thy cold bier today;
Soon shall the kindest forget thee
And thy name from the earth pass away.
The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend, in thy place, will have gained—
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by another be reined.

But though hearts that now mourn thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
Though the bright orphan boy may laugh gladly,
As he sits on some comrade's knee—
There is one who shall still pay the duty,
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She went o'er the soldier's grave.

PROBABLY



Gladys—Mama, what is a new woman?
Mama—A new woman is one who does not believe in devoting herself to household duties.

Gladys—O, I know—all our servants have been new women, haven't they?

WHEELS, WHEELS.

(Critic.)

Ere woman took to writing books
She followed man's direction;
She didn't think of gowns and looks,
Nor talk of "sex objection,"
But that, you know, was long ago,
When man was forced to till and sow,
And woman tramped under heel,
Toiled on before the plowing-wheel.

One day she rose and left the soil,
And bade her tyrant tend it;
And yet she didn't cease to toll,
Nor, as for money, spend it.
She sat her down and deftly span
A covering for her husband-man,
She loved the simple rock and reel,
And worked behind her spinning-wheel.

But times, slack, have changed since then,
For now 'tis hard to settle,
Which men are maids, which maidens are men;
The rose appears a nettle.
For women kicked at reels and rocks,
And calmly stole man's knickerbocks,
And naught can quench their mannish zeal—
They've mounted on the whirling wheel.

And yet, I wonder what will be
The cause of evolution?
Perhaps the Amazonic She
Will change the constitution;
Or fortune's wheel may lower the proud,
And she who one day calmly plowed,
Then came to mount the tire and steel,
May fall 'neath fortune's fickle wheel.

And with a Hat Pin?

"Air! Give him air!" shouted the policeman, as he made his way through the crowd to where the man had fallen off the ladder.

The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—(Chicago Dispatch).

Making Him Sorry He Spoke.

Englishman—I see that a man was robbed in Central park in broad daylight: Such things don't happen in London.

New Yorker—I suppose not. I've heard that broad daylight was a very rare occurrence there.—(Puck).

They Pay More.

Little Willie—Say, pa.

Pa—Well, what is it?

Little Willie—Why do they always weigh the babies as soon as they're born? Do people pay for them by the pound, the same as for raw meat?—Cleveland Leader.

What Was Trumps?

Robert—Is Harry fond of female society?

Richard—Immoderately. I've known him to play whist with three women.—(Boston Transcript).

EVERYTHING MOVING.



Mr Yorker (as the powder mill blows up)—Good heavens! What's that?
Real Estate Agent—That's the town booming. Let me sell you a lot.—(Up to Date.)

A LYNN MAN ABROAD.

He went from Lynn to London town, to free his mind of care,
To have a good long ocean trip and get a change of air,
He stood on London bridge at night, where St Paul's chimes are heard,
And yet when he returned to Lynn, he did not say a word.

He traveled through the Emerald isle, and kissed the Blarney stone,
He breathed the air of Scotland's hills as if it were his own.
In France he viewed a hundred things of which we all have read,
And yet of all that he had seen no single word he said.

When he had tired of sunny France, he took a trip to Rome,
And stood an hour in wonderment beneath St Peter's dome.
He viewed the spot where Caesar's words the people's hearts once stirred,
And yet when he got back to Lynn, he did not say a word.

He went to Germany, and stood in awe beside the Rhine,
And took a very copious draft of its world-famous wine.
He traveled in the north of Spain and journeyed in the south,
And yet when he got home again, he opened not his mouth.

He went from church and halls of state to galleries of art
Whose wonders are so marvelous they thrill the soul and heart;
And tho' with much that he beheld he was quite overcome,
When he reached Lynn he never spoke—the man was deaf and dumb.

Thomas F. Porter.

Cash in Advance, Invariably.

Blinks—You don't mean to say you've found a sure way to make money at the races?

Jinks—Sure as shooting, I never fail.
Blinks—My! my! Do you buy tips?
Jinks—No, I sell them.—(New York Weekly.)

He Won't Hold His Job Long.

"Our new clergyman is what might be called a phenomenon."
"Why?"

"He can preach a funeral sermon and tell the truth all the time."—(Chicago Record.)

Odd Items from Everywhere

HAS SEEN THE PLAY BEFORE.

(N. Worthington in Washington Post.)
There are many clever people,
Who can dim the brightest days
And mar this short existence
With their irritating ways,
But he's the leading genius,
The very greatest bore,
Who sits behind us at the play,
And saw it once before.

His breath is sweet with chewing gum;
He wears his newest clothes,
And he's brought along Susanne
To hear how much he knows;
But, alas, for those beside him,
And alas for many more,
They long for cotton in their ears;
He's seen the play before.

He knows just what is coming,
And we must know it, too;
The hero will be dressed in green,
The heroine in blue;
A moonlight scene the first will be
Upon a rocky shore;
Alas, Susanne, why did you come!
He's seen the play before!

He may not get the tunes just right,
But still he hums them through,
For, though we think them very fine,
To him they are not new—
How well he beats the time out
With his heels upon the floor!
But that's because he knows so much—
He's seen the play before.

He doesn't think much of it all;
In fact, it's rather slow;
The next act will be better,
When they stab the king, you know.
"The pistol's going off—don't jump—
Susanne, now watch the door—
Yes—see—I told you he'd come in!
I've seen the thing before."

Some day we'll all rise up at last
And gag him then and there;
We'll tie those tapping heels down,
O, so safely—to the chair;
We'll put a bandage on his eyes
And o'er his ears some more,
Then joyfully we'll watch the play,
That he saw once before.

THE LADY AT THE WINDOW.

(Cleveland Leader.)
A big hotel stands o'er the way,
And every morning, there,
At a window just across from mine,
I see a lady fair,
In fluffy garments, white and soft,
Half hidden in the lace
That forms the curtain I may see
Her rosy, girlish face.

O lady fair, O lady fair
I often wonder why
It is that you stand, gazing there,
So radiant, so shy.
You seem to look across the way—
O can it—can it be
That you arise to feast your eyes,
Each morning, upon me?

O, lady at the window there,
In robes of fluffy white,
Methinks I see you smile upon
Me, even as I write.
If this be true, tomorrow morn,
I pr'ythee, come again,
And wave your handkerchief and I
Will answer with my pen.

SEQUEL.
Alas! Alas! And woe is me!
Again I see her face!
Again I see her spotless robe,
Half-hidden in the lace!
She waves her handkerchief at me—
O, for some friendly shade!—
I've just found out, alack, that she
Is a freckled chambermaid!

"Mrs Lofty."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In response to a request from one of your correspondents I gladly send the following.

S. M. S.

MRS LOFTY.

Mrs Lofty keeps her carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I.
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.
I hide his face lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.
Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.
Hers comes home beneath the starlight—
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight—
Kisses me.
And prays that he who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom—
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By and by;
I shall bear my treasures with me
When I die.
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
She has those who love her—station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I.
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I.
God will weigh it in his balance,
By and by,
And the difference define
Twixt Mrs Lofty's wealth and mine.

HER LETTER.

(Harper's Weekly.)
She has written her little letter;
It was hard enough to do,
With mistress forever ringing the bell
Always for something new;
When the spelling was very uncertain,
And the writing's blotted and slow,
But she's written her little letter
Over the sea to go.

It will carry her last month's wages—
A couple of pounds at least.
It means for the dear home people
No end of a happy feast—
A little shawl for her mother,
And shoes for the baby's feet,
For the pale-faced ailing sister
Some delicate things to eat.

She follows her little letter
Over the plunging sea.
She sits again by the smoking peat,
And leans on her father's knee.
There are gossiping neighbors calling,
No end of kith and kin,
And they laugh and chat and linger
As their endless tales they spin.

And it isn't work forever,
With belts that make one start,
And it isn't only the wages,
It's something tugs at the heart
And sets her laughing and crying
As she follows across the sea
What she wrote at her kitchen table
When she had a half hour free.

Merry Christmas!

LAUREL, Del., Dec 17—Nine boy and three girl babies were born on Tuesday, and on the following day eight couples were married. Five more couples have since been united, and preachers and doctors are busy.—(Philadelphia Record.)

PLenty OF COVERING.



The Big One (just returned from his holidays)—Yes, my boy! had a fort-night's walking tour. Splendid! I tell you, I did cover some ground! The Little One (glancing at his feet)—H'm! Well, I guess you would!

TELL ME.

(G. V. H. In New York Commercial.)

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round in pathway fit,
Know'st thou some quiet spot
Where mortals say not "Nit?"

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That chill, then straightway thaw me,
Must we forever hear,
Just tell them that—"

Tell me, ye winged winds,
A whisper will suffice,
Know'st thou no sylvan nook
Devoid of "Cuts no ice?"

Some valley in the west,
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Where, free from care and pain,
One hears not "W'at'l?"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou a spot where folks
Say never "Don't get gay?"

Some island far away
Asleep in some fair lake,
Where one may never hear,
"Come off: You take the cake!"

And thou, serenest moon,
Ere oceanward you sink,
Did'st ever note a place
Bereft of "I don't think?"

Dos't look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace
And note a spot where ne'er
Is heard "O! close your face?"

L' ENVOI.

The winged winds the mighty deep,
The fair moon's palest sheen
Whispered in turn the same reply
Alas! "Nay, nay, Pauline!"

A Good Bargain.

"When I went home today my wife had a surprise for me. She showed me a French clock, a pair of Bohemian vases, a German canary, an English smoking set and a Russian samovar."

"Where did she get them all?"
"Sold my library of finance for scrap paper and traded it for the lot."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

This is a Guy, Sir.

Sundown—Ever since Old Soak visited Yellowstone park there's been a remarkable echo up there. Sunnup—What is it?
Sundown—if you shout "What will you have?" it will answer, "Whisky."—(Chicago Tribune).

EXTRACT FROM A NINETEENTH CENTURY NOVEL.



"He was forcibly struck by her long, sweeping lashes."

LA BACCHANTE LOQUITUR.

O better, far better the turbulent sea,
The wildering waste I was tossed on,
O better, far better the dark but snug box
In the hold of the steamer I crossed on,
Better anything bad than the cold water thrown
On the baby and me here in Boston!

Have the proper and prudish now nought to bestow,

But abuse and superfluous vowels
On my name? Has this puritan Boston today,
Befooling my plight here, no bowls
Of mercy, that still it won't turn off the hose
And bring me a blanket and towels?

M. N. B.

Has One to Lend.

"Say," called David, "how happens it we get two copies of the Fireside Fakir every week?"

"I subscribed for them."

"What for? Ain't one copy enough?
Cost \$3 a year, doesn't it?"

"Yes," retorted Dora, "\$3 a year or two copies for \$5. You don't suppose I was going to miss such a chance to save \$1 as that, do you?"—(Rockland Tribune).

Perhaps It's Because Winter's Coming.

"Mrs Stately, how can we account for the fact that the surface of the earth is constantly growing colder?"

"I'm inclined to think it's because Boston is the hub."—(Detroit Free Press).

News Got Away from Home.

Boston, too, complained of the heat. Those cold Boston girls don't like to have their normal temperature disturbed.—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

Isn't That "Whose" Ambiguous?

No man is interesting to a woman whose past life has been so blameless that he has nothing to confess.—(Atchison Globe).

If This Earth Were Only Heaven!

If a woman were only as patient in unlocking the door for her men folks as she is in letting in and out the cat!—(Atchison Globe).

But That Takes \$20,000.

"Papa," said young Mrs Hunker, "\$10,000?" "No, you please give George and me for?"

"What do you want that much money for?"
"We want to build a \$5000 house."—(Harlem Life).

Secondary Footlights.

Jeer not at the bald-headed man at the play,
Nor the front row, where long he has sat,
Far better a pate that is not in the way
Than the plumes of a theater hat.
—(Washington Star).

KENTUCKY PEARL FISHERIES.

Successful Season's Work Along the Cumberland River.

The continued dry weather of the past summer and fall, which has caused many of the creeks and rivers in Kentucky to go nearly dry, has been very favorable to the pearl hunters in the Cumberland and other rivers, and quite a number of fine specimens have been found, especially in the Cumberland river, which seems to be the most productive of pearl-bearing mussels.

One of the well-known pearl hunter told the writer that he had found several pearls during the past summer that were worth from \$75 to \$100 each, and a large lot of smaller and cheaper ones.

The leading pearl hunters, who prospect up and down the Cumberland, send their pearls to Chicago, Philadelphia and New York.

Several years ago an old man picked up a mussel from a sandbar in the Cumberland river near Point Burnside, a station on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, and upon opening the oyster-like bivalve found a magnificent pearl of fine size and color.

A pearl hunter who ran across the old man shortly afterward, and to whom he showed the gem, at once recognized the value of it, and bought it for a trifling sum, afterward selling it for \$500. Such finds as this, however, are few and far between.

The pearl hunters work whenever the water is not too cold for them to wade in it. They find the mussels lying on the sandbars, pick them up, and, prying them open, "feel" for the pearl, and if there is no pearl drop the mussel back into its place in the river.

Now and then pearls of beautiful color are found, but useless because of a lack of desirable form. The round pearls, usually found and put upon the market by these wandering pearl hunters, vary in size from the dimensions of the head of a pin to the size of a pea, and bring from 50 cents to \$50 apiece. Few of them reach the \$50 mark, however.

The pearl hunters say that one reason why the streams of Kentucky are more productive of pearls than the rivers in some other states is because of the limestone bedrock, which seems more adapted to the purposes of the pearl-bearing mussels than the formations underlying many streams in other sections of the country.—(St Louis Globe Democrat).

A CHAPTER ABOUT CHILDREN.

(Philadelphia North American.)

My gran'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be.
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me.
I've told him forty thousand times,
But 'taint a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon,"
And calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most ev'ry day,
And rides me on his knee,
He took me to a picnic once,
And dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonny bairn"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why he can't talk right,
He says, "I dinna ken."

But me and him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man.
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And loves him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew—that's his name—
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times,
But 'taint a bit of use;
He always says a man's a "mon,"
And calls a house a "hoose."

All Delights Must Have an End.

Mamie—Jack didn't remove his arm from around my waist but once during the entire evening.

Ada—What was the matter then?
Mamie—He had to go home.—(Town Topics).

THE BIG BROTHER WOULD AT-TEND TO THAT.



"Now, Johnny, if I were to take a cake, and cut it into 20 pieces, and supposing that I then gave you nine pieces, and your big brother the rest of this aforesaid cake; and then supposing you ate six pieces of your portion, and then took from your brother 10 pieces of his portion, what would your total of pieces be?"

Johnny: "Well, me and the cake 'ud be in about 2000 pieces!"

IMPATIENT.

Somehow I feel quite ill at ease,
Now March is drawing to a close;
I am impatient for the breeze
That bears away the winter's snows.
I want to feel upon my cheek
The warm breath of returning Spring;
Again the brook, I want to seek
Where once the robins used to sing.

I know from 'neath the ice and frost
The flowers to me will come again,
The fragrant ones I loved and lost
When fell last fall the frozen rain.
And though I must abide the time
To see what joys the Spring may bring,
The hills again I long to climb
Where once the robins used to sing.

The hill that nearest heaven doth rise
I want to climb at Spring's first dawn,
And look, and even strain mine eyes,
To find which way her feet have gone—
She who to me would always cling
As we the hills oft used to climb,
Who made my life as glad as Spring
And all my days a summer time.

Lynn.

Thomas F. Porter.

EXPECTATION.

Little Johnny got a sled
Just two weeks ago,
'Twas a dandy, painted red—
How he longs for snow!
To the sky 'most every night
He looks with longing eyes,
If the stars are shining bright,
Johnny almost cries.

When at last he gets to bed,
Long he prays for snow,
"What's the good," to me he said,
"Of sleds if they won't go?
Mine won't take me down the hill
On the mud and bricks,
'Cause we've tried it, me and Will,
And every time it sticks."

"But some night, papa, I know,
While I am asleep,
Down will come a heap of snow,
Till it's two feet deep.
In the morning then the sun
Won't find me in bed,
O! won't I have lots of fun
On my new red sled."

Boston.

James T. Sullivan.

A MATTER OF NAMES.

(Charles J. Colton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

This way of naming children doth greatly me displease,
Because 'tis done regardless of all the unities;
Take a fellow that's deceitful, now, and don't you think it rank,
That through his parents' foolishness we yet must say he's Frank?

I know a man who'd die before he'd tell a falsehood low,
Yet I call him Elijah, for his pa would have it so;
And don't we think it strange about our black cook's little girl,
When we're told by her fond mama that her name is Blanche or Pearl?

A stout girl will be Lena—now, isn't that a shame?

And think of an ordained old maid with Marie for a name.

And can one expect a man to know much joy upon this earth
When a Paul clings to him from almost the moment of his birth?

I know two men, and slicker men you don't meet every day;

Yet one of them's a Reuben, and the other is a Jay—

And a thousand other misfits I could find, I'd bet a dime,

'Mongst the given names of people, if I only had the time.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

(Life.)

The horseless carriage, we are told,
Is now the pressing need,
And still, it seems some other things
Would better take the lead.

The drinkless drink, for instance,
Which ought to serve as one,
And as a fit companion
Is named the shotless gun.

And there's the dogless sausage,
Which must be coming near,
While loudly chalk and water
Say cowless milk is here.

The kissless mouth's another,
To keep away the men—
And, furthermore, to conquer
The microbe in his den.

The musicless piano
Is well up toward the van,
And likewise might be mentioned
The lieless fisherman.

And with the new inventions
Are coming frightless wars,
And also, what's the matter
With clashless senator's?

The summer girlless summer—
But no—we'll have to call
A halt right here, for this one
We do not need at all.

Yes, More Than One Can.

Suburbanites, who go in town by the steam car route, greatly appreciate already the bereft condition of Tremont st traffic. One can now cross this street without fear of being run over.—(Hyde Park Times.)

Sometimes She's as Quick as He Is.

When a street car conductor calls on the passengers to sit closer, the young man who has his best girl with him is the quickest to respond.—(Roxbury Gazette.)

Not Exacting.

Gadsby—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on.

Woolfin—Well, if it keeps on I'll be satisfied.—(Roxbury Gazette.)

Does This Remind You of the Shaw Memorial Motto?

The small boy is again getting ready for school. Stando, recitere, flunkso, situm!—(Dorchester Beacon.)

THE SCARUM-CAT.

(Mary Elizabeth Stone in Independent.)

Precious dolly Dorothy.

I've been having trouble,

And the weight of anxiousness

Nearly bent me double;

For I saw the Scarum-cat,

In the slumber-pillows,

Creeping, creeping toward me

Through the bending willows.

O, my dolly Dorothy,

I was frightened, frightened!

For the clouds were very dark.

And it lightened, lightened!

And the creeping Scarum-cat,

Coming through the willows,

Made my heart go pit-a-pat,

In the slumber pillows.

And I wanted to cry out,

But, O dear, I couldn't!

And I hoped the cat would turn

But, O dear, it wouldn't!

And I tried to run away,

But could not leave the willows,

And the creeping Scarum-cat,

In the slumber-pillows.

Then, my dolly Dorothy,

I was nearly frantic,

When a foamy wave came up

From the big Atlantic—

Caught me from the Scarum-cat,

Among the bending willows,

And dropped me in my little bed,

And woke me—on the pillows.

Mama said, though dreams are dread,

They vanish like a bubble;

"Bnt," said she, "a simple tea

Would save you such a trouble;

If you eat just bread and milk,

You will not see the willows,

And the creeping Scarum-cat,

In the slumber-pillows.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT

THE ONE AT HOME.

(S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader.)

Mother and Julia and Jack

Have started across the sea

To "do" the continent after they've had

A whirl at the jubilee;

They've letters of credit and notes

That will give them the right of way.

And we needn't expect to see them back

For many and many a day!

Father has lines on his brow,

And he stoops and starts and sighs

He fumbles his rob with a nervous hand,

There's a weary look in his eyes!

He constantly studies the market reports,

He moves with a feeble tread,

And he cannot eat, and he jumps at sounds,

And there's something he seems to dread!

Mother and Julia and Jack

Have started across the sea,

And they're going to cut a wide, wide swath

And witness the jubilee!

O, happy as children are they,

And free from worldly cares,

And glad to be off and far away

From father and his affairs!

A TITLED BABE.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The brand new babe at Spencer House—

A tiny little chap,

Will have so many titles that

They'll sadly overlap.

He's Blandford's Marquis, first of all,

Then Earl of Sunderland,

Then Earl again of Marlborough,

Then Baron Spencer, and

A prince, you know, of Holy Rome.

A Prince of Mindelheim,

A Baron of the Churchill brand—

And other things in time.

And yet he's such a tender chap,

So very, very small,

That folks will wonder how the deuce

He's going to hold 'em all.

Round de meadows am a ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing—

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold—

Suanee ribber, far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam—

To de Camptown race track five mile long,
Doo-dah, doo-dah,
I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Oh—doo-dah day,
Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day,
I'll bet my money on—

Dearest Mae, you're lubly as de day,
Your eyes so bright, dey shine at night,
When de moon am gone—

In de morning, in de morning
By de bright light, when—

The magnolia, the magnolia,
The magnolia of old Tennessee,
The magnolia, the magnolia,
The magnolia of—

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of—

Hard times, hard times, come again no more,
Many days you have lingered around the—

Young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry all happy and bright,
But when hard times come a-knocking at the door, then—

Weep no more, my lady, weep no more today,
We will sing one song for—

Uncle Ned—He's dead long ago, long ago,
He had no wool on de top ob his head,
De place whar de wool ought to grow.
Den lay down de shubble and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow:
No more work for—

I'se gwine back to Dixie, I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where de orange blossoms grow,
I hear de children calling, I see de sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to—

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh what fun it is—

Down in the cane brake, close by the mill,
There lives my yellow girl, her name is Nancy Till,
She knew dat I lubbed her, lubbed her long,
Gwine to serenade her and sing—

A low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door—

The old home ain't what it used to be,
The banjo and fiddle has gone,
And no more you hear the darkies singing,
Among the sugar-cane and corn;
Great changes have come to the poor colored man,
But this change makes him sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing
Among the sugar-cane and corn.

CHORUS:—No, the old home aint what it used to be,
The change makes me sad and forlorn,
For no more we hear the darkies singing,
Among the sugar-cane and corn.

Now the old man would rather liv'd and died
In the home where his children were born,
But when freedom came to the colored man,
He left the cotton field and corn;
This old man has lived out his three score and ten,
And he'll soon have to lay down and die,
Yet he hopes to go unto a better land,
So now, old cabin home, good bye.



OFF FOR THE COUNTRY.

[From Puck.]

Mrs. Beeckman Plaice—Is the parrot
frightened, driver?
Driver—No, ma'am; but he do be th' only
sing up here that ain't!

DER TIMES OF LONG AGO.

I sometimes hear some peoples say
Dese times dey all vas wrong,
Dem growl, und kick, und shcold all day—
Dot vas der only song.

For some der shteam cars gone too gwick,
For some dem gone too shlow;

Some vish der vas no cars at all,
Like in der long ago.

Some kick apoud dot delegraph
Und dose electric lighd,
Und den dot elevated road
Keeps dem awake at night.
Dem folks vas down on bustles, too,
Und aangs vot make some show,
Und say der ladies ought to dress
Like in der long ago.

To fina much fault dem peoples try
Mid all our country's laws,
But of you ask der reason vy
Dem simply say "because."
Dem vant der laws laid on der shelf
Und rulers sent pelow—
Der government should run itself
Like in der long ago.

Vell, maybe dot dem folks vas right,
Vat dink der world so mean;
Or only dey vould shkip some night
How pleasant dot vas been
For ali dem odder habby folks
Vot like not dings so slow,
Und dink dese times improvement vas
On dings of long ago.

EMILE PICKARDT.

Islington, Mass., May 13, 1888.

One Woman Who Feels Blissful Now.

[Life.]

Brown—You don't look very happy, Robinson.

Robinson—No; I left off my flannels this morning and caught cold.

Brown—That's bad.

Robinson—Oh, I don't care anything about the cold; but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon.

Altogether Too Evasive.

[Tid Bits.]

Employer—What did Mr. Muffson say when you asked for the amount of the bill?

Smart office boy—He gave me an evasive answer.

Employer—Well, what did he say?

Smart office boy—Didn't say nothin'. He just jumped out the window.

Took the Cake for Politeness.

[Texas Siftings.]

"Good morning, Tommy; how is your mamma?"

"She's all right."

"Is that all you have got to say, Tommy?"

"If you will give me a piece of cake I'll say thank you."

AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER.



Father-in-law—Whatever has come over you, Frank? Since you married you seem to have lost all ambition.

Frank—Well, you see, sir, I reached the hight of my ambition when I became your son-in-law.

WHEN MARIA JANE IS MAYOR.

(William West in Chicago Record.) When Maria Jane's elected to the mayoralty chair,

There'll be many wrongs corrected that are now apparent there.

The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept thrice a day.

The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new-mown hay.

What with parties and receptions and occasions—
ally a ball,

There will be a transformation around the city hall.

And each ward in the city will be represented then

By lovely alderwomen and not horrid aldermen.

When Maria Jane is mayor, none but ladies will, of course,

Be appointed members of the city police force, And in their bloomer uniforms they'll look so very sweet,

The gang to be arrested will consider it a treat.

The stores will be compelled to have a bargain sale each day,

And for chewing gum and soda you'll not be asked to pay.

O, great reforms will be projected, all the wrongs will be corrected

When Maria Jane's elected to the mayoralty chair.

A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL.

(Norwich (N Y) Telegraph.)

A young lady sings in our choir
Whose hair is the color of phœn,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be nohoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle
She gives me a beautiful smaisie,
And of all of her beaux
I am certain she sheaux
She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Love cut at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet
Worn in such a cute wnet
As only a few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique
In marriage her hand I shall sique;
If she's not a coquette,
Which I'd greatly regruette,
She shall share my six dollars a wique.

JOY.

(Washington Star.) It was shortly after Christmas, and the other suit of clothes Was donned instead of holiday array, And thoughts of sordid cares, like shadows, once again arose To dim the memories bright of Christmas day, When a sudden joy went through me. From the corner of my vest, To awaken me from musings that grew sad, I brought, from weeks—it might have been from many months—of rest, The dollar that I didn't know I had.

Like the nugget which gleams yellow on the half-despairing eye Of the miner who so long has toiled in vain; Like the sail that's seen at last against a blank and cruel sky From the fragile raft adrift upon the main; Like the butterfly that flutters, with a fascinating spell, Through the hours when shine and roses made us glad, A thing of radiant beauty, from its dark, unnoted cell, Came the dollar that I didn't know I had. And the faces pictured on it grew beneficent and kind, As the unfamiliar features caught my glance, And they granted an exemption from the penalties we find, When the fiddler must be paid by those who dance. How visions of small luxuries, dismissed with stern resolve, In economic righteousness full sad, Came back, like gay kaleidoscopic figures to revive 'Round the dollar that I didn't know I had!

AN APRIL EPISODE.

(Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.)

It was at a dainty dinner

That he first beheld her face,

He a many-seasoned sinner,

She a miracle of grace.

Hers the laugh to snare a man, it

Fell with such alluring slips

From the clove pomegranate

Of her lips.

Many times ere waned the winter

Did he strive in vain to tell

How his heart was but a splinter

'Neath the magic of her spell;

After weeks of aggravation,

Forced to keep young love from sight,

He declared in desperation:

"I will write!"

So he bravely set to burning
Gallons of the midnight oil,

Passed through many a tortuous turning

In epistolary toll;

Begged that he might forge the fetter

That but death (or law) unlocks;

And at last he dropped the letter

In the box.

Dreaming she'd be "his devoted,"

How his soul was stirred to song

As the postman, sober-coated,

Trod the drowsy street along.

Then one morn that worthy's whistle

Shrilled more sharply than before,

And there fell a small epistle

At his door.

O, he doubted not the sender,

For her crest the wax revealed;

With what trepidation tender

He the envelope unsealed!

But the fervor of his passion

Grew upon a sudden cool,

For she answered in this fashion:

"April fool!"

Merry Christmas;

That good wine needs no bush, they
And, likewise, well we know
The comely lass on Christmas day
Will need no mistletoe.

—(Washington Star.)

"ROOMS TO LET."

An Answer.

Let me inform you, my friend respected,
I was ejected from that fair shrine;
And incidental to what I'm telling
I thought the dwelling was all divine.

I saw externals were most alluring,
And in securing it I was blest
With hope of bliss, on all human reason,
A lifelong season of love and rest.

Ah! I was welcomed within its portals,
And, blest of mortals on God's footstool,
I imagine nothing could there deceive me
Or could believe me a loving fool.

But once within, it became a living
Love's graveyard, giving my soul a chill.
Within its confines my love departed,
And broken hearted it wanders still.

A crafty serpent within that dwelling,
With poisons welling drove out the dove,
And 'neath a darkness by satan bidden
Fore'er is hidden my murdered love.

The goddess there was a faery; elfish,
But cruel; selfish as imp from hell,
And charmed my sex with a pow'r beguiling,
An angel smiling her deadly spell.

She fed her victim on milk of pleasures
In honeyed measures while love was young.
When it grew common and lost its power
The wilted flower in the ditch was flung.

With man's strong love if you dare to enter
That gilded center of broken trust,
The Dead sea fruit will become your portion,
And your devotion to ashes, dust.

I was thrown out as already hinted—
New sign is painted, "These rooms to let."
If you will take them your soul will languish
In bitter anguish. So don't forget!

N. E. M.

THE DAZED PHRENOLOGIST.

(Sam Walter Foss in Puck.)
The great phrenologist was dazed
And lost his usual suavity;
He'd found a man who couldn't be praised,
Because of his depravity.
"You are a 'thief,'" said he; "I fear
You steal, when not prevented."
"But William Shakespeare, he stole deer"—
Said he; "I'm complimented."

"Your temper's bad, you're full of bile,
You rave and fume intensely."
"O, yes," said he; "so did Carlyle;
You honor me immensely."
"But you, sir, you are very vain
And weakly egotistic—"
"O, yes," said he; "just like Montaigne;
You're very eulogistic."

"You are a cynic," "So was Swift."
"A scoffer," "So was Shelley."
"For lying you've a mighty gift."
"Well, so had Machiavelli."
"But you're conceited, proud and haut,
A base of pride you're built on."
"Well, so was Michael Angelo
And Dante and John Milton."

"Funds left with you would be misused,
Or I am much mistaken;
Men's trust in you would be abused—"
"Why! how like Francis Bacon!—
Well, here's your fee; you've done me proud,
You've ransacked history's pages
To rank me with th' illustrious crowd
Of great men of all ages."

Fatally Shot by a Constable.

Merry Christmas!
He admits with a smile that is mocking,
That Christmas no longer consoles;
He hasn't a single stocking
That isn't full of holes.

—(Judge.)

Merry Christmas!
"Isn't it beautiful?" she inquired, as
she dropped an armful of mistletoe on
the floor.
"Yes," he answered. "You are not going
to put all that on the chandelier?"
"O, no; we are going to make a canopy
of it for the entire ceiling."—(Washington Star.)

A RIGID QUARANTINE.

How a Florida Man Kept Out the Yellow Fever.

Up the St. John's River, writes Luke Sharp in the Detroit "Free Press," I once met a Northern man who had a cottage and an orange grove there. As a usual thing he stayed in Florida only in winter, but last summer he stayed there all through the epidemic, and he told me how, by means of a rigid quarantine, he escaped the dreadful scourge of yellow fever.

"We intended to go north," he said, "but we put it off too late. My wife was more afraid of the yellow fever than anything else on earth, and so was I for that matter. You see, we have a large family, and we didn't want to take any chances. We have seven boys and girls, and when it comes to moving back again to Illinois, it is quite a big job, and that was what delayed us until it was too late for us to move. In fact, we didn't really believe that yellow fever was coming last summer, until it was right here. You see we didn't get all the Florida reports you fellows did in the North, and I think that anyhow the papers made the epidemic a good deal worse than it really was. However, having stayed here all last summer, I may say that now I am not afraid of any epidemic that could come to Florida.

"Well, as I was saying, the first thing we knew Jacksonville was closed up, and as the only way we could get to the north then was through Jacksonville, we were, in a measure, in a trap. Along the St. John's River is pretty healthy in the winter time, although it is said it is rather malarious in summer. Of that, of course, we didn't know anything, because we had never stayed here for a summer. But as soon as I found that Jacksonville was closed up, I made up my mind that we would quarantine our place and we would keep out the yellow fever if it took the last cent we had. I have four boys and three girls, and we held a consultation over the matter, and we agreed that by taking turns we could keep up a complete quarantine around the place, and not let any infected person, or any person at all, for that matter, within a mile of the house. My wife was so frightened when she really came to understand that Jacksonville was closed up with yellow fever, that I was afraid she would become sick from the very terror of it. My boys are all strong, strapping young fellows, although, you see, I am not very strong myself. In fact, if I had not lived my winters down in Florida I should not be alive today. The winters of Illinois would have killed me long before this. So we laid our plans and arranged it so that one of the boys and myself kept quarantine during the day, and the other two boys took turns at it through the night. We thought that in this way we would make the thing

positively certain, and run no risk from the epidemic."

"And were your plans successful?" I asked him.

"Perfectly," he answered. "We never allowed a person to set foot on our grounds during all that summer except once, and that once we had sent for the man who came. I suppose it was being out in the hot sun so much, for the heat was very damp and sultry and oppressive that summer. You see we had a good deal of rain and hot, muggy weather. And anyhow a person who stayed in Florida in summer, especially a northern man, should keep out of the sun during the middle of the day. Well, as I was saying, after two or three weeks quarantine I got sick with a low malarious fever. You see, it is kind of malarious anyhow in summer, especially for northern people who are not acclimated. Even the natives do not work or are not out in the sun in the middle of the day, and as I stayed out keeping up quarantine right through the heat of the day, it is not surprising that I was taken sick. Keeping a quarantine is not like keeping anything else, except it be a tavern. You have to keep it up all the time or it is no good. At any other work you may drop off an hour and a half at noon, and quit at 6 o'clock, but not with keeping quarantine. You may keep it up for months, and then being off for ten minutes let in the very person whom you have been trying all the time to keep out.

Although I felt bad for quite a number of days I did not give up, until I was hardly able to stand.

Then I had a siege of it. My wife and eldest daughter nursed me and brought me through all right, but the strain was too much for my wife, who is not strong, as I said before. And just as I was getting well, although too weak to be up, my wife succumbed to the malarial attack. My being in the house made it all the harder for the boys, who were taking turns in the quarantine, and before my wife was better, my eldest boy got sick. He did not have so bad an attack as I, and was able to be out almost as soon as I was. Then the two boys who were on at night, which was of course the most unhealthy part of the time, were taken ill together. And what with the worry and nursing of them, my eldest daughter and my second daughter also became ill. In fact, all that summer there were some of us sick. Not one escaped. And I resolved that if we all got well for one week together we would try and break through the lines and get to the north.

The last one to be taken ill was my youngest daughter. She is rather a frail little thing anyhow, and the malady was very hard on her. We all did the best we could for her, but she became steadily worse. And at last we saw that if we were to save

her we would have to get the services of a physician. It was not easy that summer to get a doctor. All that wanted to get away had gone. And of those that were not away most of them had gone to Jacksonville. Of course it was out of the question that we should send to Jacksonville for a physician, because in the first place, the chances were that the physician could not get away, and then, in the second place, we would run the danger of bringing infection to our home and undoing all the work that we had done during the summer. But one day I took my horse and went in search of a physician, I started out in the morning and it was nearly night before I returned with the nearest doctor that I could find. It was more by luck than good management that I got this one. He had been in Jacksonville during the first of the epidemic and had done heroic work there. But finally he took the yellow fever himself and had recovered, but not feeling able to undertake his work again in Jacksonville he had come up the St. John's River for a period of rest, while he was recovering from the effects of the terrible disease, I begged him not to tell my wife that he had had the fever or that he had been in Jacksonville, and I explained to him how terrified she was about the disease. He promised that he would say nothing that would alarm her. When he saw our little girl he looked very serious. It was evident she was extremely ill. However, he said he thought we could pull her through with good nursing and attendance. He advised me to keep up the quarantine, if possible, more rigidly than before and to have no communication whatever with anyone outside. This tended to confirm me in the wisdom of the precaution I had taken during the whole summer; we now made our quarantine stricter than ever, because it was well on to September and the fever was abating at Jacksonville, or at least it seemed to be at that time, although they had quite a siege of it afterwards. The case of my little girl was so serious that the doctor stayed right with her night and day. At last, when she was well again, he spoke to me as we sat together on the porch overlooking the river.

"Look here," he said, "are you certain that all of you have had just the same trouble as this little girl?"

"Yes," I answered, "we have had it, but not any of us as badly as she has."

"Well, then," he said, "if I were you I should call in my quarantine."

"Why," I said, "why should I do such a thing as that? The fever is as bad as ever in Jacksonville and we are still in the same danger."

"My dear sir," he said, "each one of you has had the yellow fever and didn't know it, so you see you needn't keep up your quarantine unless you have got habituated to it and want to

for the fun of the thing. You have had a regular yellow fever camp here all summer, and the chances are, that if you had known what it was, some of you would have been dead by this time."

I was aghast at this and concluded not to tell my wife and family anything about it until we got north again. And to tell you the truth, I haven't had the courage to tell her yet, or I could not have got her down this winter to Florida.

IN MEMORIAM.

HON. S. M. BRECKINRIDGE

May 28th, 1891.

A spell hangs o'er this cloudless day
That saddens all the heart of May;
The waves with muffled murmur play

Along the shore.

From yonder bar the restless bell
Sounds o'er the deep its mournful knell;
He who hath loved our Isle so well

Shall come no more

No proud, world-weary one was he,
That from the haunts of men would flee,
And in his castle by the sea

Dwell far apart;

But one who yearned to all his kind,
And, by the magic of his mind,
From sordid dross pure gold refined

With subtle art.

Ah, who from memory may erase
The impress of his kindly face,
His genial speech, and courtly grace,

So free to all!

Not oft did plumed knight of old,
Whose deeds in tale and song are told,
His Master's standard so uphold

In field and hall.

A Christian soldier, wise and good,
Amid the ranks of men he stood,
And claimed a common brotherhood

For high and low.

His was the all-embracing creed
That bore rich fruit in noble deed;
Full well did they in direst need

His bounty know!

As to th' assembled throng he spoke,
None dreamed so near the fatal stroke;
His task fulfilled, the strained cord broke—

A breathless pause—

How sudden seemed Death's awful call,
Yet, since the summons comes to all,
Who would not thus in harness fall?

In such high cause!

Strong spirit, may no shade of night
Have power to stay thy homeward flight,
Till thou in realm of purest light

Shalt find thy rest.

God keep beneath His shelt'ring arm
Thy loved ones, and with healing balm,
Their wounded hearts bring back to calm—

He knoweth best.

HENRY S. WYER.

The Cook Book Trade.

Lounger—"Do cook-books form an important item in your sales?"
Bookseller—"Yes, we sell them by the thousand."
"The women appreciate them, eh?"
"Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."

He'd Have His Pick.

Miss De Pride—"I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth."
Rival Belle—"Indeed, you wouldn't. I'd take him myself then."

NOT UP TO DATE.

(Truth.)

She isn't very witty, she isn't very wise;
But when a girl has dimples, and bits of
heaven for eyes,
And hair like sunshine gleaming, and voice
both sweet and low,
A little tit of nothing is all she needs to
know.

She does not talk of X-rays or Venezuelan
strife,
Of Jewish persecution or of the after life,
Of massacres in China, inhabitants of Mars;
And she adores light vaudeville, not operatic
stars.

She has no aspirations, she longs for no career;
She has no wish for suffrage, of tyrant man no
fear;

She never wrote a novel, a poem, or a play;
And she prefers a bonnet to laurel leaves or bay.

She's never heard of microbes, bacteria and the
like;

Of sociologic questions—why laborers have to
strike;

Why some have all the money and some have
all the work;
Or why the poor Armenian should suffer from
the Turk.

But, O, she smiles and dimples at everything
that's said;

And, O, her hair is golden, and, O, her lips
are red!

Her eyes are real cerulean, her voice is sweet;
and so

A little tit of nothing is all she needs to
know.

TWO WOMEN.

(Life.)

Away from the footlights' glare and heat
She sits in her box in the dim-lit gloom;
Her tender eyes, like a child's, are sweet,
And her face like a fair wild rose in bloom.
About her eddies a well-dressed crowd
With many an idle jest and speech.
Her laugh is merry, her laugh is loud,
She has something pleasant to say to each.

Near her there snores the lord of her heart,
He is old and portly, and fond of sleep;
He leaves his young wife to play her part,
And knows she will never go in too deep.
Proud is he of her youth and grace,
He loves her next to his bonds and stocks;
Beside his trotter she holds a place,
After his gold her golden locks!

Wandering over the flaming jets
Of the golden horseshoe, her proud glance goes
Where a spangled danseuse pirouettes,
While the merry music ebbs and flows.
My lady's glance is stern and cold;
And half unconscious the blushes start,
For here is the woman she has been told,
Who once reigned over her husband's heart.

The pretty danseuse about the stage
Skips and ogles and shakes her locks,
The reigning beauty and social rage
Flirts on as actively in her box.
One scorns the other with all her heart,
Though she never loved her lord, 'tis true;
Both sold themselves and both play a part;
What is the difference between the two?

LOVE'S DILEMMA.

O Biddy has such a way wid her,
An Norah has such another!
I'm swearin' my heart belongs to the wan,
Whim, Ochone, 'tis torn by C'other!
For Love, who was ever a marksman good,
Got never an aim so steady
As he takes from Norah's eyes—unless
It be from the eyes of Biddy.

Bedad, but I'm like the donkey that starves
Wid the hay on alther side him!
Sure 'tis hard to tell which wan is best
When tother's to be denied him!
Wurrashroo; it's only to choose and have,
But I don't know which I'd rather,
For Biddy has such a way wid her,
An' Norah has such another!

Mary Norton Bradford.

RAINY TWILIGHT.

(L. Frank Tooker in Century.)

O, put thy hand in mine, and we'll take the
road together;
With gold the west is dappled above the rainy
hill;
Yet raindrops hiss upon the twigs in token of
foul weather;
The twilight is deserted; these haunted ways
are still.

But who with love and youth would hesitate to
follow

This little cart track running through sun-
macks to the sea?

Sweet is the veil the rain has made for love in
every hollow;

The gay winds kiss to beauty thy happy

for me.

Each wheel rut is a pool to glass the leafless
thickets;

The dry reeds clash like cymbals, or sway
like men at war;

Into the dusk a rabbit darts; in antiphons the
crickets

Weave happy songs to shatter the silence they
abhor.

Wide, inaccess'ble, there lies the solemn level
Of darkened meadows stretching unto the
ocean's rim,
Seamed with the winding waterways wherein
shy creatures revel,
The meadow hens brood near the slow tide
water's brim.

The spray from off the sea blows salt across our
faces;

Thy brow the cool rains kiss; thine eyes with
love light shine.

What bits of happy song we sing! What laugh-
ter haunts these places,

Thrilled with the far surf's thunder, damp
with its sweeping brine!

The strong gales buffet us; the rain hosts fight
with lances—

With leveled lances set, against us ride in
vain;

Far and forgotten now is grief; no care with us
advances;

Our gay gods haunt alike the sunshine and the
rain.

BACCHANTE AND THE BOSTON GIRLS.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Now let sweet Penelope hide her fair face;

Let Esther be doomed to distraction,

For modesty's fled from old Boston to find

Some other and fairer attraction.

O, maiden of Boston, how can you again

Ever enter your gorgeous library?

For there is that wanton to shame and to mock,

In her costume so light and so airy!

Bid adieu to your books, O, sedate Boston
maids!

And seek out some new habitation;

O, take to the woods, or gather your skirts

And flee to some back country station!

Ah, list to the groanings that come from the
graves

Of Petrarch and Tasso and Dante!

They are thrown in the shade by that high-
kicking jade—

That shameless and brazen Bacchante!

Didn't He Have a Hat?

A West Sullivan fisherman is quite
sure he owes his life to a rubber which
was the only thing he had to ball out
his boat with when the craft was in a
sinking condition at some distance from
land. —(Waterville Mail.)

Some Male Bicyclists Are Too Fresh.

"There is nothing new in bicycle cos-
tumes for women."

"I'm sorry to hear it. I was in hopes
there would be some fresh young girls
in them." —(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

You May Bring Me Some of That.

Guest—Why do you print your bill of
fare in French?

Fashionable Restaurateur—Because I
want my patrons to think that I think
they can read it.—(Tit-Bits.)

Gigantic See-Saw to Rival the Ferris Wheel.

It Will be One of the Attractions at
the Tennessee Centennial.

His Own Parents Adopt a Stolen Boy
and Learn Truth 11 Years After.

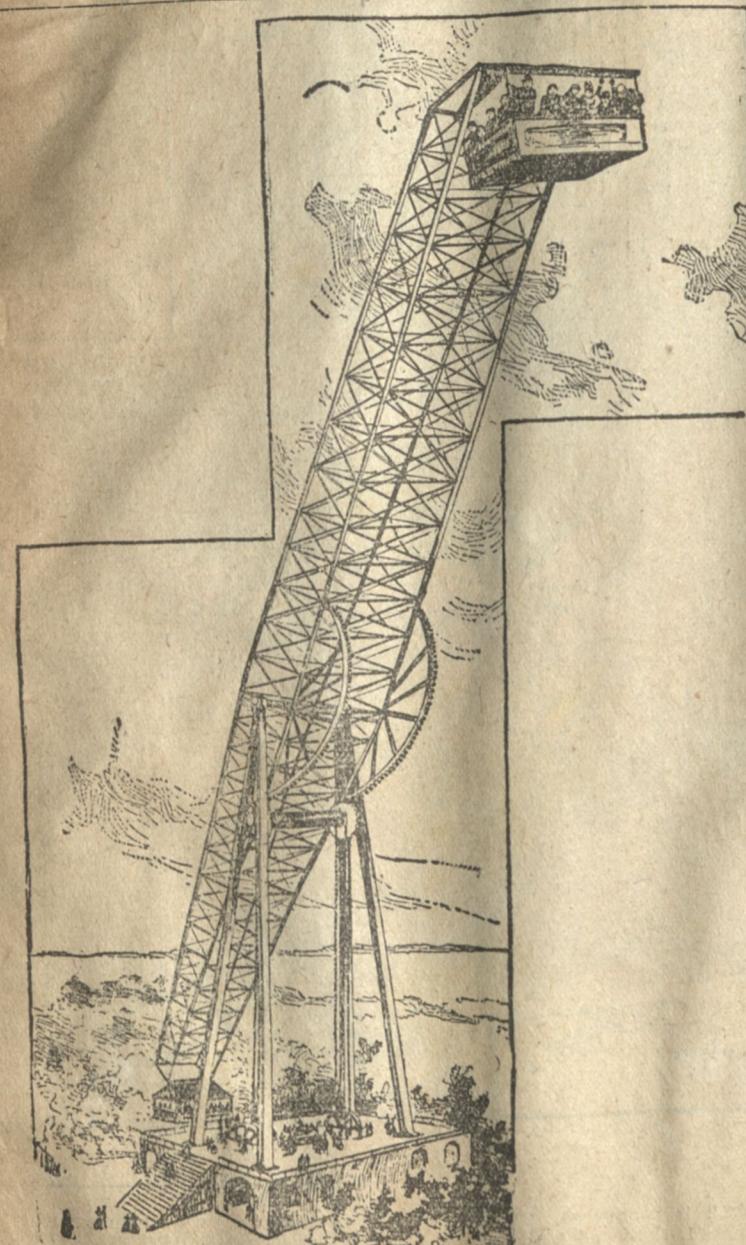
The game of see-saw that has delighted children in all ages will be revived on a gigantic scale at the Tennessee centennial exposition. The familiar principle of a long board across a saw horse, the top rail of a fence or other support, is to be utilized to send people high into the air, from which dizzy height they will have a splendid view of the exposition grounds and surrounding scenery.

Contracts have been let and work has commenced on this huge see-saw. The construction will be of wrought iron and steel, much as modern high buildings, bridges or towers are erected. The beam which will raise and lower the two carriages, each of which will hold 25 people, will be 150 feet long.

When raised to its utmost height each carriage will be 150 feet above its starting place. When the height of the terrace on which the see-saw is to be built is considered, passengers will be raised higher than those who rode in the Ferris wheel at the World's fair in Chicago.

Around the base of the tower which will support the walking beam will be a pavilion 60 feet square, which will be used for dancing, a cafe, refreshment stands, etc. The tower will be 75 feet high. Electricity will light the structure at night and will furnish the power to make the cars go up and down.

ADOPTED THEIR STOLEN SON.



SEE-SAW FOR THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

THE DREAM-TOWN SHOW.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

There is an island in Slumber sea
Where the drollest things are done,
And we will sail there, if the winds are fair,
Just after the set of the sun.
'Tis the loveliest place in the whole wide world
Or anyway, so it seems;
And the folks there play at the end of each day
In a curious show called "Dreams."

We sail right into the evening skies,
And the very first thing we know
We are there at the port and ready for sport,
Where the dream folks give their show.
And what do you think they did last night
When I crossed their harbor bars?
They hoisted a plank on a great cloud bank
And teetered among the stars.

And they sat on the moon and swung their feet
Like pendulums to and fro;
Down Slumber sea is the sail for me,
And I wish you were ready to go,
For the dream folks there on this curious isle
Begin their performance at eight;
There are no encores, and they close their doors
On every one who is late.

The sun is sinking behind the hills,
The seven o'clock bells chime;
I know by the chart that we ought to start
If we would be there in time.
O, fair is the trip down Slumber sea;
Set sail and away we go;
The anchor is drawn, we are off and gone
To the wonderful Dream-Town show.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"The Old Mountain Tree."

To the Editor of the People's Column--In answer to "Rob" I send the following poem:
Ned.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.
O, the home we loved by the bounding deep,
Where the hills in glory stood,
And the moss-grown graves where our fathers sleep
'Neath the bows of the waving wood;
We remember yet with a fond regret
Of the rock and flowered lea,
Where we once used to play through the long, long day,
'Neath the shade of the mountain tree.
In times gone by, like a tale that's told
In the land of song and mirth,
And many a friend in the church yard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of earth;
The lark may sing in the clouds of spring,
And the swan on the silver sea,
But the heart will pine and vainly pray
For a grave 'neath the old mountain tree.
We are pilgrims now in a stranger land
And the joys of youth are passed;
Kind friends are gone, but the old tree stands,
Unharmed by the warring blasts;
And many a day will wander away,
O'er the waves of the western sea,
And we'll sigh for the shade
Where the wild bird made her nest in the old mountain tree.

A LITTLE SAMARITAN.

[From the Louisville Commercial.]

He was a tiny chap, and could hardly be seen when he entered a well known restaurant the other evening. The little fellow was well dressed and caused some comment when he asked the clerk what the price of turkey sandwich was:

"Ten cents."
"Well, give me a ham; it's only 5 cents."
While the clerk was preparing the sandwich the boy fished a solitary nickel out of his pants pocket and paid for the goods. Then he walked out rapidly. Some men who were in the place at the time followed him out to see what he was going to do with the sandwich. They found him giving it to a dirty, ragged newsboy, a little boy like himself.

"I only had a nickel. I got this for you. Next time you get hungry come out to my house, 1428 _____ street, and I'll see that you get a good meal. Good-bye."

Then the little philanthropist took his departure.

FOUNTAIN.

"The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin."
There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

WHO'LL BE THE NEXT?

Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is waiting, some one is ready;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

INVOCATION.

Come, Holy Spirit, dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.



THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

"Follow Thou Me."

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

(Harper's Round Table.)
Just one more kiss for good night, mama,
Just one more kiss for good night;
And then you may go to my dear papa,
And—yes—you may put out the light;
For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid,
As I was last night; you'll see
'Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little maid,
As he told me I ought to be.

But the shadows won't seem so dark, mama,
If you'll kiss me a little bit more;
And you know I can listen, and hear where you
are,
If you only won't—shut the door.
For if I can hear you talking, I think
It will make me so sleepy, maybe,
That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink,
And forget to—cry like a baby.

You needn't be laughing, my mama dear,
While you're hugging me up so tight;
You think I am trying to keep you here,
You and—I guess—the light.
Please kiss me good night once more, mama;
I could surely my promise keep
If you'd only stay with me just as you are,
And kiss me till—I go to sleep.

APPEARANCES WERE ALWAYS DECEITFUL.



Lady (to tramp)—No, I shall not give you anything. You look strong and well able to work.

Tramp—Ah, mum, you shouldn't judge people by their looks, I thought you looked a kind-hearted lady, but I find you ain't.

SNOW.

(R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal)
From the gray sky wildly whirling,
Through the woodland softly swirling,
Hanging in festoon and garland,
Lightly as it came from starland,
On the cedar dark and solemn,
On the heller's spinal column.

See it hurtle,
Skip and jump,
Round the squirtle
Of the pump.

See it where the beanpole darkles
As it shimmers, shines and sparkles
Through the air that's growing crisper;
Hear it whisper, whisper, whisper,
As it scrambles, frisks and hurries,
And around the woodshed scurries,
Where it settles
On the pans,
Bottles, kettles,
Boots and cans.

See it slipping, sliding, shifting,
Into quaintest sculptures drifting;
See it eddy on, or straightway
Go a-scooting through the gateway
Like the dog, perturbed and nettled,
When his caudal's sore be-kettled,
And with grand springs,
Full of wrath,
Turns he handsprings
Up the path.

See the wild wind's very droll work,
Carven cornice, stucco, scroll work,
Lace work on the honeysuckle,
Where the sparrows chirp and chuckle,
While they watch the small boy blowing
On his hands to keep them glowing,
While with passion

He the snow
Ball doth fashion,
Don't you know.

In Bargain-Sale Season, Too!

"I hear that Mrs Beechwood has been quite ill," remarked Mr Shadyside to his wife.

"Ill?" replied Mrs Shadyside, emphatically. "I should say she had been ill. Why, the poor thing hasn't been able to go shopping for the last eight weeks."—(Pittsburg Chronicle).

How Ashamed He Must Have Felt!

"I saw Mrs Higby standing at the window weeping." "I don't blame her; Mr Higby was cleaning the pavement with that hand-painted snow shovel she gave him Christmas."—(Chicago Record).

FASHION'S LITANY.

(Town Topics.)

O' Thou, dear Lord, my sins forgive—
(Humph! There comes dowdy Ditts)
And make me humble while I live—
(How ill her clothing fits!)
O, take from me all worldly pride—
(A dark brown trimmed with blue!)
And keep me ever by Thy side—
(Her last year's bonnet, too!).

Make me to put my trust in Thee—
(The Ban Dervel!) Such taste!)
Protect me from all vanity—
(Nice pattern for a waist!)
O, bless me with Thy biding love—
(Spring hat and winter sprig!)
And when I die take me above—
(I know her hair's a wig!).

O, teach me not to envious be—
(I wish I owned that silk!)
But keep me meek's my lowly plea—
(She looks like sour'd skim milk!)
Teach me forgiveness day by day—
(Oh, how I hate that thing!)
And lead me in the hallowed way—
(My knees begin to sting!).

Please cleanse my heart of wrong desire—
(I wonder if he'll flirt!)
With love for Thee my soul inspire—
(I'll keep one eye alert!)
And hold me in the narrow path—
(I think I caught his eye!)
That I may 'scape Thy chastening wrath—
(Could he have heard me sigh?)

And when temptation neareth me—
(I thought he looked again!)
Blind Thou my eyes that I mayn't see—
(O, dear! These horrid men!)
O'erlook my faults and make me shine—
(He's smiling surely then!)
A power on earth, the credit Thine—
(So brazen, too!) Amen.

TOMORROW.

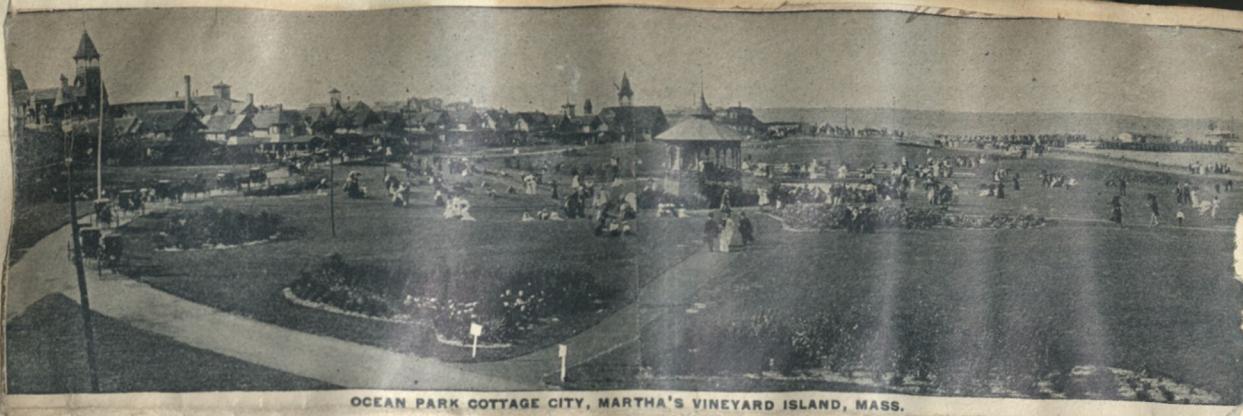
Tomorrow—aye, tomorrow—
When will it come around?
It always says 'tis coming,
But n'er can be found.
It's always in the distance,
Still it is on its way
And will be here before long,
In just one more short day.

But when that day approaches
Says till tomorrow wait.
I get so tired of waiting.
It surely must be late.
Sometimes I ask a favor.
Wait till tomorrow, too,
Comes back the answer to me.
I know not what to do.

I know too well tomorrow
Will never come around.
Tis fitting e'er before me,
Yet never here is found.
So n'er wait till tomorrow
To do what should be done
Today, for you'll be waiting
Each setting of the sun.

The treacherous one flies on,
And it will ne'er be here,
For when you think you've gained it
'Twill be today, I fear.
Tomorrow still will mock you
As loud its echoes ring—
I'll come to you tomorrow
And all my pleasures bring.

Tis ignis fatuus like,
E'er flitting just before,
While you will long to catch it
And that it wait implore.
Oh, come, oh, come, tomorrow!
I long to welcome you.
Ah, will you ne'er permit me
Your tempting face to view?
—Martha S. Lippincott in Brooklyn Eagle.



OCEAN PARK COTTAGE CITY, MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND, MASS.

PATHS OF GLORY.

(Washington Star.)

It's mighty difficult, jes' now, fur any one ter frame
A clear idee of what exackly goes ter make up fame.
I seen a feller's pictur; 'twasn't sech a hand-some face!
But they'd marked it "advertisement," an' it had the leadin' place.
They'd wrote up his biography ez careful ez they could;
They even stopped ter name the medicine that done him good!
'Twas no wonder that his features wore a self-approvin' laugh,
Like he felt his future greatness when they took his phortygraph.

There was another, way down in a corner of the page,
Where this man claimed yer notice ez a hero of the age.
I purty nearly missed it, 'cause my eyesight's ruther dim.
An' I wusn't lookin' out fur no big people 'cep'tin' him.
I could hardly trust my senses when I come ter scan it close,
An' discovered 'twas a bigger man than him ez tuck the dose.
An' the more I thought about it all, the more it hurt my pride
Ter find it was the President—an' jes' a column wide!

So now I tell my boy ter go ahead an' not despair;
Though he may not see success, it's likely waitin' fur 'im there
In the glowin', generous future, which is full of hopefulness
Fur them ez is content ter use the talents they possess.
And ef he finds he ain't got eddication ez he should,
I tell 'im ter keep heart ez long ez his digestion's good.
Ez a scholar an' a statesman, though his mark he never makes.
He may still, perhaps, be famous fur the medine he takes.

It's a Good Idea to Have It in Writing.

Aunt—What! Sitting up writing at this hour?

Niece—Yes, auntie; it's only a little note to Harry.

Aunt—Why, Harry left you only five minutes ago.

Niece—Yes; but there is something I forgot to ask him, and it's very important.

Aunt—Yes?

Niece—I asked him if he loved me, and he said "Yes," but I forgot to ask him if he would love me always. (Answers.)

Trying to Save His Money.

"Those people next door are still in their honeymoon."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; he goes shopping with her."—(Chicago Record.)

EXPLAINED.



"Have I done anything to offend you, darling?" he asked brokenly. "Today you passed me without bowing, and now you sit there with such an air of hauteur and pride that—"

"George," interrupted the girl with an unbending air, but in her voice a cadence sweeter than music in the night, "I have a stiff neck."

That Noisy Red Plaid.

When your dear girl gazes at you, With a glance to melt you through, Don't imagine, like a stupid, That her thoughts are all of you. Ten to one her dainty musing Is constructed on this wise: "When we're married, won't I break him Of his horrid taste in ties."

—(Chicago Record.)

Time to Arbitrate.

"This punishment hurts me as much as it does you," said the parent.

"Well, then, let's compromise, pop," pleaded the boy. "There's no reason why either of us should suffer."—(Philadelphia North American.)

Before the Bar or at a Table.

"Have you learned any fancy methods of skating?" asked the young woman. "No," replied Willie Wishington, "I can skate only two ways."

"Which are they?"

"Standing up and sitting down."—(Washington Star.)

Did That Suit Her?

"What I like," she said, "is a person who is frank—one who says just what he means, without beating around the bush."

"Well, then," he replied, "I'll be straightforward. There is something I've wanted to tell you for an hour or more, but—"

"Yes," she urged, seeing that he hesitated. "What is it?"

"There's a big black streak down one side of your nose. I guess it's soot."—(Cleveland Leader.)

Want Them Dudes.

Gladys—Maude has always posed as a man-hater, yet now she goes off and marries one.

Estelle—When you see the dear boy you will discover at once that she has not gone back on her principles.—(Philadelphia North American.)

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

(James Courtney Challiss in the Independent.)
Why don't you laugh, young man, when troubles come?

Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You cannot have all play,

And sunshine every day:

When troubles come, I say, why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help to soothe

The aches and pains. No road in life is smooth; There's many an unseca hump,

And many a hidden stump

O'er which you'll have to jump. Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your spirits wilt,

Don't sit and cry because the milk you've spilt;

If you would mend it, now,

Pray let me tell you how:

Just milk another cow! Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us all laugh, too,

And keep us mortals all from getting blue?

A laugh will always win:

If you can't laugh, just grin—

Come on, let's all join in! Why don't you laugh?

AN URGENT APPEAL.



"Won't you please give something to a poor man who has nothing left in all the world but simply this little revolver?"—(Der Flon.)

Not a Harvard Man, Anyway.

Hicks—That young fellow says he is a college graduate, but I don't believe it.

Dicks—Why not?

Hicks—O, I tried him last night, and he didn't know the first thing about poker.—(Somerville Journal.)

Besides, She Takes His Arm.

"I can always tell a bride and groom on the street."

"How can you?"

"They never stop to look in the windows at the dry goods bargains."—(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

HE GOT WILD.



"Hallo! how did ye get that bird?
Shoot it!"
"How d'yer think I got it—ran it
round a barn and hit it on the head
with a boot? Get on to yourself!"

Not Lost, Just Mislaid.

"John, the baby has swallowed one of
your pearl studs."
"Well, for goodness' sake, send for the
doctor right away. I've got to wear that
stud tonight."—(Harlem Life.)

Sometimes the Cat Sheathes Her Claws.

Mrs Grumpy—Why don't wives rise
up and make their husbands stand
around?

Grumpy—Because men never propose
to that kind of women.—(Detroit Free
Press.)

Another Victim of Prunes.

"Hello, Johnson; I haven't seen you
for some time. Where are you living
now?"
"I don't live anywhere. I board."—
(Indianapolis Journal.)

He Meant a Million Kisses.

Hubby—You are worth a million to me.
Wifey—Can I get an advance of \$2 on
that million for a new hat?—(Up-to-
Date.)

"The Rover's Grave."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in
answer to "B. D. W." I send this poem.
W. F. M.

THE ROVER'S GRAVE.

They bore him away when day had fled
And the storm was rolling high,
And they laid him down in his lonely bed
By the light of an angry sky.
The lightning flashed and the wild sea lashed
The shore with its foaming wave,
And the thunder passed on the rushing blast
As it howled o'er the rover's grave.

No longer for him like a fearless bird
Yon bark floats under the lea;
No longer his voice on the gale is heard
When it's guns peal over the sea.
But near him the white gull builds on high
Her nest by the gleaming wave,
And the heaving billows groan and die
On the sands of the rover's grave.

OUTLAWRY.

(Town Topics.)

I said thy word should be my law;
That thy least wish I'd heed;
My servitude should show no flaw,
Nor aught of selfish greed.

Fair queen, the fealty I swore
I did not vow in jest;
I little recked thou wouldst ask more
Than man could do at best.

I fain had done thy sovereign will,
Whate'er that will might be;
And I have done it well until
Thou wouldst too much of me.

But when thou say'st I must not love
Thee, whom I love so well,
I hold my love thy law above,
And, sovereign, I rebel!

A VICTIM OF FASHION.

I wish the lovely women,
Who on my mother call,
Would omit the topic "Fashion."
Or else not talk at all.

Perhaps you think it funny
That I care what they say,
But you see I have to study
A portion of each day.

And that portion, how it happens
I'm sure I cannot tell,
Is often interrupted
By the ringing of the bell.

And then in come some callers
They discuss the weather fully,
Then somehow drift to dress goods.
One is very fond of wooly

The other likes smooth finish.
And says that, when in town,
She made some lovely bargains,
Got some cashmere for a gown.

The only thing that troubles
Is this: She can't decide
How far to make the skirt round;
She wants it, well, quite wide.

Then follows a discussion
Of gores, godets and ruffles,
And sleeves and skirt distended
(They used to call 'em bustles),

And crinoline and hair cloth,
And fiber chamels too,
Blouse fronts, and vests, and bloomers—
O, dear, what shall I do?

I really can't endure this,
My lessons, where are they?
And if I do not have them
What will my teachers say?

But, hold, perhaps you wonder
Why this should so annoy;
I'll tell you. It is simply
Because—I am a boy.

Hudson. Margaret Wendell Phillips.

Maybe She'd Have Looked Prettier So.

Dollie—The first time I came out in
tights I wanted to hide my face for
shame.

Cholly—Ain't that just like a woman?
Wanted—to—hide—your—face!—(Cincin-
nati Enquirer.)

An Artist in His Line.

"Pore Jim was always mighty good to
me," sobbed the weeping widow. "With
all the beatin's he gimme, he never hit
me where the marks would show so the
neighbors could see 'em."—(Indianapolis
Journal.)

A Satisfactory Call.

Father—It was strangely quiet in the
parlor while that young fellow was call-
ing last evening, Edith.

Daughter—Yes, he's one of the U. of
M. tacklers and seems to think of noth-
ing else.—(Detroit Free Press.)

Apparently She Wears Bloomers.

Wheeler—What makes you think she
loves you?

Tyre-O, she's been hinting of late
how much she likes my bicycle.—(Phil-
adelphia North American.)

What Are We Coming To.

In Kentucky a decision by Judge
Breathitt of the Christian county court
has been overruled by his son, who is
circuit judge.—(Chicago Record.)

Merry Christmas!

A Georgia man was recently ap-
proached by one of the negroes in his
employ, who said:

"Ef you please, suh, I wish you'd give
me my Chris'mus gif."

"Why?" exclaimed his employer, in
surprise, "you're way ahead of time;
Christmas is 12 days off yet!"

"I knows dat, suh," replied the negro,
"but I wants my gif now, kase when
Chris'mus come you's mos' inginerally
too full ter reckernize me!"—(Atlanta
Constitution.)

WITH A HAMMER.



Patient—Can you get it out, sir?
Dentist—Well, you see, it's like this; if
I can't get it out I can drive it in.

MY BICYCLE SWEETHEART.

(New York World.)

She's saucy, sweet and twenty,
And as she swiftly whirls
Her bright eyes shine with laughter,
The breezes toss her curly
A trim and dainty ankle
Her shortened skirts reveal
Although I've never met her,
I've seen her on her wheel.

She's awfully coquettish;
She dearly loves to flirt,
But should one be presuming,
She can be very curt.
She's muscular and graceful,
Her nerves are made of steel;
Although I've never met her,
I've seen her on her wheel.

She's very good at tennis,
Can row or sail a boat;
She favors woman suffrage,
And really wants to vote.
She batters down convention
With energy and zeal;
Although I've never met her,
I've seen her on her wheel.

She'd drive a pair of horses,
She has been known to bet,
And even on occasion
Would smoke a cigarette;
But spite of all her whimsies,
Before her shrine I kneel;
Although I've never met her,
I've seen her on her wheel.

Anything to be Agreeable.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do
you?" asked the old man, with as much
nerve as he could assume.

"Well," said the young man, standing
first on one foot and then on the other,
"I suppose I'll have to be if I marry
Mamie."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

An Invaluable Auxiliary.

Prof Hypnit—Now, young lady, you
will greatly assist the test by remaining
passive. So—er—concentrate your mind
on nothing.

Ethel—O, Cholly, how fortunate you
came with me! Proceed, professor.—
(Judge.)

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

James Buckhan in American Agriculturist.)
"And now just a word to the children."

The visiting clergyman said.
"I'm sure you love parents and teachers?"
"Of course!" nodded each little head.

"That's right! And you study your lessons,
And kneel every evening to pray,
And when you wake up in the morning,
You think 'I'll be good all today?'

"Well done! Only one question further—
Although I might ask you a host:
Of all the most shining examples,
What man do you look up to most?"

For nearly a minute the silence
Hung deep as a twilight in June.
Then rose a wee maid, and said shyly,
"I dess it's the man in the moon!"



Elia—Bella can read her husband like a book.
Stella—He is her third volume, isn't he?—(Truth.)

TO THE LABORER.

(Somerville Journal.)

Here's to the man who loves to work!
If any such man there be—
Who never has felt inclined to shirk,
But toils all day with glee.
Here's to his everlasting health!
For he will need it sore,
If he spends his days amassing wealth,
And his nights amassing more.

Here's to the man who loves to work!
Whose labor but gives him joy.
Who finds delight in a heavy task,
When other pleasures cloy.
Here's hoping that, when he tells you that,
He's making no false pretense;
And here's hoping, too, if he tells the truth,
That he'll finally have more sense.

Is Honesty Always the Best Policy?

After a cable car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few minutes later as I left the car I found him on the rear platform alone.
"Don't ever do that again," he said.
"If a conductor misses you don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it.
"If I miss a passenger the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there is a 'spotter' aboard I lose my job.
"The next time save your nickel, it may help me to save my position."—(Chicago Times-Herald.)

The Insurance Men Did the Weeping.

Tommy—What does the paper mean, pa, by saying that Mr Tomlinson bore the loss of his handsome property by fire very philosophically?

Tommy's pa—Umph! It means that he was insured for more than its value.—(Clips.)

She Must Have Been a Peach!

Fair poetess—Won't you please print my poem?
Councillatory editor—I can't, really; but I should like to print your picture.—(Somerville Journal.)

MINOT'S LIGHT.

Beneath a ripple's depth
The cruel ledges hide,
When still the waters sleep
At highest tide.

Disaster seems afar,
And in the mirrored blue
The white clouds slowly sail,
A phantom crew.

Across the dark'ning east
The heavy storm clouds rise,
The winds begin to stir,
The waking ocean sighs;

And specters white uprear
Their heads to low'ring sky,
And chant a solemn dirge
Where the low ledges lie.

But faithful sentinel!
We see thy warning form,
And praise thy priceless worth
In calm as well as storm.

When warring wind and wave
Clash in the fearful gloom,
The treacherous, lurking rocks
Invoke a dreadful doom.

But lo, thy brilliant rays
Pierce thro' the darkest night,
Our bark sweeps safely on
By Minot's light.

Boston. Hale Howard Richardson.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Make the Most of Life."

To the Editor of the People's Column—A correspondent asked for this poem some days ago.

J. W. H.

MAKE THE MOST OF LIFE.

Let's learn to make the most of life,
Lose not one single day:
But girdle on the shield of strife,
While here on earth we stay.
Come, list to me the while I sing—
This earth was made for man—
Thus make the glorious welkin ring
While life's due course is ran.

The summer winds will ne'er return,
Those passed and gone for aye;
So do not pause to fret and mourn,
But welcome each and every day.
Do love thy God and fellow-man—
That is the word that's given—
And you will reach a ripe reward
When ushered into heaven.

Work on with cheerfulness and glee
Through morning, noon and night,
And you will never fail to see
The sunshine, pure and bright.
Leave not one tender word untold,
But kindness sow broadcast,
That he who died to save us all
May take us home at last.

Mourn not for wasted hours of time
That have swiftly drifted by;
Be resolute, and sing this rhyme
When for happiness you sigh.
The good we might have done
Is gone, forever past;
And if we half the battle won
Content should we be at last.

The flight of life will soon be o'er,
The earth will pass from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine,
Where all will be pure and true.
Now, dearest friends, those whom I love,
In pain, in joy, or worldly strife;
May we meet again in the world above,
For having made the most of life.

"Er lazy man," said Uncle Eben, "will tire his self tryin' ter dodge work more dan er industrious man will in doin' twicet de mount."

More Work.

The proof reader sat, ill at ease.
He murmured, "What sorrows are these!
Most tongues I have read,
Both the modern and dead,
And now I must study Chinese!"

JONAH WAS STRONG.



His sister—Who was the strongest man spoken of in the Bible?

Little brother—Jonah!

His sister—Nonsense. Jonah wasn't noted for his strength.

Little brother—Yes he was, too.

His sister—For goodness sake, why?

Little brother—Because the whale couldn't keep him down.—(Fun.)

And Her Flow of Language.

Little boy (writing composition)—I want to use that saying that's in our copybooks, but I can't remember it all—"Man glories in his strength, woman glories in—" What's the rest, I wonder?

Little girl—Let me see. "Woman glories in her—her hat."—(Clips.)

Perhaps She is Trying Authorship.

Little Ethel—Your sister is engaged, isn't she?

Playmate—Who says so?

Little Ethel—Nobody.

Playmate—Then how do you know?

Little Ethel—When the postman knocks she goes to the door herself.—(The Graphic.)

Which Would They Choose?

Miss De Cosh—I say that if the women must take off their hats, the men should be prohibited from going out between the acts.

Miss La Touch—Yes, or else from coming in between the drinks.—(Cleveland Leader.)

Romance in High Life.

Mrs Strate (severely)—Edward, I think that new typewriter of yours is very giddy.

Edward—But remember, my dear, she is compelled to work on the 18th story.—(Philadelphia North American.)

Early in the Morning.

Mrs Jones—And you will come home early, won't you, dear?

Jones (who is going to the club)—Yes, darling, but should I be a little late you need not wait breakfast on my account.

—(Judge.)

SHOOTING STARS.

Beneficial.

"There's nothing does a man more good than an outing trip."

"Think so?"

"Yes, sir. It makes a man appreciate his home."

Never Satisfied.

The man, by nature made to wail,
Will ever be unreasonable;
When pleasant weather comes, he'll rail,
Because it isn't seasonable.

GRADUATION ODE.

(Sung by the Class of Ninety-seven.)

I.

The golden sands are running fast
Come, class-mates, gather near;
Our fair school days will soon be past
In the school-room bright and dear.

CHORUS—The class of Ninety-seven!
The class of Ninety-seven!
Farewell today
We all must say—
The class of Ninety-seven.

II.

In sorrow will we backward look
Today's so full of hope;
With courage will we ope' the book
And with life's lessons cope.

CHORUS—

III.

The joyous days have quickly sped
On winged feet of Youth;
Kind teachers on the way have led
Our minds to noblest truth.

CHORUS—

IV.

Then let us ever upward rise
With dauntless hearts and true;
Until we see before our eyes
Life's harvest strong and new.

CHORUS—

IN A HOSPITAL.

(Gilbert Burgess in London Sketch.)
Yus! I lost my license along of you—
Along of a bloom'in' peeler!—
It 'ud be jest as much as you could do
To 'andle tame four-wheeler.
But I'd like to get you up on the seat
Of a hextry springy 'ansom;
Lord! to see you careerin' dahn the street
Would be worth a hemp'rōr's ransom.

Ho, yus! Blimy, yus!
If I could put you upon an 'ansom,
You'd learn to 'old yer jawr,
And, as I've said before,
To see you would be worth a hemp'rōr's ransom.
It's erl right for you with yer "plates of meat"
On "directin' traffic" duty.
A'-elpin' old lydes acrost the street,
And collarin' tips, you beauty!
But why did you want for to interfere
With my keb? You'd better chuck it,
For that's why you're lyin' in 'ospitäl 'ere,
And per'aps you'll kick the bucket.

They wouldn't 'ave made such a beastly fuss—
They wouldn't, or else I'm balmy—
If I'd run over an 'Ammersmith 'bus,
Or the 'ole Salvyton Army.
Ori along o' your meddin' I get stuck—
I'll allow you came a cropper—
But ain't exactly jest like my luck
To upset a bloom'in' copper?

Ho, yus! Blimy, yus!
And now I think I've given yer fair warnin';
And though it do seem 'ard
To stand idle in the yard—
I don't bear no malice, cully, so good mornin'.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

NO CHANCE.



"Is Miss Slasher in?"
"No. She's out."
"Is Mrs. Slasher in?"
"No. She's out."
"Then I'll come in, and wait by the
ire."
"You can't, 'cos that's out, too."

"Going—Going—"

"Goin' skatin' 'fore long?" asked little
Jimmie of his sister's beau, who was
waiting in the parlor.
"I don't skate, my boy. Why?"
"I heard Jennie say if you wanted her
you'd better be gettin' your skates on,
cause they was others."—(Detroit Free
Press.)

Even Tantalus Was Never so Tantalized.

When a woman wakes up cross and
out of sorts she has generally heard her
husband talking in his sleep and couldn't
make any sense out of it.—(New York
Press.)

Accidents Will Happen.

Paris is talking about a recent duel in
which one man, a second, was wounded.
(New York Tribune.)

BEFORE AND AFTER.

(Washington Star.)

With a wardrobe that is jaunty and a travel-
ing bag, brand new,
He is smiling in the station as he grants an
interview.
His manner's very knowing and his every
glance implies
That his ship has just been sighted; that his
star is on the rise.
He instructs you in the management of gov-
ernment affairs,
And you feel that he is worthy of an office and
its cares.
You wonder what exalted post 'twill be his
lot to gain,
He is on his way to Canton and he's waiting
for the train.

A few days later he appears. He looks a little
dazed.
The traveling bag seems smaller than it was
when last you gazed.
When you strive for conversation he has little
more to say,
Than, "Young man, beware of politics. It
really doesn't pay."
He's not at all his jovial self when stoutly he
declares
"My time must be devoted to my personal
affairs."
There is something in his manner that pro-
vokes a thrill of pain—
This man who went to Canton and has just got
home again.

Not a Prosperous Pirate, it Would Seem.
After spending much time in digging
for a so-called pirate's treasure on his
farm, Valentine Kelly of Clarksville,
Ind., found \$3.75.—(New York Sun.)

Personally Conducted.

He—I wonder why it is that I never
can manage to be alone with you?
She—It must be an act of providence.—
(New York Herald.)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain-side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee—
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

LOVE AND LABOR.

That love lightens labor
Is an adage true and old;
Cheers us on life's pilgrimage,
And warms hearts stern and cold.

That love lightens labor
We can never again deny;
For it helps along the weary,
Brings joys to those who sigh.

That love lightens labor,
How easily understood;
Makes weary tasks a pleasure,
It's love that makes us good.

That love lightens labor,
Sages and bards have sung;
I feel the truth of the adage,
The love of a mother when young.

That love lightens labor,
Makes happy homes for all;
Sweet to labor for those we love,
And to hear the blessed call.

That love lightens labor,
Again may be truly said;
It cheers us on while living,
Remembers us when dead.

That love lightens labor,
The subject is never old;
Its truth will last forever,
No matter how often told.

FOR THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

Louise S. Baker.

Servant of God and follower of Christ,
Lover of human kind and helper strong,
Ceased now thy voice amid the earthly throng,
But not forgotten by the souls athirst
For the pure gospel of God's love,
Proclaimed with power, all creeds above,
Indeed and word. A wail was in thy tone,
A wail for human woe. Thou mad'st our pain
thine own
And tenderly as mothers who can feel
Didst bind and soothe our wounds and bid them
heal.

Thy soul was full of gladness, full of mirth.
The sight of beauty quickening every sense
Made plain within, around, the immanence
Of Love Eternal chastening all the earth.

* * * * *

Hail and farewell! Dear Friend, farewell and hail!
We greet thy spirit—still across the vale.
We say "Good bye," and yet we hold thee ever,
We know blest bonds which death can never sever.

CYRUS AUSTIN ROYS.

September, 1896.

Sir Richard Temple, Very Homeliest Briton.

Statesman, Scholar, Artist, Ladies' Man, Proud of His Ugliness.

Standing Up While Asleep Proclaimed a Panacea for All Diseases.

An English newspaper has endeavored to find the homeliest man in England. It located this interesting gentleman and awarded him a prize of a gold snuff box. The decision was made to hang on the votes of the paper's readers. When the contest closed many well-known men—Henry Irving among them—occupied distinguished places on the list, but, as most persons had foreseen, the great majority of votes were cast for Sir Richard Temple, statesman, scholar, artist and at that time member of parliament for the Kingston division of Surrey.



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

Sir Richard got his snuff box and acknowledged the gift in a note through the urbanity of which no trace of annoyance could be discerned. The remarkable truth is that no annoyance was felt. Not only is Sir Richard Temple the homeliest of prominent Englishmen, but he prides himself on being so.

Sir Richard Temple is endowed with the gift of ugliness, of superlative plainness. And this gift, especially where women have been concerned, has served his turn well.

His urbanity, his flow of pleasant talk, his faculty for subtle flattery, his strong, if somewhat grotesque, carriage, the fine frankness with which he wears a countenance that would charm any ordinary man in the darkest nooks he could discover, have always rendered him irresistible with the opposite sex.

While he still wrote M P after his name he was one of the most noticeable figures at those fashionable 5 o'clock teas on the terrace overlooking the river.

It is much more interesting to watch Sir Richard flirting on the terrace or winning his hideous way among the most beautiful women of England than to note the statistical facts of his fine Indian record—the high administrative posts he filled, his ability in relieving the famine-stricken districts, his excellent work as lieutenant governor of Bengal and governor of Bombay, his elevation to the baronetage 20 years ago.

Apart from his insinuating hideousness, Sir Richard Temple is an accomplished man. Heath Brow, his home at Hampstead, is charmingly decorated with oil paintings and aquarelles which

are his own work and in which he preserves the memories of his travels all over the world. He has written books on India which have actually been read. He has served on the council of the royal geographical society and the British association, and has been vice chairman of the London school board.—(New York Journal.)

CAUSE FOR HIS HONESTY.

I was waiting at the elevated station in Fourteenth Street, the other day, when I noticed an innocent-looking old chap walking around in a nervous way, says the Detroit Free Press, and as soon as I had given him a look of encouragement he came up to me and said:

"I hired a feller to bring along my satchel, and when I got here I didn't hev no change and had to let him look around to git a \$10 bill busted."

"You don't mean to say you gave an utter stranger \$10 to walk off with?"

"Yes, I never seed him afore, and I gin him a \$10 bill. He orter be back by this time."

"You expect him back, do you?"

"Of course."

"Well, you'll never see him again, unless by accident. This town is full

of people who are sighing to meet such old innocents as you are. You are \$10 out of your pocket."

"He looked honest, and I think he'll come back. Probably had trouble to git the change."

I felt sorry for the old man, but even while I expressed my sorrow he maintained a surprising complacency of demeanor, and didn't seem at all worried.

"You know New York purty well, don't you?" he finally queried.

"Yes, pretty well."

"Rubbed agin human natur' purty considerably, I take it?"

"Yes."

"And that feller won't never show up with my \$10?"

"Never, sir."

At that moment a hard-faced young man came hurrying up, and placing a lot of bills and change in the old man's palm, he said:

"There's your \$10, mister. I had to go to five different places before they could change it."

Old innocence handed him out a quarter, put the remainder in his pocket, then turned to me with:

"Kinder sorry fur you, young man! You'd better travel around and learn sunthin' about human natur'!"

When he had gone up stairs to take the train I handed a quarter to the hard-faced young man, who was still hanging about, and said:

"Now, then talk straight. How did it happen you brought that money back?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you the truth," he replied, as he looked up with a smile. "That man behind you is a detective who knows me, and as he saw me take the bill away I didn't dare bolt with it. Lands alive! but it was the only chance I've had in five years to get away with 10 big dollars all to once, and you can imagine how I'm feelin' in my feelings about it!"

WOMAN'S WAY.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong,
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road;
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkness,
With your grief to sup?
As you drink Fate's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns, and smiles are blossoms
Oft for weary feet.
Do not make the way seem harder
By a sullen face.
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.
Smile upon your undone labor;
Not for one who grieves
O'er his task waits wealth or glory;
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years.
Smile a little, smile a little,
Even through your tears.

THINGS PEOPLE SAY.



"He was hard pressed for money."

Besides the Many Thousands that Maud Cost.

"By the way, what is Maud's husband worth?"

"I hear that her father gave \$300,000 for him."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Generally it Works the Other Way.
Merritt—Man was made to mourn, you know.
Cora—And what was woman made for, pray?

Merritt—To make him do so, I suppose.—(Truth.)

A Good One from the Ararat Times.
Walter—Soup, sir?
Thesplan—No, confound your impudence! I'm a star.—(Harlem Life.)

Baptismal Hymn.



THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

"Follow Thou Me."

BURIED IN BAPTISM.

We are buried with Him by Baptism unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we should also walk in newness of life.—*Rom. 6-4.*

Under the water with Jesus,
Let me be buried to-day;
All of the past leave behind me,
There in the ocean to stay.

CHO.—Down in the waters with Jesus,
Buried in depths below;
But I shall rise with the Master,
White as the beautiful snow.

All of success and of failure,
Carry away with the flood;
Leave not a vestige of earth life,
May it be death, O my God!

Good night to scenes of the world,
Farewell, your borders are past;
Hail to the morn on the heav'n side,
In Christ I've risen at last.

Now with His own risen life,
Let me be filled from above;
Fill all my innermost being,
Spirit of life and of love.

BEWITCHED.

'Twas a dismal day, and a drear-looking lot
That crowded the car, when a dear little dot
Of a woman came in and laughed;
And, presto! the dark was with sunshine shot,
For she was a witch, tho' she knew it not—
Each face told a tale of her craft.

Her rippling laughter, that ran in quest
Of victims, found never a one to contest
Its contagion. The whole crowd fell.
E'en the crossest and coldest and crabbedest,
By responsive smiles to the witch, confessed
That they'd yielded to her spell.

The cynic, who'd sworn his heart bankrupt
quite—
Not a sign of a sentiment left—on sight,
E'er he knew it, honored a draft;
Like the rest, his face fairly beamed in spite
Of himself. They were all bewitched by that
mite
Of a baby, who came in and laughed!
Mary Norton Bradford.

o jingle.

THE QUEST OF LOVE.

(Frank L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.)
Deep in life's gardens there bloometh a rose—
The beautiful rose that my lady loves best;
And O, for a sight of the sod where it grows—
To take it with joy to her breast!
Deep in life's gardens there bloometh a rose,
But Love holds the secret and Love only knows!

Why does he lead me this wearisome way,
O'er thorn-field and desert to seek
This rose, when a million are kissing the May,
And leaning in love to her cheek?
Only this answer o'er blossoms and snows,
"Deep in life's gardens there bloometh a rose!"

He halts not for banners o'er armies unfurled—
He stays not for pleasure or pain;
There is only one rose in the lonely wide
world—
One rose from life's garden to gain!
And forever the answer o'er blossoms and snows,
"Deep in life's gardens it waits thee—the rose!"

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"FOR FIFTY CENTS."

(Will Templer in Springfield Homestead.)
Up to John Kannady's vandue—John let his
farm this spring—
I didn't do quite like some men that seldom
buy a thing
To a sale, but always git there 'bout noon 'er
a little before,
An' set around in the women's way, an' spit on
th' kitchen floor
Till they hear that dinner's ready; then, hur-
rah for a dog cheap feast.
But I've noticed that them that waits for grub
most always buys the least.

I got my grub before I went to Kannady's that
day.
The thing I wanted mostly was his double
pleasure sleigh,
But that was sold when I got there; so I bid
on some tackle blocks,
An' was buttonin' up my coat to go, when
John brought out a box
That held most ev'rything; he said they'd sell
it by the lot,
An' when I bid four shillin' they took me on
the spot.

Well, I got the box home somehow, an' next
day when it rained,
I took it to the wagon house to see what it
contained.
First come an old corn cutter an' a piece of
leather tug,
A ridin' whip, two worthless bits, a handle off
a jug;
Come next an umbrella frame—the handle part
was out;
A cradle nib, two old horseshoes, a hammer,
less a snout,
A leaky washdish, an' a nub from off some
critter's horn,
Three four-inch bolts, one five-inch do, an ear
of yellow corn,
Thirteen old nuts, a lump of chalk, a dozen
feet of line,
Two bottles that had once contained some
spirits turpentine,
Five worn-out cockeyes, an' a chink of heavy
harness hame,
An old plowshare, a black clay pipe, an empty
honey frame,
A dozen ground-out reaper knives, a bit of fan
mill screen,
A little pasteboard box that once had held
some paris green;
A ching aig, some nails, all bent, a pair of
terret rings,
A piece of tin, a rusty knife, an' lots of other
things,
That I can't so well remember, but you see,
at all events,
That I didn't "shoot my granny" when I bid
that fifty cents.

"Mother, is the Battle Over?"

To the Editor of the People's Column—In an-
swer to one of your correspondents I send the
following:
W. P. D.

MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been slain, they say.
Is my father coming, tell me—
Have our soldiers gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded;
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,
Since you last the papers read;
Tell me now, why you are crying,
Why that cap is on your head.
Ah! I see you cannot tell me—
Father's one among the slain.
Though he loved me very dearly,
He will never come again.

Yes, my boy, your noble father
Is one numbered 'mong the slain.
Tho' he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.
He died for the union's glory,
And I trust 'tis not in vain;
And I pray at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

Sir

TOWER SONG.

(Duffield Osborne in Leslie's Weekly.)
 Up in the Tower of the Winds I dwell,
 And the four winds play about;
 Each wind weaving its potent spell,
 Weaving within—without.
 For the winds blow east and the winds
 blow west,
 And the winds blow north and south:
 They may bring me toil, they may bring
 me rest,
 Or a kiss from my lady's mouth.
 Up in the Tower of the Winds dwell I,
 And I listen to all they tell;
 I hear them laugh and I hear them sigh,
 And I hear them ringing a knell.
 For the winds blow north and the winds
 blow east,
 And the winds blow south and west,
 And they whisper the name that I speak
 the least
 And the name that I love the best.
 Hearken, now, from my window, friend:
 They are talking around—below.
 If that weird tongue you could comprehend
 My secrets you soon might know.
 For the winds blow south and the winds
 blow west,
 And the winds blow north and east,
 And they bring the voice of an absent
 guest
 To be with us at our feast.
 "In where is a home like the four winds' tower,
 To live in the world's despite?
 'Tis here, uncurbed, we shall rule each hour.
 'We are men—we'll be boys tonight.
 From the south and the north come winds
 with speed
 From the west and east blow strong;
 Ye shall raise the chorus our voices need,
 To the Tower of the Four Winds' song.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

HELP YOURSELF.

(C. Harry Anders in the Baltimore American.)
 Help yourself, but not by grasping
 All that's good, for selfish gain.
 Gather what the passing moments
 Bring in reach of hand and brain;
 So that, with a purpose noble,
 You may hold, for other's good,
 That which helps a poorer brother
 Who may stand where you have stood.
 Help yourself, but not to honors
 That another fairly won;
 Neither join the victors only
 When the hard-fought battle's done;
 For the bravest do not carry
 Standards from the field of fight,
 But into the trying conflict,
 Bearing this: "For God and Right."
 Help yourself, but not by casting
 Down some noble, struggling soul,
 Who has not your strength or prestige,
 Battling for a longed-for goal.
 God, and godlike men, will honor
 Ev'ry aid to virtue given;
 Help yourself by helping others,
 Earning the "Well done" from heaven.

"Angry Words."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I send
 the following in answer to "C. M. B.:"

Helen.

Angry words! O let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip.
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip.
 Love is much too pure and holy;
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken;
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
 Brightest links of life are broken,
 By a single angry

MODEL SON-IN-LAW.



She—You won't object to having dear mama live with us after we are married, will you?

He (a young doctor)—Not at all. In fact, she will be most welcome.

"It is good of you to say so."
 "Not at all. You see, she is always ailing, and I really need somebody to experiment on!"

LADY FLORA'S GARDEN.

(M. Hedderwick Browne, in Kansas City Star.)
 I love to watch my lady flit
 Among her garden's quaint trim plots,
 Her tresses match the sunflowers' gold,
 Her eyes, the blue forget-me-nots.
 A very flower among the flowers,
 She bathes the same unconscious grace.
 Just watch her as the sunshine falls
 Upon her blossom of a face.
 O happy rose, that at her waist
 She ties with her girdle in!
 Thrice happy pinks, she tucketh close
 Beneath her little dimple chin!
 White butterflies—that she declares
 Are dead flowers' souls—drift to and fro,
 And solemn bees, on thirtf intent,
 With their sweet burdens come and go.
 The pansies' wistful faces seem
 To brighten at her sunny smile;
 The sweet peas nod their heads to her
 In their own easy kind of style.
 In sooth, it is a goodly sight,
 This garden, with its trim quaint plots,
 And Goddess Flora in its midst
 With eyes like the forget-me-nots.
 I love my lady at her work,
 I love her in her hours of rest,
 But when I see her 'mong her flowers
 I think I love my lady best.

No Woman Will be Surprised at This.

"Ma'am, will you let me have a hairpin?" requested conductor Burhaus of the Johnson av line.

The handsomely dressed lady flushed and hesitated a moment at this unusual request.

"The fuse is burned out," he explained. She probably didn't know whether the fuse was burned or not, but he got the hairpin. In a moment he had deftly removed the burned-out fuse, and the trolley car moved rapidly away, propelled by a woman's hairpin.—(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Desperation.

He had been playing progressive euchre and listening to the sentimental ballad of the day as performed by young women who didn't know whether they could sing or not, but were willing to try. That night a mosquito visited him.

"Excuse me," said the insect, "but I have to live."

"Go ahead," said the blasé youth; "it's a positive relief to be bored in a different way."

LIVES IN AN IRON KETTLE.

St Louis Tramp Who Quotes Latin with Ease of a Savant.

Near the foot of Ashley st there is an old cast-iron sugar condenser rusting in the sand. It is shaped like an inverted tea cup, with a hole in the bottom. It is about 5 feet high and 12 feet in diameter, and for some time it has been the home of old Tony Finch.

Tony has placed about a bale of dry hay inside, equipped the only opening in his iron home with a "sky-piece" of tin, and when he crawls into his hole at night, practically pulls the hole in after him and sleeps in a shell of cast iron an inch thick.

Nearby in the ground he has excavated a sort of cellar, in which he has built a brick fireplace, the smoke from which ascends to the upper atmosphere through an old steamboat smoke stack. Here he cooks his frugal meals, smokes his pipe and entertains levee nomads of his own sort, or rather of his own condition, for Tony is a rare bird.

A reporter visited his mosque yesterday, and seeing no sign of life, rapped on the iron shell. The "sky piece" dropped aside and the grizzly inmate's tousled head popped out like some dirty Neptune from his diving bell.

"Good morning, Mr Finch," said the visitor, politely.

"The same to you," answered he, shaking the hayseed from his whiskers. "I will join you in a moment."

He disappeared long enough to get his hat, and then crawling out of his shell led the way to his subterranean anteroom. This is so small that a seat on the bench against one wall almost touches the rude brick fireplace on the opposite side. Here, with a graceful wave of the hand, the host bade his guest be seated.



HIS HOUSE A SUGAR CONDENSER.

"How is the world using you?" began the latter, with a desire to "draw out" Mr Finch.

"Homo homini lupus," said he, dropping into the Latin with the ease of a savant, "as Horace would say, man is a wolf to his fellow-man, but I manage to keep the wolf from my door."

"Do you follow any regular business?" was asked.

"O, yes; I gather wood along the levee when I can, but in winter there is considerable competition and less wood than in summer, when I need it less. It's all strategem, sir; all strategem. You see (taking down an old skillet upon which was a marvelous looking cold stew), I have forage; here is my fuel, and I sleep yonder. I poach on no man's domain: 'doli incapax,' as Livy has it; I live by strategem, and have no enemy but myself, sir."

"Is it true that you were educated for the ministry, Mr Finch?" was asked.

"With your permission, we will not refer to my past history. I avoid that subject myself. 'Nolo Episopari,' as Dean Swift once said, and, besides, it does not matter what I would be, nor what I am, for that matter."

The old man was very dirty, a dismal tear glistened on the end of his cerise-colored nose, and the questioner dropped the subject.

"I see you manage to keep some reading matter," said the reporter, as old Finch began to munch his dinner, "

"O, yes; 'otium sine litteris mors est,' said he, with his mouth full of fried potatoes; 'I have a Josephus, the Spectator and Shakespeare, but the lighter literature is not good for reading.'—(St Louis Republic.)



HIS EXCELLENCY LI HUNG CHANG, AMBASSADOR OF CHINA.

GIVING THE GAME AWAY.



Caller—Is Miss Sweete at home?
Servant—No, sir!
Caller—Please tell her I called. You won't forget, will you?
Servant—No, sir; I'll go and tell her this minute!

FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

(Chicago Record.)

But yesterday, it seems to him,
He waited underneath the dim
Light of the parlor chandelier
For her to come. And then her dear
Sweet voice called to him from the stair,
And said: "Sweetheart, I'll soon be there!"
But yesterday—years after, yes—
He stumbled home in vague distress
And wearied to the very soul.
Again her voice a greeting sent
That filled him with embarrassment.
It said: "Bring up a pail of coal!"

But yesterday—how fast time files!—
It seems, he looked into her eyes,
And, dumb with love, reached for her hand
To try to make her understand.
They lingered by the large front door,
As they had often done before!
But yesterday—can he forget?—
He climbed the steps, fatigued and wet,
And glad to leave the muddy street.
And she stood on the front-door sill
And screamed, in accents sharp and shrill:
"Why don't you wipe your dirty feet?"

She Will, Pretty Soon.

"Julia, you know how George used to love to stuff my sleeves in before we were married?"

"Yes."

"Well—now he says: 'Great guns—can't you get some kind of cloak that you can get into by yourself?'—(Chicago Record.)

So Much Saved.

"What makes Bingle go around with that everlasting smile on his face?"
"I understand that his wife has declared that she doesn't intend to give him a Christmas present this year."—(Cleveland Leader.)

Maybe You Appreciate This Today.

Young Mrs. Fitz—The Trolleybys have have such a jewel of a hired girl. Their floor is actually clean enough to eat off. Young Mr. Fitz—By George, that ought to be right handy when he has to carve a duck.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

As if She Needed Help!

A French physician says that "the fumes of gasoline will raise the voice of a woman several notes."—(Chicago Times-Herald.)

Not in Boston.

A woman is about as sure to lose her spectacles as she is to lose her pocket book.—(Atchison Globe.)

Here's the Largest Sailing Ship in the World.

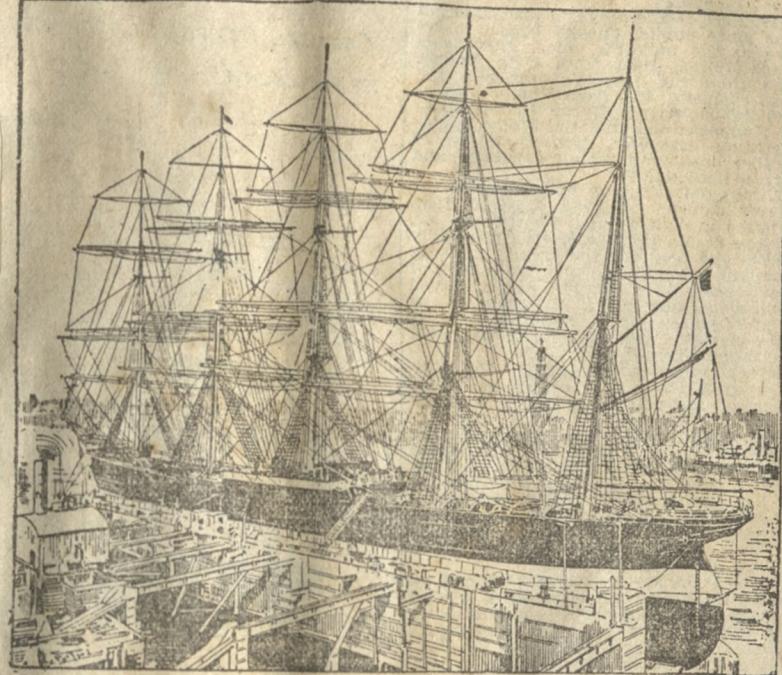
She is Called the "Potosi," and is 362 Feet Long and 50 in Breadth.

Sterling Morton's Steam Wagon, for 10 Years a Thing to Scare Horses.

An illustration of the largest sailing ship in the world is given by Weber Land und Meer. It is the Potosi, and the pic-

Conclusion Was Little Too Premature.
sis "That was my cousin George I was out driving with yesterday afternoon, he is the most expert driver with one hand I ever saw."
"Drove with one hand, did he, Miss Julia? I think I understand."
"Sir! He talked to me with the other air one. He is deaf and dumb."—(Chicago Tribune.)

Any Newspaper Man Could Easily Do It.
"But when I know the giantess is only 6½ feet high," said the new press agent of the circus and menagerie, "how am I going to stretch her up to eight feet?"
"I guess you'll have to write her up," replied the proprietor of the show, shrugging his shoulders.—(Chicago Tribune.)



THE POTOSI, LARGEST SAILING SHIP IN THE WORLD.

ture was made while she was in dock at Hamburg.

She is 362 feet long and 49.9 feet beam.

THE VITAL QUESTION.

(R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.)
It isn't if Greece will play horse with the Turk,
It isn't if Weyler for cash is at work,
It isn't if Ellsworth's cartoon bill will pass,
It isn't if David B. Hill's gone to grass,
It's not if McKinley to Hanna will cling,
It's not if John L. will reenter the ring,
But this is the question on every side,
On horse car and steamboat—

Which wheel do you ride?

It's not who you are and the name of your set,
It's not if you're rich or encompassed by debt,
It's not if you live in a castle or flat,
It's not if your head is too large for your hat,
It's not if you have a grand opera box,
It's not if you gamble or monkey in stocks,
But this is the question that's everywhere plied,
On horse car or steamboat—

Which wheel do you ride?

If up on a tower that touches the sky,
If running to gather a train on the fly,
If out on the sea in a fast-leaking boat,
If throwing a brick at the trespassing goat,
If sitting in church as the plate ripples by,
If lying stone dead with a cent on each eye,
You'd still hear this question that's never died—

The question of questions—

Which wheel do you ride?

AN OPEN LETTER.

(Charles J. Colton in New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

Let me tell you, through the medium of the press, my wife,
What I'd dare not say, if facing you, alone—
That to put aside all prejudice, I guess, my wife

There are other babies as pretty as our own.
Now, there's not the slightest use in getting riled, my wife,
(Remember, I'm at present far from thee.)
When I say that though I dearly love our child, my wife,
Yet I know some others are as smart as he.

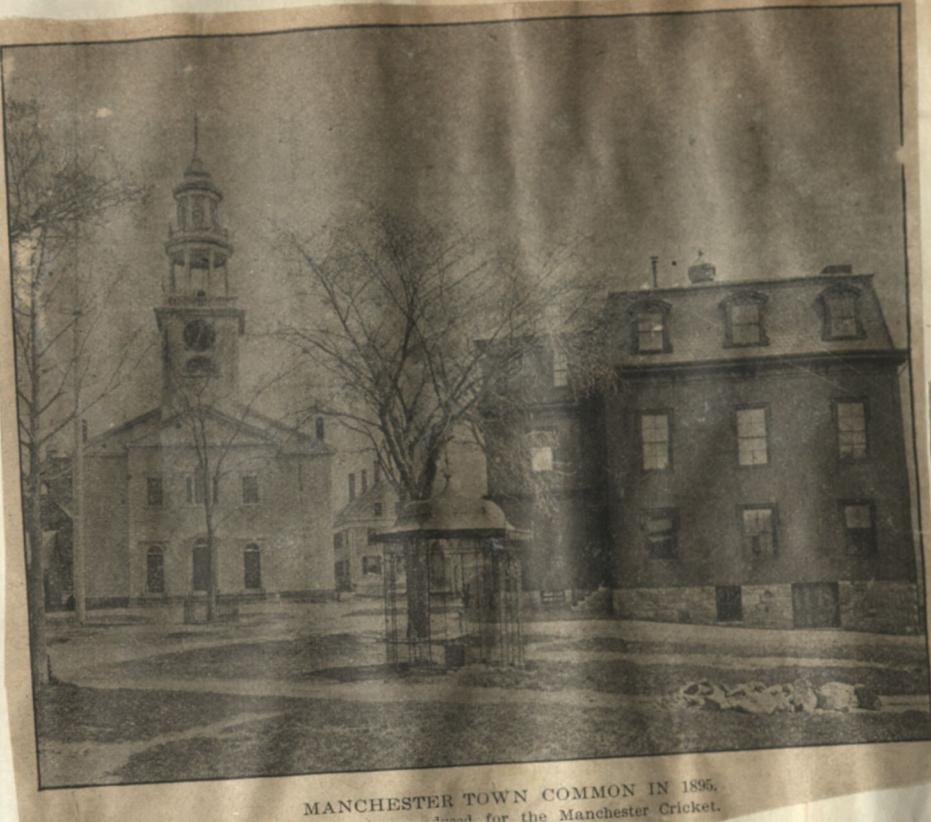
And I cannot longer hold from you the truth,
my wife,
Though I know 'twill likely set you in a rage,
There may have been some kids besides our youth, my wife,
Who weighed just as much as he did, at his age.

As you say, his eyes are bright as any star,
my wife,
And, of course, he no doubt has a charming phiz,

But I'd not wonder if some other babes there are, my wife,
With eyes and faces just as nice as his.

And now that I have had a chance to tell, my wife,

To you, the things I long have wished to say,
Please 'phone me—search your inmost bosom—
well, my wife—
If you think I'm safe in coming home today.



MANCHESTER TOWN COMMON IN 1895.
Used for the Manchester Cricket.

THEN THEY LAUGHED.



Drill instructor—Now, then! Why don't you listen to my orders? What are your ears for?

Tommy Atkins—To keep my hat from slippin' off.—(London Fun.)

WOMAN'S WAYS.

(Philadelphia American.)

Been a-hunting all creation
For them blamed old specs o' mine,
Had'm here this very mornin',
Sure as rain 'n harvest time.
Know I put 'em—same as usul—
On the shelf here, in the cup
"Clare to goodness!"
Can't find nothin'
When the wimmen
Clare things up.

Always puttin' things in order!
Sets my blood a-blin red
When these wimmen-tarnal nation!
Here they be, on top o' my head!
I'll be darned! I mighta known it;
Sorry now I kicked the pup.
Hain't it funny
Where the wimmen
Put things when they're
Clarin' up?

ONE SUMMER.

(Lillian Cleveland Brock in N Y Home Journal.)
Was it only an idle pastime?

Ah, love, poor boy, was it well?
But the wealth of the golden summer
Was round us; the twilight fell
Too softly; your dark cheek, glowing,
Spoke unto my wayward heart
A language so deep, so tender,
So true, that, though far apart
You and I as the cold, white stars are,
I could not but feel a thrill
At your touch; or was it the night wind
That breathed from the brow of the hill?

Was it only an idle pastime?
Ah, 'tis as the wild bee seeks
To taste again of some blossom—
A very madness of sweets;
Lured on by the languorous perfume
That clusters and clings and stings,
To the drift of pollen, gold-tinted,
On the tips of its quivering wings;
And the wooing breath of the brier,
The violet's purple eye,
And the glow of the yellow jonquil
It listlessly passes by.

Was it only an idle pastime?
Yet again from the pomp and pride
Of the world's gay throng, O gaily,
I would turn once more aside
To the green lanes and the hedges,
The glint of a sunset sky,
The murmur of wildwood voices,
The pine grove's whispering sigh,
To wander with you at nightfall
To the border of fair dreamland,
And to feel the ineffable rapture
Of your young lips on my hand.

Thinking of a Tandem.

"What, George Critchley doesn't love Hattie Benson? Nonsense, my boy, he idolizes her, and I can easily convince you that I know what I'm talking about."

"I'd like to know how."
"I saw him lead his bike for nearly three-quarters of a mile yesterday just to be able to walk with her."—(Cleveland Leader.)

THE LITTLE CASTELLANE.

(R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.)

O, the squalling,
O, the bawling,
Of the little
Castellane!
O, the knelling
Of its yelling
Incidental

To a pain!

But the Castellane are jumping,

And their hearts are full of joy

When announcing

It's a bouncing

Little

Boy!

Boy!

O, the tootsey

Wootsey, wootsey

Of its dainty

Dimpled nose,

While it's singing,

And it's clinging

With its fingers

To its toes;

While it smiles the smile most happy,

That its parents both enjoy,

When announcing

It's a bouncing

Little

Boy!

Boy!

O, the crowing

Overflowing

From the dump

Dab of pink,

When it's pining

And it's whining

Most politely

For a drink!

And it drinks it as its daddy

Drinks the cup whose bubbles cloy

When announcing

It's a bouncing

Little

Boy!

Boy!

O, the rapture

Of the capture

Of the despot

And its reign!

For it besees,

While it toses,

All the House of

Castellane!

But the mandates of the tyrant

Ne'er their fondest dreams annoy

When announcing

It's a bouncing

Little

Boy!

Boy!

Old teams from Everywhere.

A PIG IN THE FENCE.

Didst never observe when a pig in the fence
Sends forth his most pitiful shout,
How all of his neighbors betake themselves
thence

To punish him ere he gets out?
What a hubbub they raise, so that others
afar,
May know his condition and hence
Come running to join them in adding a sear
To the pig that is fast in the fence.

Well, swine are not all of the creatures that
be,

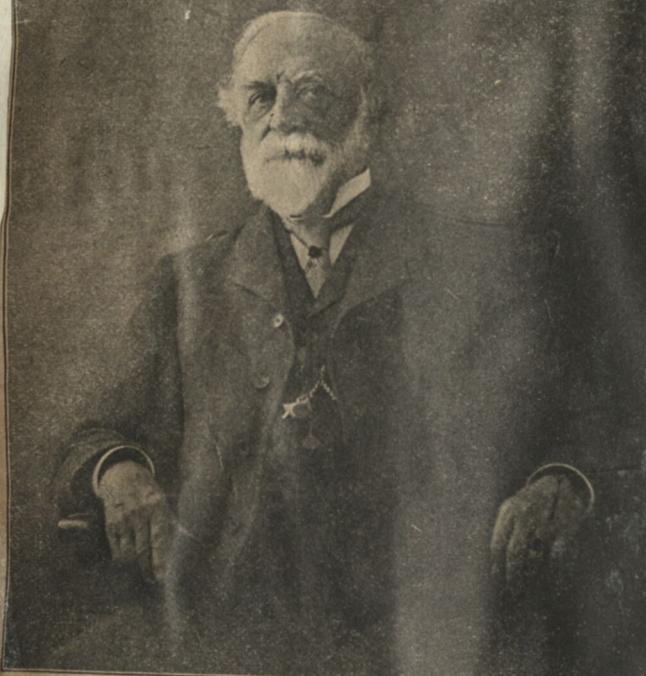
Who find themselves sticking between
The rails of the fence, and who strive to
get free.

While the world is still shoving them in;
Who find that the favor they meet with de-
pends,

Not on worth, but on dollars and cents;
And that 'tis but few who will prove them-
selves friends

To the pig that is fast in the fence.

—[Boston Globe.]



THE LATE EX-GOV. ALEXANDER H. RICE.

From a photograph taken by "Webb" in the Journal office at Washington, D. C., when ex-Gov. Rice was returning from Hot Springs, Va., a few weeks ago. It is probable that this was the last photograph he had taken.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND.



Billy—Give me a nickel an' I'll breathe on yer; I's just had a game dinner an' a chunk o' mince pie!—(Truth.)

They Don't Always Back the Baseball News.

Freddy—What is a philosopher, papa? Papa—A philosopher, my son, is a man who can enjoy reading the newspaper after his wife has cut out the death notices and bargain advertisements.—(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

He Ought to be Satisfied with That.

Frank—Why is it you never answer any of my letters.

Louisa—I guess it must be because whatever you say is unanswerable.—(Transcript.)

A Shy Young Thing.

He—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?

She—No, but I think he will if you don't pretty soon.—(Cleveland Leader.)

Odd Items from Everywhere.

TO MY T. D.

Only a pipe, a cheap T. D.,
Worthless to all excepting me.
I call it friend, a treasure rare,
In which I find relief from care.
I carry it where'er I go,
For comfort's sake, and not for show.
I like the dreams that float, you see,
In smoke up from my old T. D.

Sometimes I see thro' the cloudy haze
The sweethearts dear of bygone days.
I smile, I frown, and wish, alack!
They'd give me all my presents back.
Ice cream, bon-bons, the figures rise,
Until the smoke gets in my eyes,
I sigh—Why not? And knock, you see,
The ashes out from my T. D.

I ponder long on future dim;
I'll work for fame with greater vim;
I'll get a rich and lovely wife,
And then complete will be my life.
But while I dream on goes the time,
And wasted hours some call a crime;
My castles built in Spain, you see,
Go up in smoke from my T. D.

When crosses come, perhaps a score,
And life is not sweet any more,
I take you out, my old T. D.,
And peace I find in smoking thee.
I am not wise, nor yet a fool—
That pipe has been my trusty school—
How could I think, what could I be,
Without thee, friend, my old T. D.?

Seek you among all pipes in town,
Find one like it that's worth a crown;
Find woman dear who would me kiss,
Think in exchange I'd give up this?
A hardy rogue, a bachel'or grim,
The world has patience none for him;
But give me this, a change you'll see,
An angel I with my T. D.

Newton, N. H.

M. Minot.

Others find you
Fair to see,
Yet you are not
Fair for me.

Something more than
Rosy cheeks
And bright eyes the
Spirit seeks.

All in vain your
Smiles you wreath,
Since no beauty
Lies beneath.

Flesh and blood are
Not the whole;
True love seeks for
Beauty's soul.

Surface beauty,
Pink and white,
Is the devil's
Dear delight.

But my soul you
Ne'er can share,
Since for me you
Are not fair,

[From The New Bedford Standard.]

The "Island Home."

On reading of her proposed demolition.

Ay, strip her of all adorning,
From stem unto rounded stern,
And leave but the poor dismantled hull
For the ruthless flames to burn!

No more shall her tattered union
Float out on the summer breeze;
No more shall her paddles plough the foam
Amid these amblint seas.

How oft hath she voyaged worldward
With youth in its hope and pride;
How blithe would her bell peal forth at morn
For many a new-made bride!

And, veterans, well ye remember,
At the end of the long, long strife,
How your hearts beat time as ye trod her deck
With thoughts of mother and wife!

Like a brant would she ride on the billows,
Though the flood leapt over her rail,
And well would she forge through the drifting
floods.

In the teeth of a wintry gale.

For she knew the touch of her master,
With Manter's firm hand at the helm:
(Long life to the gallant skipper
In his own loved sea-girt realm!)

Here's a song to the Golden Eagles,
Long kissed by the wreathing foam,
And here's to the name and well-won fame
Of the staunch old Island Home!

H. S. WYER

Nantucket, Aug. 9, 1896.

DUE IN BOSTON TUESDAY.



J. N. GRIMES, THE HEAVYWEIGHT WHEELMAN.

J. N. Grimes is probably the heaviest bicycle rider in the world. He weighs 540 pounds and is 28 years old.

Mr Grimes returned from Europe Saturday on the steamship St Paul, having made a bicycle tour through Europe. The massive wheelman was born in HigginSPORT, O, but makes his home in Cleveland. As he came down the gangplank to the dock, clad in his bicycle

suit, he was greeted with looks of astonishment.

"Yes, I have had a splendid time," said Mr. Grimes. "I never experienced any difficulty when riding, and can give some of the thin young men a pretty good chase."

Grimes is 6 feet 4 inches tall. His chest measurement is 61 inches, waist 63 inches, hip 68 inches, thigh 42 inches, and calf 26 inches. He goes to Boston next Tuesday.—(New York World.)

AN UP-TO-DATE PHYLLIS.

(New York Herald.)

When the east with morn was red,
And the birds were all awake,
I for Phyllis vainly sought
'Mid the haunts of fern and brake.

And the dial marked the noon,
And the kine found thickest shade,
Through the forest aisles I strayed,
Searching for the tricksy maid.

When the loitering afternoon
Beckoned to the lake's cool side,
There I bent my eager steps,
Calling "Phyllis!" far and wide.

But when shadows, long and slim,
Pointed where the day had gone,
Then, at last, I saw her come
Slowly 'cross the verdant lawn.

"Tell me, Phyllis, quick!" I cried,
"Where your feet so long have strayed?
I have ransacked field and wood,
You to find, my winsome maid."

Scornfully she looked at me—
"Corydon! I am surprised!
Didn't you see 'bargin day'
In last night's paper advertised?"

Pa Will Deliver the Next Message Himself

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father severely.

"N—no."

"Why not?"

"I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more, now. He calls seven times a week."—(Washington Star.)

Smoking-Car-Whist Players Will Understand.

"I surely had a royal and noble time," said he, recapitulating.

"I had four kings and in the row that ensued I had to put up my dukes, and the upshot of it all was that I was indicted on three counts."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

He Will be Disappointed.

Mrs A.—It hasn't been very pleasant for me since my husband put me on an allowance.

Mrs B.—How so?

Mrs A.—He expects me to live on it—(Truth.)

How Much Has She Got for It?

Hannah Brewer, the old postwoman of Bitton, Eng., has been on duty for 60 years, during which time she has walked 250,000 miles. (New York Tribune.)

THOSE MEN AGAIN.



"What is that you say? Harry married! Well, I'll never believe in men again."

"Why?"

"The vows of love that man made to me."

"Well, but you threw him over."

You've been married three months."

"I don't care. He was so devoted to me. He might have been decent about it. He might have kept single for a year, anyhow."

A TEN-ROUND GO.

(G. Littlefield Emery in Biddeford Journal.)

Said one old crower to his mate:

"Where shall we go a fight to get?

For Uncle Sam, as sure as fate,

Will not have it in any state."

Then said Jim Crow: "I think we'll go

To some good place in Mexico."

But Mexicans said: "Keep on your flight;

We much prefer a good bull fight."

"Alas," Bob Crower said to Jim,

"Our chance to fight is growing slim;

To find out who's the better crower

Just let us talk the matter o'er.

"Nevada is a state out west,

Whose morals are not of the best.

They'll make a law to suit our case

And Carson City we'll make our base."

Thus cawed the crows till laws were made,

Then both the crowers were afraid;

One would louder than the other,

And caused the betting crows a bother.

Bob cawed, Jim crowed, and crowed again,

Till all the country was afame,

And good men said: "O, for a law,

To put a stop to all this caw!"

St Patrick's day dawned fair and bright,

Both crows were ready for the fight.

Black crows were there from every part,

To witness crows display their art.

The crows began without ado,

Good gracious! How the feathers flew!

They picked and clawed till fourteenth round,

When Jim Crow fell upon the ground.

Then said a wise crow to his mate,

"Just ponder on each crower's fate;

For one's knocked out, the other's sore,

And says that he will fight no more."

Let all young crows this lesson learn,

Crowing and fighting crows to spurn,

Though they may stand up for right

They always should avoid a fight.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"Officer, I can't stand this—arrest me—I'm a man in woman's clothing."

"What's the matter now?"

"Oh, I can't stand the way these women look at my clothes."—Chicago Record.

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

One Town Has Two Longest Beards in the World.

Vol Tapley's Measures Over Nine Feet When He Lets It Down.

Shortest Railroad Known is in New York City, Only 550 Feet Long.

Valentine Tapley of Spencersburg, Pike county, Mo., has the longest beard of any living man. It measures 9 feet 2 inches and is still growing. Mr Tapley is a wealthy farmer, a prominent citizen and a man of strong mental characteristics.



VOL TAPLEY, ELIJAH GATES,
Whose Beard is 9 ft Whose Beard Reaches
2 in long. His Feet.

He is a heavy-set man, 5 feet 8 inches tall, with very dark, bright eyes. His hair was once black. It is not thin yet, but is considerably dashed with gray, and his beard and hair are coarse and bristly, growing out of the fact that he has spent his life principally out of doors.

When his beard is not being combed he carries it carefully rolled up in a silk bag, concealed in his bosom, so that a stranger upon casually meeting him would not dream that he was in the presence of a man who could make a fortune out of his whiskers.

Mr Tapley was once mixed up in a lawsuit, which began in 1859 and ended in 1894. He was litigating in his capacity as administrator, and the subject matter was the price of certain negroes. That case was taken on change of venue in one way and another to the circuit courts of half a dozen counties, and to the supreme court two or three times, and became a cause celebre in the annals of northeast Missouri. It wore out two generations of judges, jurors and lawyers, and lasted till the negroes were all emancipated and dead, but Tapley's personality equals his beard, and he never let up till he finally won.

The astonishing fact remains to be stated that the man possessing the second longest beard in the world is Elijah Gates, who lives at Curryville, in the same township of Spencer in which Mr Tapley lives and moves and has his whiskers. Whether it is the climate, soil or water that has caused these men to experience such a wonderful hirsute growth is one of the facts which no fellow is likely to find out soon. But there they are. Behold them. They have no rivals in this world.

MR Gates has for years conducted a thriving business as a merchant in the village of Curryville. He is a broad-shouldered, heavy-set man, about 5 feet 7 inches in stature and weighs about 180 pounds. He is a brunette, and his beard, which is now over eight feet long, is black as the raven's wing and soft as silk. It is growing rapidly and it is thought that he will yet overtake Tapley, as his beard got a later start than Valentine's.

Perhaps the reason why his is finer is because he has spent most of his life indoors. He gives his whiskers about the same treatment that Tapley gives his and wears them in the same style, i. e., hidden in his clothes.

Like Tapley, he has had tempting offers to go into the show business, but, being well off, he, too, has refused all such offers, and keeps his beard for the pleasure of himself and his friends.—(St Louis Republic.)

"An Old Irish Song."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I send herewith a new version of "An Old Irish Song," by F. J. Abbott. Reader.

O, Annie, sing me the songs which my heart loves the dearest,

The songs which in Erin I heard long ago,
When I roamed with the friends who were
kindest and nearest,

Beside where Castletown Bere's bright river
flow.

O, still round my heart are their memories entwining,

And O, how I love the dear bards who to
Erin belong.

For O, there is something so sweet and divine
in

The spirit that breathes through an old Irish song.

Then, come here, dear Annie, your milking give over.

My poor heart is weary of sorrow and toil,
And sing me songs you first sung to your lover.

As we wandered along by lovely Bereisle,
'Twill gladden my heart, and I'll think I am roaming

The pleasant green valleys of Erin among;
By Bally or Bere, in the summer day's gloaming,

Where I first heard the notes of that old Irish song.

Come, sing me the coulin, for oft in my childhood

Has my fond mother sung that sweet measure to me.

When I roamed, a young boy, through the valley and wild wood,

Or fondly enraptured have clung to her knee.
O, sing it again—I could listen for ever—

And sit here in silence, the summer day long,
For memory flies back to Rossmacowen's sunny river,

When I hear the sweet strains of that old Irish song.

God's blessing be with thee, sweet bard of green Erin,

Sweet be thy rest with the saints evermore,
For oft have thy strains put fresh courage and cheer in

My poor, weary breast, when it was heavy and sore.

O, I would give all earth's splendor and glory
For one happy day to linger among
The scenes that are to me so cherished and holy,
Where I first heard the notes of that old Irish song.

THE TRIALS OF AMBITION.



"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you sighing and moping already!"

"Ah, Hilda, darling! George has applied for an office under the new administration, you know, and I've only just learned from his opponents what a really dreadful man I have married!"

Why Not a Testament Pocket?

Assistant tailor of Pizen Creek tailor shop, in whisper to proprietor—Say, shall I ask the parson if he wants a flask pocket in these new trousers?

Proprietor, sotto voce, tactfully—He likely wants one, Bill; but he's temperance and he might get touchy if you asked him that. Ask him if he wants a pistol pocket in 'em.—(Judge.)

And Stand a Better Chance of a Seat. Watts—Let's walk along until a car overtakes us.

Potts—No. Let's walk the other way until a car meets us. We will catch it sooner, we will go down town just as quick and we get more ride for our money.—(Indianapolis Journal.)

WHEN THE SAP BEGINS TO RUN.

Let others talk of burstin' buds

And springin' blades of grass,

Or rave about the singin' brooks

That through the meadows pass;

My spring comes earlier than that,

It has just now begun;

That time is best of all the year

When the sap begins to run.

O, there's a farm in old Vermont,

I lived on long ago.

Sometimes in spring we broke out roads

Through several feet of snow.

We boys all used to scatter tubs,

And call it only fun

To wade around and drive the spiles,

When the sap began to run.

Then when the vaporator came,

O, didn't we all feel proud!

Ours was the first one in the town;

The folks would come and crowd

Around to see it work; we made

Fine sugar by the ton!

A thousand trees meant business

When the sap began to run.

And then the sticks of candy

And the sugar toads we'd make!

We sent our city cousins

Many a scalloped sugar cake.

Dad promised us a holiday

When sugarin' should be done,

For we had to work right hearty

After sap began to run.

These days have long since passed away,

With youth and strength besides;

And Dad has gone to his long home

Where lastin' spring abides.

The old farm is deserted too—

We left it, one by one.

But somethin' pulls my heartstrings

When the sap begins to run.

E. S. Blake.

Meredith, N.H.

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THE FIGHTING PARSON OF 76.

It was sunrise on the morning of Wednesday, June 7, 1780. In spite of the early hour, quaint, old Elizabethtown, N. J., was all astir. On the streets were some of the bolder men and many of the boys whom not even a British army could keep silent.

In some of these groups whigs and tories stood together, but they had little to say to one another, for feelings were very bitter now.

"We've got you now," said one young tory to John Shotwell, whose father was an ardent whig. "Your father'll soon be in jail."

"I'd rather see him there than be such a turncoat as your father is, Jim Todd," replied John. "He never ran over to Staten Island for shelter, and then run home again when he thought everything was safe."

"Here they come, John," said his friend, Joseph Swan, pointing down Water st., and the boys all became silent, watching the approaching army.

In advance rode the Hessian general, Knyphausen, and his staff. Behind followed the Queen's rangers, mounted on large and beautiful horses. Behind them came the infantry—Hessian and English—the brass of their steel weapons highly polished, and every man with a new uniform. Cheers continually rose from the tories as the 6000 soldiers passed, and the whigs were silent and depressed.

"I hope they don't get our parson," said Joseph, as he and his friend started up the street when all the soldiers had passed. "I understand he is the only man in New Jersey beside Gov-

Livingston for whose head the British have offered a reward."

"I don't blame the British for feeling hard toward a parson who hasn't gone alone into the fight. Why, do you know there have been 39 commissioned officers among the continentals from his church. And then, besides being a good fighting chaplain in Col. Dayton's regiment, he is assistant commissary general. The British have tried to kidnap him time and again. But he knew how to fight the devil, and I guess he can fight like him, too, if necessary."

"John," said Mr. Shotwell, hurriedly, "I want you to take your horse and ride as you never did before for Prospect Hill. Joseph can go, too, if he wants to. The British have gone by the long road, and you can get there before them if you ride hard."

Their horses were foaming when they arrived, but the British had not yet appeared. "Boom!" went the long 18-pound signal cannon there, and all the region soon knew what that meant. From every direction the men began to gather, and with strange looking weapons prepared to meet the invaders.

Col. Dayton's men, parson Caldwell among them, were compelled to retreat, but after the manner of the fight at Lexington, the militia fell on the British army. At last, when deserters told the Hessian general that Washington was strongly entrenched at Short hills, he gave up all thoughts of an advance, and camped his army for the night at Connecticut Farms where parson Caldwell had left his wife and nine children.

The British at once began to pillage and burn. The old church was set on fire and most of the few houses and shops. A party of British officers came and ordered Mrs. Caldwell to set before them the best food she had. She complied, and then with her younger children and a maid, withdrew to a bedroom and fastened the door.

"There is a redcoat soldier just jumped over the fence and is coming right up to the window with a gun," said the maid excitedly.

The soldier raised his gun, loaded with two balls, to his shoulder, and fired. Both balls entered her body and without a groan she fell dead.

Night soon came on, and in the midst of a drenching rain the British army departed and marched back to Staten Island.

Again the British determined to start for Washington's quarters and capture him and his men. This time, on the 23d of June, Sir Henry Clinton led his men in person, and 20 pieces of artillery were

carried with them. The passes among the hills were guarded, the bridges torn up, and the forces divided to meet the two divisions under which the British were advancing.

Near Springfield were Col. Dayton's men, Parson Caldwell with set face among them, fighting as almost none of them did. The Americans were desperate and determined not to yield, when suddenly the cry arose, "The wadding is gone." It seemed as if they must retreat, and the end had come.

Suddenly Parson Caldwell rushed into the church by the roadside. Was he trying to escape? Quickly they saw the fighting parson return, his arms loaded with copies of Isaac Watts' hymns. "Now put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!" he shouted, and ran into the church for another armful.

The British were not accustomed to this method of warfare, although one would suppose that they would have profited by their experience at Concord and Lexington, and soon they began their return to Staten Island and Washington was again safe.

From this time forward Parson Caldwell never seemed to rest. He made many a touching appeal to his men, based upon the cruel murder of his wife, and never failed to gain a response.

The British tried many plans to capture or kill him, fully realizing how dangerous a man he was, but failed until Nov. 24, 1781.

On that day he had promised to meet the daughter of a friend who was coming to Elizabethtown by water from New York. He started to return, when someone handed him a parcel wrapped in a white handkerchief and requested him to take it with him.

He placed it in his chair box and was about to drive off, when a soldier stopped him and said: "I must search your chair to see whether you have not seizable goods in that bundle."

The parson replied that he would return the bundle to the sloop, but as he stepped on board a man on the quarter-deck within two yards of him, with an oath stopped him, and before a word could be spoken, the soldier presented his musket and shot him. Parson Caldwell fell dead without a groan.

It was true that Morgan, the murderer, was quickly arrested and afterward hanged for his deed; but all were assured that he had been bribed to kill the fighting parson, as Tryon had tried to poison Washington.—(Copyright, 1896, by E. T. Tomlinson.)

"Alone."

To the Editor of the People's Column—I think the poem "A. M. T." asks for must-be "Alone," by R. J. Burdette, which I enclose. M. G.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth.
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forgot.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown,
To the fulness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I think, from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me,
Old doubts make my spirit their own;
O, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

ONLY JOKING.

"Do you think woman will ever successfully fill the pulpit?"

"I see no reason why she should not. It ought to be easy, with the sleeves she wears."—Indianapolis Journal.

* * *

The stalwart policeman has just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the onslaught of the trolley car.

"Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman.

"I am not," answered the officer.

"What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked, after the old gentleman had gone.

"Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him I was married he would probably have sent me a lot of fruit, or a ham, or something. As it is, I will likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a jug."—Cincinnati Tribune.

* * *

Stranger—"Don't you find it lonely making a trip out here every day?"

Commuter—"Not at all. I bring home a new cook or maid-of-all-work with me almost every evening."—Truth.

* * *

Mr. Newwed (wearily)—"My dear, here's \$20 which I have saved by giving up smoking. I wish you would take it and get some experienced housekeeper to teach you how to cook."

Mrs. Newwed (delightedly)—"How good of you, my darling! I'll send for mother."—New York Weekly.

* * *

Police Inspector—"It was very plucky of you, madam, to set upon the burglar and so ably capture him; but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital?"

Lady—"How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up three hours for my husband! I thought it was him."—Comic Cuts.

* * *

A RHYME OF A RING.

He kissed his sweetheart, whisp'ring low:

"Into the world I go forth;
But I will send a ring, our love
To symbolize and show forth.

"Upon this little hand of thine,"
He said, above it bending,
"A circlet thou shalt wear to tell
Of love that is unending.

"I go. Adieu! Thou'l wait for me
While I shall seek, for thy sake,
Fortune and fame—but first the ring
That thou wilt wear for my sake!"

She waited. And she's waiting still,
And wond'ring where doth linger
The lover—where the little ring
That was to deck her finger.

He'd not forgot the ring. O no!
So long he pondered o'er it
That, when at last his choice was made,
Another woman wore it.

Forgettings her for whom 'twas sought,
He'd given to a new love
The ring whose blue forget-me-nots
Were twined to tell of true love!

M. N. B.

A DISTINCTION.

[From the New York Journal.]
Jack—Is it true that Tom Dashing and
Dollie Newrich are engaged?

Harry—Well, her people speak of it as
an engagement, while his relatives call
it an entanglement.

Councilor Allen Gains Strength and Encouragement in Gazing on Sumner's Portrait.



HON ISAAC B. ALLEN PREPARING A LECTURE.

A Globe artist made the above sketch of Councilor Isaac B. Allen's new home at 77 Camden st.

He found the Hon Isaac B. seated at his desk, above which hung a portrait of Charles Sumner.

"I admire that man! I find inspiration in that face," the councilor said. "Sitting here, pegging away at a magazine

article or the notes for a lecture till 2 or 3 in the morning, as I sometimes do, I find that picture gives me strength and encourages me."

"He is your ideal statesman, then?"

"Yes, sir; he is."

"Excuse me, Mr Allen," said the artist, "but would you mind telling me what remuneration you receive for a lecture?"

"Well," replied Mr Allen, "I give two lectures this month—in Haverhill and in Charlestown. I get \$100 for one and \$150 for the other."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I am going to be next June. These children you see are my sister's. She has four. We all live here together. I have a son by my first wife, who is now in the normal art school."

His Sale Was Unusually Quick.

A Georgia author sent a short story to 150 newspapers and magazines combined. It took all of them just three years to decline it, but he was not discouraged, and during the fourth year of its itinerary it was accepted and paid for. This shows that if authors can only manage to live long enough their reward is certain.—(Atlanta Constitution).

Usually it's the Finish of the Umpire.

"Man of nerve!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say he was!" "Has he ever done anything to show it?"

"Done anything? Say! That man has a standing offer to umpire amateur baseball games to a finish."—(Chicago Post).

He'd Show Her!

Mrs Potts—I see your husband has bought a bicycle suit. I thought he was determined never to wear one.

Mrs Watts—I got him to get them by telling him he was too old to wear anything of that kind.—(Indianapolis Journal).

But She Often Wants the Kiss.

You should treat a book agent as a woman should treat a man who wishes to kiss her; refuse to discuss the question at issue.—(Atchison Globe).

BOBBY.

Bobby loved me—Bobby's dead—
Who shall say no heaven holds him?
Who shall dare deny that God's
All-embracing love enfolds him?

While the memory of true love
Mortals still delight to cherish,
Who shall say that such a fond,
Faithful heart as his shall perish?

Who shall say no soul looked out
From those eyes that e'er seemed asking
Me to recognize somewhat
More than flesh and blood's mere masking?

Dear dumb Bobby, tried and true!
Faithful friend and staunch defender!
Heaven were nearer us, were all
Human hearts as true and tender.

Many a mighty son of earth
Might have gone and scarce have moved me;
He was but a dog—and yet
Bobby's dead and Bobby loved me!

M. N. B.

A SINNER'S SUNDAY.

This is the little church I love;
And here, upon the one day
That gives me glimpse of heaven, I sit
And wish each day were Sunday.

Upon my heart an influence
Sweet as the dews of Hermon
Doth fall, as from the parson's lips
Drop prayer and psalm and sermon.

I hear him, yet when he is done,
Searce know what he's been saying;
Since, all the time the good old man
Is preaching, I am praying.

I'm praying, with wide open eyes
That pass by pulpit, parson
And people—noting naught—upon
An angel's face to fasten.

For, poor weak sinner tho' I be,
Heaven never seems a fiction,
As in this little church I now
Beneath its benediction.

And tho' the sermon's long and dry,
I never wish it shorter
While in the parson's pew I see
The parson's pretty daughter!

M. N. B.

"GORRAM CHAIR NO GOOD."

Man Who Didn't Like It Tried to Throw the Maine Man's Tramp Chair Into the River.

AUGUSTA, Me., Jan 14 — Sanford J. Baker of Oakland, inventor of the iron chair for tramps, intends to call the attention of the Maine legislature to the merits of his invention.

To this end he has caused the chair to be transported to Augusta from Oakland, and stored in the stable of Parker Savage on the east side of the river back of the city hall. It is Mr. Baker's purpose to have the chair carted over to the state house at an early date.

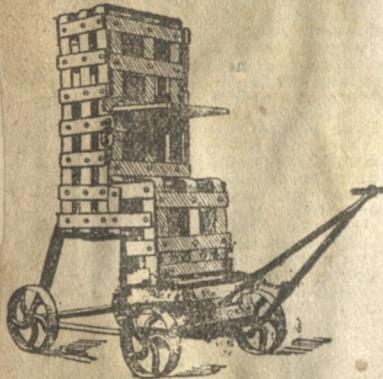
The chair, which was described some time ago in *The Globe*, has had vicissitudes since its arrival in Augusta.

Mr. Savage's stable is on the river bank. Its back door opens on a short driveway that ends at the top of the high granite retaining wall that skirts the shore of the lordly Kennebec at this point.

George Bean is an employee of Mr. Savage. One night recently, while on the upper floor of the stable, he heard a rumbling sound, and a man's voice in muttered exclamations on the floor below.

Bean rushed down stairs and found a man tugging and lifting at Mr. Baker's chair. The man was red in the face from exertion, and he was talking blue talk to himself.

With every lift the intruder succeeded in hitching the chair a few feet nearer the door by the river bank. "What's the matter there?" bawled Bean. "What right have you got to come here?"



THE KENNEBEC TRAMP CHAIR.
Its inventor has taken it to Augusta to exhibit to the legislators.

"Thash all right," replied the stranger. "Caser blank-blank-blank ou'rage, thash wha' 'tis," and the eloquent visitor began lifting again on the chair.

Mr. Bean made a pass at a loose whiffetree and the stranger stopped lifting. "Wha' y' goin' do?" he queried, straightening up.

"Never you mind what I'm going to do," said the stable man. "You drop that chair and get out of here double quick."

"Gorram chair ain' no good," replied the red-faced gentleman. Guesser know when thang ain' no good. Goin' throw blank blank blank co'trivation int' riv'er." And he began tugging at the chair once more.

Mr. Bean concluded the performance had gone far enough, and proceeded to throw the intruder out.

Early the next morning the visitor of the night before came back. He still had designs on the chair. He was going to get at it and throw it into the river, or he would have somebody's blood.

The policeman on that beat got a hurry-up call about that time, and the man who wanted to smash the chair was put into the city lockup. Next day he was brought before Judge Andrews

and sentenced to 30 days in jail. The judge afterward commuted the sentence to banishment from Augusta for 90 days. The prisoner accepted the commutation of his sentence, and the last seen of him was on the river road that leads to Hallowell, in which city the culprit claimed residence.

What benefit Mr. Baker expects to get from showing his chair to the solons on Capitol hill is not clear, outside of the value that their good will might have.

The chair is designed to meet the needs of Kennebec county in dealing with the army of hoboes that comes this way every fall. It is the plan of the inventor to have every tramp locked up in the chair and kept there until he decides he will keep away from the region in which the chair may happen to be in use.

There are no spikes in Mr. Baker's chair, but when the victim is shut up he has the same appearance of liberty that might be observed in a piece of corned beef put to press by a careful housewife. His meals may be set before him on a little shelf, and he can, if he is not stiff in the joints, reach out through a little hole and get the food.

That is the extent of the latitude afforded the man who sits in the iron chair. It is said that in the trial given the chair in Oakland the prisoner sued for mercy in a very few minutes, and was ready to make any kind of promise in order to secure his liberty.

The chair is very heavy and is set on rollers like those under portable scales, such as one sees in butchers' shops.

FORGING NOTES.



—(Up to Date.

Old Boys Understand Young Ones.

Mrs. Ferry—I had an awful time getting Bobby to take his medicine. I begged him to be good in all the words I could think of, but he wouldn't do anything but shake his head.

Mr. Ferry—You didn't go at him in the right way. What does a boy of his age care whether he is a good boy or not? You ought to have dared him to take it.—(Cincinnati Enquirer)

And He Gets Only \$5000 a Year!

The chief proofreader of the London Times is a Cambridge graduate, who has a salary of \$5000; but then he is a great scholar, not only in the English language, but in all ancient and other tongues, not excepting Asiatic ones. He is permitted to query and suggest excisions or additions to the work of writers and editors.—(Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly)

Not Cabbage Leaves.

"Nothing but leaves!" With a deep sigh of satisfaction the old smoker looked at his cigar again. "Nothing but leaves!" he repeated. "And yet (puff, puff) that's why I like it."—(Chicago Tribune)

He's a Big Gun Himself Then.

They fire big guns in Boston when Massachusetts inaugurates a new governor. When a governor is reelected he is reinstated without the noise.—(New York Times)

The Other Boy Will Whack Him.

Mama—Johnnie, when you feel angry, you should always count 10 before you say anything or do anything.

Johnnie—But it takes too long.—(Puck)

NATURE KNOWS BEST.

Tho' hot weather's hard on humans,

Corn is suited to a dot,

Since July at last delivers

Goods that June somehow forgot.

Now, while man and beast are wilting

'Neath old Sol's pernicious rays,

In the fields there's great rejoicing

'Mid the sturdy ranks of maize.

While e'er fatter grow the kernels

For his reinforcement, Man

Can't help cursing the caloric

That will make them fit to can.

But old Sol just keeps on scorching;

And Dame Nature doesn't rest

In her kindly old endeavor

E'er to do her level best.

And next winter, when her products

Crowd his pantries' ev'ry shelf,

He'll admit that she knows better

What he wants than he himself.

M. N. B.

put it, "never stopped over."

BEYOND REACH.

(Chicago Journal.)

I am the thing that no man sees,
Though man from old has sought,
All unaware of trap or snare,
Yet am I never caught.

And men may seek till doomsday come!
All other suits forsake,
Yet still I fly and still defy,
For me they may not take.

Above the highest mountain tops,
Beneath the deepest seas,
I still abide and there I hide
From each and all of these.

They know not even how I look,
Nor what my form may be,
Nor do they know if weal or woe
Or virtue is in me.

The name I own they cannot call,
And, when their steps are bent
To seek me out, they vainly shout,
O, come to us, Content!"

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"The Yankee Volunteer."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "J. D." I send this poem:

R. F. D.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEER.
The days of seventy-six, my boys,
We ever must revere;
Our fathers took their muskets then
To fight for freedom dear;
Upon the plains of Lexington
They made the foe look queer.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

Then next on famous Bunker Hill
Our standard they did rear;
'Twas there the gallant Warren fell,
I tell it with a tear;
But for their victory that day
The foe did pay full dear.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

Through snow and ice at Trenton, boys,
They crossed the Delaware;
Led by immortal Washington
No danger did they fear;
They gave the foe a drubbing, boys,
Then back to town did steer.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

At Saratoga next, my boys,
Burgoyne they beat severe;
And at the siege of Yorktown
They gained their cause, so dear;
Cornwallis there gave up his sword,
While freedom's sons did cheer.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

And through our later struggles, boys,
We still victorious were;
And Jackson's deeds at New Orleans
In bright array appear;
His virtue and his bravery
Each freeman must revere.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

And should a foeman e'er again
Upon our coast appear,
There are hearts around me, brave and true,
Who'd quickly volunteer,
To drive invaders from the soil
Columbia's sons hold dear.
Oh! 'tis great delight to march and fight
As a Yankee Volunteer.

SUGGESTIVE.

(London Fun.)

The sonnie maid was sweet seventeen,
Her ma was nine and thirty;
And aye the latter kept a keen
Surveillance o'er her Gertie.
Herself, she read the choicest books
By firms Parisian printed,
But when the girl cast longing looks
Theretoward, she suavely hinted:
"Forbid you, love, this tale I must!
A mind untrained and restive
Like yours, my dear, might find it just
The least

Bit

Suggestive!"

The maid was loved by many a swain,
Who craved some chance of spooning;
And she with this or that would fain
Have gone, at times, a-mooning.
But ma would still give sound advice,
With ne'er a word of snarling;
"I'm sure young So-and-So is nice,
But still you won't, my darling,
Walk out alone with him, I trust.
I'd really feel distressed if
You found his frivulous converse just
The least

Bit

Suggestive!"

When Gertie's age was twenty-three,
And Gertie's heart was weary
Of wasting in a world where she
Was barred from all things cheery,
She to her mother spake one day:
"Have pity on your daughter,
And place her in a convent, pray!
For, if you've rightly taught her,
She'll ne'er (except in themes discussed)
By pale faced nuns unfestive
Find aught on earth that isn't just
The least

Bit

DISGRACED.



Bertie—I hear Cholly has been ex-pelled from the club for vulgarity and bad form.

Gussie—Yaas, we had horrible evi-dence against him, y'know.

Bertie—What was it?

Gussie—one of his tailor's bills re-ceipted.

THE MODERN MAID.

(Somerville Journal)

She rides a bicycle, of course, in bloomers or in skirts,
At tennis and at golf alike she's classed with the experts,
She pulls an oar almost as well as her big brother can,
And drives a horse as skilfully as if she were a man.

She knows a lot, too—Greek and things, that she has got from books,
She paints, and plays the mandolin, and tasks real French, and cooks.
She dances like an angel—You know how angels dance!

And countless more accomplishments her natural charms enhance.
She's most attractive, in a word; the very sort of girl
To make a young man crazy and set his brain a-whirl;
She even knows, her mother says, just how to keep even house,
But bless you! How that girl will squeal when-e'er she sees a mouse!

LUCKY FELLOW!



"What's the matter with my little girl tonight?"

"Cloud, I'm afraid you don't love me, for it's two minutes since you kissed me."

BOBBY'S TOOL CHEST.

(Carlyle Smith in Harper's Round Table.) They gave him a chest full of wonderful tools

when he got to be 6 years old.

And he made up his mind to go forth in the

world and become a carpenter bold.

"I've gimlets and saws and hammers and nails,

I've jack planes and awls," said he:

"I've rulers and screws. How can I refuse a

carpenterman for to be?"

"The first thing to learn is to hammer a nail,"
and he got out his hammer and tacks,
And he hammered and hammered and hammered away till he'd used up a half dozen packs.
He nailed up the doors, and he nailed down the floors, and he nailed them again and again,
And he made no mistake till he hammered a tack through the nursery window pane.

Then he took up a saw, and he tried its teeth.

"I must now learn to saw," he said;
And he sawed in two some bureau drawers,

and he sawed off the legs of his bed.

And he sawed on the lock of the nursery door till the teeth of the tool grew rough,

And then he sat down and remarked to himself,

"Well, I guess I have sawn enough.

"I will now try the awl and the gimlet, too,
and learn what different kinds
Of holes they make—for they're not alike"—
and he bored on the outside blinds.
He bored six holes in the shutter slats, and then made a change again,

And tried his luck on the bureau top with the beautiful two-inch plane.

And then, poor boy! some one came in, and O, what a fuss was raised!

They spanked that boy for trying to learn,
when he thought he'd be surely praised;

And his father was mad and his mother was mad, and even his sister cried,

Because he'd taken her desk apart to see what

there was inside.

And the baby, too, was as wrathful as they,
because for a little while

He'd used the ruler to find how wide was the dear little fellow's smile.

And that's why Bob—the poor little chap—has changed every future plan,

And is going to be a policeman bold instead of a carpenterman.

IT OUGHT TO.



Fair skater—Will this ice support me?
Iceman (owner of the pond)—Well, it
ought to. It's going to support me and
my family all next summer.

MATILDA ANN.

(Alice W. Rollins in the Independent.)
I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "O, see that flower!"

Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "O, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear, sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird a "bird;"
But said "the bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or "robin,"
Or "wren," as it might be;
She called them all by their first name,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden
She never picked "a flower;"
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral;
I'm sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."

And She is Still Wondering.

Dumleigh—Staley paid you quite a
compliment today.

Miss Facet—Yes?

Dumleigh—He said he didn't think you
were so awfully homely.

Miss Facet—Sir!

Dumleigh—Yes, I thought it a very
nice compliment—especially after what
the fellow who was with Staley said.—
(Transcript.)

The Responsibility of Power.

It might have been well enough to let
the eagle scream when this was a country
of 10,000,000 people, but with 70,000,000
and over we need common sense and
arbitration instead of bluff, jingoism
and bluster.—(New York World.)

That Is, He Hopes He Will.

"Theory and practice are different
things," said the professor.

"Yes, indeed," assented the medical
student.

"I pay for theory and I will be paid
for practice."—(Brooklyn Life.)

I DARE NOT LONG FOR DEATH.

In grief's first, selfish, blind abandonment,
With each reluctant breath—
Nor knowing that I sinned against my soul—
O Lord, I longed for death!

Thro' suffering, Thou, dear Lord, didst ope my
heart
To every sufferer,
And teach, thro' pain, the precious privilege
Each Earth hour doth confer!

Now Love—once eager to go hence—grieves not
Howe'er Thou dost defer
My summons, Lord, if here I may but be
To Thine a minister!

The dear ones Thou hast taken hence are safe—
They need me not. The cry
I hear now, cometh from the aching heart
Of poor humanity!

How dare I long for Heaven, while still I hear
That cry? Ashamed to shirk
My share, I bless Thee, Lord, that Thou dost
keep
Me here to do Thy work;

While any of the children of Thy love,
O Lord, here languisheth,
While work Thou'lst have me do is still undone,
I dare not long for death!

Mary Norton Bradford.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

Wednesday.

To the Editor of the People's Column—On
what day did Dec 16, 1868, fall? J. H.

"Crossing the Line."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will
some kind reader send me the poem called "Cross-
ing the Line?" Salem.

Nothing to Me.

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will
some kind reader send me the poem, "It is
Nothing to Me?" Gypsy.

Never Was.

To the Editor of the People's Column—How
long is it since Calumet & Hecla stock was
down to 50¢ per share? J. E. S.

"Baby and I."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In an-
swer to your correspondent, I send the follow-
ing:

BABY AND I. F. H.

Her bright eyes are blue, and her teeth are like
pearl;
Her hair is light brown, she's her papa's own
girl;
She sings pretty songs in a voice low and
sweet.
At evening she rocks her doll baby to sleep,
When the stars and the daylight are gone,
With her arms round my neck she sings a pretty
song,
Until growing weary, low droops the young
head.
Her night prayer is said, and she's in her bed.

At morn when the daylight peeps in from above,
She greets me with kisses and fond words of
love;

In sunshine she roams in the garden all day,
Her voice can be heard with the children at
play.

Returning at night when my day's work is o'er,
Her bright eyes are watching for me at the door;
Contented and happy, there's never a sigh,
We love one another, my baby and I.

HIS BLASTED YOUTH.

[From the Chicago Record.]

"Your little Jimmy cries a god deal
nowadays."

"Yes; somebody gave our cook one of
those knives which will take a cake out
without leaving any sticking to the
pan."

A NICE CHANGE FOR HIM.



Boarer—I hope you have something
different for breakfast today. I'm
rather tired of ham and eggs.

Servant—Yes.

Boarer—O, I'm so glad! What have
you this time?

Servant—Ham without eggs, sir!

AN AQUARIUM ROMANCE.

(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.)
A sea bass sang in his own deep voice

In the new aquarium:

"O Lady Lobster of my choice!

To thee a song I hum—

A song I sing of long ago,

'Ere we became, alas!

A part of a tank drama show

On the damp side of this glass.

"Do'st remember, love, how I sought thy hand,
Or, rather, thy antennæ,
As we wandered above the ocean's sand

In those times so far away?

Do'st recall the dear old coral grove,

So dark and cool and wet,

Where, claw in fin, we were wont to rove,

With never a thought of a net?

"Ah, lady, wert thou but my summer girl
In those dear days in the sea!

And can it be that the city's whirl

Has turned thy love from me?

Of the city's swains, dear one, beware!

For their hearts are filled with guile;
Though they say that they love thee, lady fair,
'Twill be but in the Newburg style."

The Depth of Woman's Love.

He—Sometimes I wonder if you really
love me.

She—As if I hadn't proved it! Haven't

I called you "Dumpsy darling?"

"Well?"

"And that is a name which, until I
met you, I had held sacred to dear
little Fido."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

And Excuses for Failure, Too?

"Has your son any especial talent?"
asked one man.

"Yes," replied the other; "I think he's
an inventor."

"Has he invented many things?"

"Yes; most of them reasons why I
should give him money."—(Washington
Star.)

And Pay More for It.

"I know where you can get an eight-
day clock for 70 cents."

"An eight-day clock? How's that?"

"O, it lasts eight days. Then you get
a new one."—(Harvard Lampoon.)

Well, Practice Makes Perfect.

Gamboge—Do you write much for the
magazines nowadays?

Sienna—Well, yes, in proportion to the
amount I get into them.—(Transcript.)

On Sunday.

Gotham—The streets of Boston are
especially adapted for bicycling.

Hubbitt (evidently pleased)—Really
think so?

Gotham—Yes; two wheels can easily
pass one another in any of your thor-
oughfares.—(Boston Transcript.)



MISS GRACE MCKINLEY.
Is She to be the Administration Belle?



MRS NANCY ALLISON MCKINLEY,

Eighty-Seven Years Old, Who Will Witness the Inauguration of the

Stroke of Lightning Makes a Negro Turn White.

Few Dark Skin Patches Left, but They Are Growing Lighter.

Boat 4500 Years Old Dug Up in Egypt and Bought by a Chicago Man.

Asbury Lucas, a porter on North Clark st., Chicago, was a colored man till two years ago, when he sustained a severe shock from a bolt of lightning which struck the ground near him. Now he is turning white.



ASBURY LUCAS TWO YEARS AGO AND NOW.

Shortly after the shock an insignificant white spot appeared on his hand. It grew in size, and spots showed on other parts of the body, growing in size, too. They spread, and at present there are only three dark blotches left on his head. One of these, on the cheek, has already begun to turn white.

Lucas is 28 years old. He says he has some white blood in him. His parents, he says, are light, and his sister is almost white.

When he first saw the pale spots on his dusky skin he owned he was frightened, but he finally consulted a physician, who told him he was turning white, and probably would lose all of his original color in a few years.

His hair is what is sometimes described, when found on colored persons, as red, but is as kinky as that of the most pronounced negro.

TOGETHER.

Should I ever have known her—I wonder t.—
Had the skies that day kept smiling,
Had they still stayed blue and serene, instead
Of black cloud upon black cloud piling?
That's a thing that will never be told; but O
I shall always bless the weather!
Tho' I can't suppose that it changed for me,
We were caught in the rain together!

We were caught in the rain together, yet O
If the heavens had had any feeling
They could ne'er have resisted that face of
hers.

With its pathos of mute appealing!
But the heavens they cared not a whit—not
they—

For her fright or her brand-new feather,
Tho' in spite of themselves they friended me—
We were caught in the rain together!

When she shyly accepted the proffered shade
Of my shabbiest old umbrella,
When I sheltered her there—tho' the heavens
were black—

I beheld my life's star, my Stella!
And I knew that whatever the future might
hold,

I could meet it, not caring whether
It was sunshine or shower, were I only sure
We'd be caught in what came together!

M. N. B.

A HIGH MIGHT LIVE.

GOOD STORIES FOR ALL.

St Louis Cow That Lives in
a \$30,000 Pasture.

Capt John Smith's Adventure Equalled
Among the Seri Cannibals.

Low Hornet Nests, Few Nuts, Short
Weeds, All Signs of a Mild Winter.

The milk which little Vera Siegrist drinks costs \$5 a gallon, or \$425 a year. It is obtained from one of the meekest but prettiest Jersey cows in St Louis. Her name is Rose. She does not work hard, but it requires more than \$400 a year to keep her at it.

This favored cow browses over real estate valued at \$2,500, which is set apart for her exclusive use. It is one of the most valuable pieces of residence property in St Louis. It belongs to little Vera's grandfather, Dr J. J. Law-

rence. When Rose walks around her bright demesne her vision takes in Forest park, the magnificent Kauffman residence on the opposite corner, and the Blair statue just across the boulevard.

There is everything to conduce to her enjoyment; nothing to mar her ideas of symmetry or offend her taste as to color while engaged in the blithesome task of producing milk at \$5 a gallon for the benefit of one of the most fortunate little girls in St Louis.



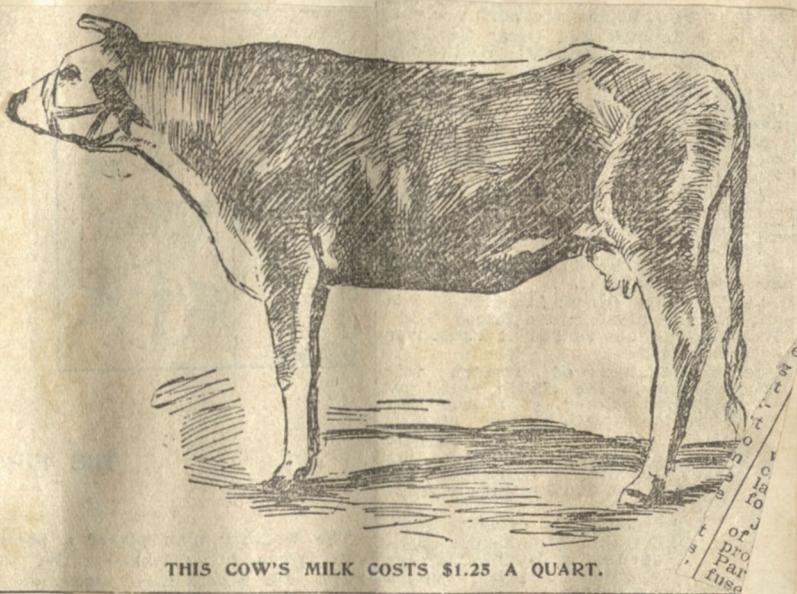
VERA SIEGRIST.

Her dwelling is a fancy white brick structure, erected at a cost of \$1000, which is provided with "every modern convenience," as they say in advertisements of flats to rent, including electric lights. She has a special caretaker in the person of Jack Wilson, who costs little Vera's father \$600 a year.

The annual rental of the property, if improved, would amount to \$325, according to the calculations of real estate agents. As the cow is provided with nothing but the choicest provender this item in the course of a year is not small, but it has not been considered in the amount of her annual cost which has been given. Altogether the cost of maintaining her as an adjunct to the Siegrist household is more than \$4000 annually, for the taxes on the land which is her pasture are chargeable with the rent against her.

To offset this expense she furnishes three gallons of milk a day, which makes the average cost \$5 a gallon. The milk could be purchased for 60 cents a gallon in the open market, but it is pure and brings delight and health to the blithe little Vera. So, what matter if this all does cost a trifle like \$4000 a year?—(Republic.)

THE SAVVY HTS. TUES.



THIS COW'S MILK COSTS \$1.25 A QUART.

WHY AND WHEREFORE.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Form.)
I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go,

But the fact stands clear
That I am here

In this world of pleasure and woe,
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is in my power
Each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why.
I cannot find out
What's all about—
I would but waste time to try,
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay
I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think, with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought
He was sent to the spot
To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked
And each one worked
To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came;
Stop looking for faults and flaws;
Rise up today
In your pride and say:
"I am part of the first great cause,
However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man;
It had need of me
Or I would not be—
I am here to strengthen the plan."

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

(A. T. S. in Atlanta Journal.)
We all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs,
When father carves the duck.
Then all of us prepare to rise
And hold our bibs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork,
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
And every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter always seems to slip
When father carves a duck.
And how it makes the dishes skip,
Potatoes fly amuck—
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy on our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace,
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We thus have learned to walk around
The dining room and pluck
From off the windowsills and walls
Our share of father's duck,
While father growls and blows and jaws
And swears the knife was full of flaws
And mother jaws at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

"Hold me up, uncle, very high up. I can't see, and, oh, they are so beautiful! You were a darling to bring me, but what is the use of my being here if I can't see?"

Uncle Dick, who was forty, and handsome and tall, obediently lifted up Buntie, who was four and an autocrat, and very like a golden-haired doll herself in the latest thing in fur-trimmed pelisses and bewitching baby bonnets.

The Albert Hall was very crowded, and, glittering with thousands of toys, seemed a very fairy land to Buntie, whose heart was wrung with longing for the dolls, despite the fact that a large family, very pale with much kissing, slept peacefully in her gay nursery in Berkeley square.

"But, Buntie, these are for little girls who have no dolls."

"Doesn't Santa Claus come to them, then? I think he must be a naughty old man if he only comes to me, and I have lots and lots of things."

"Don't you see, Buntie, there are kind ladies who remember the other little girls, and they dress all these dolls and send them to Santa Claus in case his supply runs short."

"I would like to send them one of mine," said Buntie. "It must be so dreadful to have none on Christmas."

Uncle Dick had no very clear notion of the utter desolation this terrible idea implied to Baby Buntie—Buntie, who woke rapturously on the most magical of all mornings, with full trust in the annual miracle that was the surest certainty of her little creed. Then not only the tiny stocking would be brimful of delights, but all the nursery turned into a novel wonder-world of joyful surprises.

But something in the sweet spontaneous pity of the child touched him, and he put his hand into his pocket with a sense of compunction that the hard fate of those forgotten by Santa Claus had never been brought home to him.

"I think I can show you the way. Take this, darling."

Buntie proudly dropped a shining coin into the chariot of a very captivating fairy queen, and gazed about her from her lofty coign of vantage with rose-flushed cheeks and eyes like stars.

They had got among the dolls in fancy dresses, and even Major Dick Marazion found, as usual, that taking Buntie out pleasureing meant amusement. The girls—and they were numerous enough—who had tried to marry Dick Marazion would not have known that impenetrable gentleman in the guise of Buntie's willing slave.

Once upon a time, before the death of Dick's godfather and the comfortable two thousand a year that had come to him after that event, he had been madly in love. For one season Sylvia Berwick, the sweet daughter of the most outrageously vulgar man that ever made and lost a fortune, had queened it over society and Dick's heart. But old Berwick wanted a title and more for the daughter, whose beauty he rated at full commercial value. Sylvia's ears had not availed to keep the young over she had chosen, and she had no mother to plead for her.

Dick had been ordered to India, and very soon after old Berwick had gone under, as they say. This time in a double sense, for the crash that took his fortune took his life, and left Sylvia absolutely alone in the world. Society was naturally too busy with its own concerns to remember the comet of a day, and Dick had been at first sore and angry, then cynical, over his passion.

The organ played Christmas hymns, the hymns that, whether we will or no, take us back and exercise such subtle magic. Even to the most careless lis-

tener they had a touch of fresh significance among these gay memorials of good will and kindness, not toward men, but toward the children, to whom the pitiless heritage of the sins of the fathers comes with such cruel force.

Suddenly Dick's eye was riveted by a pair of immense dolls, and his heart beat as it had not beaten for fifteen years.

"The very best of all, in my opinion," two admiring spectators near him were saying: "A Colonel in the Days of the Duke of Marlborough" and "A Lady of the Same Period," dressed by—oh, give me my glasses—Miss Sylvia Berwick, 11 Teck terrace, West Kensington. There is only one fault, perhaps. Did ladies carry bouquets in those days?"

Not in those days, perhaps, but certainly in the days when in all Covent Garden there seemed no illies of the valley fresh enough for Captain Marazion to send to Miss Berwick for Lady Hurstmonceux's fancy ball—the ball where she had figured as a lady of the court of Queen Anne, and he as one of Marlborough's colonels.

How well he remembered it! Some benevolent girl had told him what Sylvia was to wear, and he had chosen his own dress accordingly. They had been much commented upon as the successes of the night, and in the pauses of Waldteufel waltz he had told her that he loved her, and she—ah, for the kiss hurriedly exchanged in the conserva-

tory among the pink lamps and friendly shady palms!

So she had never married then, after all. He thought of the bright face of the crowd of eager partners around his pretty heiress. Not one of them all due to the woman when her hour of bulation came. Or was it because he had not forgotten him? Impossible, the dolls stared at him as only dolls stare. The jaunty colonel, with everything complete; the dainty damsel, delicate sea-blue brocade, with her les in her hand. He so dark, she so fair, just as they had been.

"Oh, the dear little man. Oh, let me kiss him, Uncle Dick."

Forced back to fact and Buntie grows restless, he took a sudden resolution.

"Have you had enough, Buntie? Would you like to go where cake is?"

"Are there chocolates there, too?" queried that small person.

"Everything," said her uncle, persuasively.

"Then let's go. Good-by, dear dollies; good-by all. I hope the poor little girls will love you very much."

It was half past three and a sunny December afternoon. Buntie got her chocolates—twice as many as were good for her—before she was handed back to tell her nurse of the wonders of the Albert Hall.

"I dare say I'm a fool, but I mean to do it," said Dick to himself as he came out of his sister's house and hailed a hansom.

"Eleven, Teck terrace; and, look here, stop first at that big Bond street florist's."

There were not many illies, and they were dear, but he bought every one. The interminable cab drive was like a dream dominated by two great dolls. He could not think consecutively. The old ache, the old longing, had come insistently back. The cabman lost his way twice in a desert of mean houses with empty "art" pots on the smutty ledges, and pallid yellow muslin curtains a breadth too narrow. At last he stopped at a quiet, unprepossessing row. No. 11 at least had clean steps, and a clean servant opened the door.

"Does Miss Berwick live here?"
"Yes, sir, but she is not at home."

"That is unfortunate, for I wanted to see her particularly."

"On business, sir?"

"Yes," said Dick, untruthfully.

"Then, if you please, sir, I was to ask you to wait. Miss Berwick will be in directly."

"So, she is expecting some other fellow on business? What business?" thought Dick, as he followed the girl up stairs into a little room pathetically pretty with the prettiness of tasteful poverty.

His question answered itself, for there was a typewriter by the window piled with blotchy manuscript.

On the mantelpiece, what? A photograph—his own. No; after all, it was not a photograph, but a portrait cut from the "Graphic" after that affair in the Sindra Pass that the papers had made such a fuss over.

There were footsteps on the stairs, and the door opened. It was nearly dark, but the firelight showed him that it was indeed Sylvia who came in. Not the Sylvia of other days, so radiant, so girlish, so fresh in her dainty dresses—the years are not so kind—but a sweet, serious woman in plain black, with the old masses of golden hair showing under her little bonnet.

Dick, with a sudden strange sensation of shyness that was very like fear, drew back until he was almost hidden by a screen, so that she did not see him.

But the room was full of a fragrance her heart knew in a moment. He had laid the illies upon a table, and she took them up with a little, soft exclamation of pleasure. He saw how tender was the face that bent over the flowers, a face no longer young, but with a new loveliness all its own.

Then he came forward without a word. She knew him instantly. The flush of rosy color, the light in her eyes, the joy she could not stifle after all those hungry, dragging years of loneliness, conjured back all, and more than all, the glamor of their youth.

"Dick—Captain Marazion, what has brought you here?"

He took her in his arms and answered passionately:

"My darling, I never knew until today that you wanted me; it was the doll that spoke."

Then there was a very complete and eloquent silence between them, till Sylvia looked up with her old smile. "Why, Dick, you can't mean that you saw the colonel of the days of the Duke of Marlborough. What were you doing in the Albert hall?"

"I was dragged there by force by a small tyrant—my sister's Baby Buntie—and I got the best Christmas present of all, though I didn't deserve it. Good old Santa Claus had not forgotten me when he showed me the lady in blue with the illies in her hand."

"I dare say it was silly and sentimental of me to dress the doll like ourselves, but sometimes, Dick, when I sat here working at them I could hear the music—that waltz, 'Souviens-toi,' and see the pink lights just as they were on the happiest night of my life. There was nothing left but my dear past. Nothing could take that from me."

A MAN MUST LIVE.

(Charlotte Perkins Stetson in New Time.)

"A man must live." We justify

Low shift and trick to treason high,

A little vote for a little gold

To a whole senate bought and sold,

With this self-evident reply.

But is it so? Pray tell me why

Life at such cost you have to buy?

In what religion were you told

A man must live?

There are times when a man must die,

Imagine, for a battle-cry

From soldiers, with a sword to hold—

From soldiers, with the flag unrolled—

This coward's whine, this liar's lie:

A man must live!

Princess Tom, the Richest Woman in Alaska.

Has Five Husbands, Piles of Gold Coin, and 500 Sea Otter Skins.

400-Pound Jersey Man Threatens to Build for Spite a 10-Foot House.

I went from Seattle to Sitka, and thence to Juneau, where I had the pleasure of meeting the most remarkable woman in Alaska, Princess Tom, the Hetty Green of the north, who welcomed me to her home and showed me her manifold treasures, as well as her latest husband.

Princess Tom speaks only commercial English, and only enough of that to enable her to drive a trade, at which she is very expert. Therefore I had to enlist the services of Miss Campbell, a teacher missionary, to interpret my expressions of regard.



"PRINCESS TOM,"
The richest woman in Alaska.

Princess Tom is short and squat and about 60 years old. She is keen in her judgment of men, and took quite a fancy to me. When Miss Campbell explained to her that I was impelled more by scientific interest and love of hunting than the love of dollars, she marveled still more, because the white men she had met were hunters of dollars.

"See, I buy a man," said Princess Tom to me through Miss Campbell. "I pay 500 blankets for him to marry." She pointed to a grinning, fat-faced young fellow, who was her fifth husband. "She says she will buy you, too, if you are for sale," said Miss Campbell, laughing.

Her house, a very comfortable frame structure, moderately built, is full of every description of Indian treasure, blankets, skins, baskets of wonderful workmanship, copper kettles and domestic utensils fashioned by the Russians in the days before American possession. Her chiefest treasure besides her good American \$20 gold pieces, are her sea otter skins.

The sea otter fur is the court fur of both Russia and China, and is therefore in great demand at ruinous prices. The

sea otter has been so assasinated and is now so wary that good skins rough dried are worth anywhere from \$100 to \$300 each.

In one room of her house this Alaskan princess has piles of cedar chests full of sea otter skins, of which she is in no hurry to dispose. In all she must own about 500 skins, and she has a large number of native hunters out in her sloops constantly looking for more, so insatiable is her desire for them.

To an Alaskan Indian a blanket is a tangible token of wealth as a pony is to a prairie Indian. A blanket and a pony, a blanket and a kyak, a skin canoe, is the acme of wealth to both types. Princess Tom has enough kyaks and blankets for an Alaskan king's ransom, if there were such a person.

Princess Tom was a young woman when she began to trade. She began by peddling the furs taken by her husband, and finding that she was skilled in trade she also made deals for the husbands of her friends and neighbors. Then she saw a good chance to make good trades for herself, and bought furs from other Indians and took them to the trading posts. In the course of a few years she amassed a vast amount of Indian wealth, but learned that white man's wealth was better.

So, as soon as possible, she sold her Indian stuff for silver money. Later it came to her knowledge that gold was better than silver, and she traded her silver for gold, of which she now owns about \$15,000 worth in \$20 pieces.

Her husbands, of which there are five, are graded in her estimation. The oldest does no work, those of the middle-aged men who possess sufficient intelligence assist her in managing her affairs. The youngest and latest is being "raised a pet," and he seems to realize that he has a good position.

She carries a gold watch, of which she well knows the uses, and although she owns a good deal of jewelry seldom wears any of it. Her clothes she has made in the American fashion, as nearly as Alaskan seamstresses can copy it.—(Chicago Times-Herald).

ALL IS VANITY.

(Charlotte Perkins Stetson.)

Feminine vanity! Oh, ye gods! Hear to this man!

As if silk and velvet, and feathers and fur,
And jewels and gold, had been just for her
Since the world began!

Where is his memory? Let him look back—all
of the way!

Let him study the history of his race
From the first he-savage that painted his face
To the dude of today!

Vanity! O! Are the twists and curls,
The intricate patterns in red, black and blue,
The wearisome tortures of rich tattoo,
Just made for girls?

Is it only the squaw who files the teeth
And dangles the lip and bores the ear,
And wears the bracelet, and necklace and anklet
as queer

As the bones beneath?

Look at the soldier, the noble, the king!
Egypt or Greece or Roman discloses
The purples and perfumes and gems and roses
On a masculine thing!

Look at the men of our own dark ages!
Heroes, too, in their cloth of gold,
With jewels as thick as the cloth could hold,
On the knights and pages!

We wear false hair? Our man looks big!
But it's not so long, let me beg to state,
Since every gentleman shaved his patte
And wore a wig!

French heels? Sharp toes? See our feet defaced?
But there was a day when the soldier free
Tied the toe of his shoe to the manly knee—
Yes, and even his waist!

We pad and puff? Our man looks bolder!
Don't speak of the time when a bran-filled bunch
Made an English gentleman look like Punch—
But feel of his shoulder!

Feminine vanity! O, ye gods! Hark to these men!

Vanity's wide as the world is wide!
Look at the peacock in his pride—
Is it a hen?

AMBIGUOUS!



He—Yes, I was saved, but the poor little dog was drowned.
She—O, I am sorry.

A QUESTION IN SEASON.

The summer girl will soon be here,

As breezy and as bright

As Summer's self, and just about

As gorgeously bedight.

She'll be a little fresher yet

Than e'er she was before,

And have an e'en completer stock

Of summer charms in store.

She'll come to paint the lily, and
To show how Woman can
Be beauteous and bewitching, spite
Of freckles and of tan.

She'll be the same dear degage,
Delightful, doubly graced

Young thing she was last year, but will

She wear the same shirt waist?

And will there be—to show that she's
The same—to reassert
Her rush—the little rift between
Her shirt waist and her skirt?

M. N. B.

A TOILER ON THE TAX.

What's this they're talking of today? A tax upon our tea?

A tax upon the solace of our toil? O, can it be,
My sisters, that our Uncle Sam's so poor he

really must

Make something off the drop of drink that washes down our crust?

Once, sisters, 'twas a comfort, 'midst our cooking cares, to see
The kindly kettle coming to a boil for you and me.

Alas! all that is over, and the talk of tariff rates
Embitters now the "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

Of old we loved to sit and scan the tea grounds
and to try
To read our fortunes, laughing while we watched with eager eye
For good luck that was coming. Now the tariff tinker's tracks
Have crossed our luck, and in our tea we see naught but the tax.

Fine ladies who at five o'clock sit round the samovar
And sip their costly "caravan," care not what prices are;
But we, who for a pittance work all day, can't think it's right
For Uncle Sam to tax our tea till it is out of sight!

M. N. B.

Robert Esterly, 19 Months Old, But a Newsboy.

Mrs Rigdon of Idaho Wears Bloomers and Works Her Own Mine.

Telescope with 72-Inch Object Glass Planned by a Californian.

Quincy, Ill., has the youngest newsboy in the world. His name is Robert F. Esterly and his age is but 19 months.

Little Robert was born and raised in the city of Quincy. He is the grandson of the late Joseph Esterly, who was for many years the chief of the Quincy fire department, and he is the son of Joseph Esterly Jr.



ROBERT ESTERLY, THE YOUNGEST NEWSBOY.

His exceptional intelligence has attracted the attention of many residents of Quincy, as he exhibits a remarkable aptitude for acquiring information. He has a good memory for faces and stories, and remembers the names of everyone to whom he is introduced. He can repeat poems and stories which have been told him. He particularly delights in stories about newsboys and their deeds, and has a great admiration for the profession to which he belongs.

The second place in his estimation is occupied by the firemen, and he delights to hear tales of the doings of the fire fighters and the fire horses. Little Robert says that he will be a newsboy for some years, and then he intends to become a fireman.—(Chicago Times-Herald).

He's Doubtless the Inventor.

"Well, I observe that we will now have a combination bicycle and typewriter for battlefield use. What will the inventor do next, I wonder?"

"Don't know; ask Gen Weyler."—(Cincinnati Commercial).

She Has Many Rivals Just Now.

"I'll wager my daughter could run one of those flying machines."

"Why do you think so?"

"You just ought to see how she soars in her graduating essay."—(Detroit Free Press).

SUPERSTITION THAT PAYS.



"So your father will give you a dowry of 13,000 marks? I wish you'd say to him that I'm superstitious, and 13 is such an unlucky number I wish he would make it 20,000 marks!"—(Humoristische Blaetter).

But the Yallerest Dog Deserves a Name.

"My friend," said the traveler with the skull cap, putting his head out of the car window as the train stopped at a desolate-looking village, "what is the name of this dried-up, God-forsaken place?"

"That's near enough," responded the dejected citizen who was leaning against the little red shanty that served as the railway station. "Let it go at that."—(Chicago Tribune).

Will That be Long Enough?

The Louisville Post says "Kentucky democrats will have to appeal to the sober judgment of the people of the state." We suggest that the people of the state be locked up for 24 hours previous to the appeal, in order to secure the sober judgment.—(New York Commercial Advertiser).

Not a Fit Father-in-Law.

"I suppose you suspect what I came for," he said, as he prepared to ask her father for her hand.

"O, yes," replied the father; "you want to borrow money; but I haven't a cent."

And the young man deferred his proposal.—(Philadelphia North American).

Honesty That Was Good Policy.

She—Now, don't deceive me, Charley. You say how much you love me, and that you could not live without me; but I think you'd give me up willingly if some young woman with lots of money should come along.

He—I should like to see myself doing such a thing.—(Transcript).

As a Rule Ice is Pretty Hard.

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat.

"No, thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm; "I've been skating, and I'm tired sitting down."—(Yonkers Statesman).

SIX MONTHS HENCE.

"Your face is imaged on my heart,"

He said, in raptured strain;

She slyly snapped her camera,

And when he came again—

"False one!" she cried, revealing plate,

"Instead of mine, I see

Engraven on your tickle heart

The faces of Ruth Englebart,

Rebecca Smith, Jane Galligan,

Floy Rupert, Meg O'Bralligan,

Fay White, Pearl King, Perdita Klein,

That hateful Miss von Gleenstein

And Widow MacNamee!"

—Yonkers (N. Y.) Gazette.

WHAT IS WANTED.

The theatre hat grows larger,

So pray, all ye who can,

For a moral sense in womankind,

Or rubber necks for man.

—Detroit Tribune.

JOYS OF THE SUBURBS.



Farmer's son (cheerfully)—Say, my grandfather died in this 'ere bed!

Visitor (from town)—Well, I don't wonder. It's enough to kill 10 grandfathers!

OUR AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

(DeWitt Sterry.)

We did our best to make the cast

Resplendent with fair faces;

The tenor's blonde mustache stuck fast

And black beards choked the basses;

The actresses were pretty maids

Quite partial to caresses.

The program blazed with varied shades,

The audience with dresses.

The prompter played the leading part

And pounded the piano:

"Twas he who won the prince's heart

Instead of the soprano!

Duke Harold somehow lost his head

And flirted with his mother.

Then stabbed the servant-maid instead

Of murdering her brother!

The bridal feast was laid in skies,

The alto-ordered chowder!

The stage-directors burned the flies,

And blue and yellow powder.

The audience escaped dismayed,

Exceedingly distressed—

But afterwards the critics said

"Twas wondrously successful!

MIGHT PROMISE TO—for a Percentage.

He had made something of a study of women. "Will you marry me," he began, "to—"

"No," she interrupted promptly and with emphasis,

"—to enable me to win a bet?" he went on, without noticing her interruption.

"Um, well," she said, hesitatingly, "I—er—how much is the bet?"—(Chicago Record).

RECOGNIZED THE SURE SIGN.



"Have a drink, old chap?"

"I have sworn off."

"Well, a cigar then."

"Have stopped smoking."

"When is the marriage to take place?"

OLD SKINFLINT.



"Young woman," said the wealthy man to his daughter, "I laid the first foundation of my fortune by saving cab fares."

"I didn't know you ever drove one, father," replied she, flippantly.

Where Did He Throw His Watch?

The young wife—I am afraid George was intoxicated last night. The sympathizing friend—He didn't go to bed with his shoes on, did he? "No; but he took them off and tucked them under his pillow."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

LOCAL ITEMS

From the Hickoryville Bazoo.

(John Ludlow in New York Journal.)
Job Moss has hired out with Squire Goff of Dingman's Creek.
Ralph Oglethorpe was laid up with a felon all last week.
Seth Bigley has resigned his job at Hannibal Mohone's.
Next Thursday at the Opera House the drama "Widow Jones."
The parson preached last Sunday on the Twenty-Second Psalm.
For dandruff and an itching scalp use Dr Blimber's Balm.
Abijah Dobbs and Myrtle Dale were married Monday night.
A son was born on Saturday to Mrs Jonas Dwight.
'Tis said that Hiram Hankinson and Patience Pettigrew
Ere long will give the dominie some pleasant work to do.
The gale last Wednesday carried off a sight of weather-cocks.
Elijah Blodgett's is the place to buy your husband's socks.
Postoffice candidates just now are sprouting everywhere.
Claude Tolliver, of Robbin's Rock, has lost his sorrel mare.
On Tuesday last we had a call from Townsman Giles Ladew;
He left a keg of cider here—Giles, here's a health to you!
The men are working overtime in Medway's Shingle Mills.
We cordially recommend Mahaffy's Liver Pills.

"Advance."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "Desirous," I send the following poem:
Sara.

ADVANCE.

When war's wild clamor filled the land, when Porter swept the sea,
When Grant held Vicksburg by the throat and Halleck strove with Lee,
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers—the flower of all our horse—
Held Hood's brigade at Carrolls Ford, where still it strove to cross.

Two days the stubborn skirmish raged—the lines still closer grew,
And now the rebels gained an inch, and now the men in blue,
Until at length the Northern swords hemmed in the footmen gray,
And both sides girded for the shock that won or lost the day.

'Twas scarce a lance's length between the torn and slipp'ry banks
O'er which our neighing squadrons faced the hard-pressed Southern ranks,
And while Hood's sullen ambush crouched along the river's marge,
Their pickets brought a prisoner in, captured in some brief charge.

This was a strippling trumpeter, a mere lad—
ditter far
To grace some loving mother's hearth than these grim scenes of war.
But still, with proud, defiant mien, he bore his soldier's crest.
And smiled above the shattered arm that hung upon his breast.

For was not he staff trumpeter of Custer's famed brigade?
Did not through him the general speak, in camp or on parade?
'Twas his to form the battle line. His was the clarion peal.
That launched upon the frightened foe that surging sea of steel!

They led him to the outer posts within the tangled wood,
Beyond whose shade, on chafing steeds, his waiting comrades stood.
They placed his bugle in his hand (a musket level nigh),
"Now, Yankee, sound a loud 'Retreat,' " they whispered. "Sound—or die!"

The lad looked up a little space—a lark's song sounded near,
As though to ask why men had brought their deeds of hatred here.
High in the blue the south wind swept a single cloud of foam,
A messenger, it seemed to him, to bear his last thought home;

And casting t'ward the Northland far one sad, but steadfast glance,
He raised the bugle to his lips and blew—the "Grand Advance!"

A bullet cut the pean short—but, ere his senses fled,

He heard that avalanche of hoofs thunder above his head!

He saw his comfades' sabers sweep resistless o'er the plain,
And knew his trumpet's loyal note had sounded in vain.
For when they laid him in his rest, this bugle by his side,
His lips still smiled—for victory had kissed them ere he died.

He Had Had Experience.

She (trying on a new gown)—Now, dear, look carefully. Isn't that skirt a trifle longer on one side than the other?
He (squinting painfully)—H-m! Ye-es; I should think it was.

She (her mouth full of pins)—'Ell, um-oo 'ich si'?

He (reassured)—Why, the back side, of course!—(Brooklyn Life.)

Perhaps He Had Submitted Some Other Poem.

Editor—Have you submitted this poem anywhere else?

Poet—No, sir.

Editor—Then how is it you have a black eye and walk on crutches?—(Pearson's Weekly.)

A LENGTHY INSTANT.



Wife—I'm tired to death. Been having the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

Friend—How long did it take, then?
Wife—About four hours.

Delighted, No Doubt.

"So you want to marry Fred, do you?" said the father.

"Yes, papa," replied the daughter, with her arms about his neck.

"And go away and leave me all alone?"

"Why, no, papa! I know Fred will be willing to leave mama with you!"—(Yonkers Statesman.)

Even the Recording Angel Couldn't Do It.

When a young man thinks that he can write shorthand first-rate, and begins to feel a little proud about it, it is a good plan for him to humble himself by trying to report four women playing whist.—(Somerville Journal.)

The Kind "the New Journalism" Prints.

There was a young lady from Joppa, Who came a society "cropper," For she went to Japan, With a young married man, And the rest of the story's improper.—(New York Journal.)

A Negative with Something to Boot.

Harry—Was the old fellow much put out when you asked for the hand of his daughter?

Theodore—No; but I was, and with astonishing celerity.—(Boston Transcript.)

Keep on Pecking at Her.

The young woman with the big hat should remember the scriptural injunction and not continue to hide her light under a bushel.—(Boston Transcript.)

A CHICAGO CHANSONNETTE.

(Chicago News.)

From southward comes a gentle breeze, all loaded down and spent,

And fills our nostrils with a sad and sorrowful lament.

We know ere yet we have inhaled our second gasp of wind

It has within its bosom what it might have left behind.

Some sad and sable matter reaches out and tweaks the nose

For a southern zephyr wears it like a perfume in its clothes.)

It's the stock yards.

Gently from the distant westward cooling breezes softly blow

*Cross the plains from lofty mountains, capped with mighty tons of snow,

Yet it carries in its garments, lingering like a death-born knell,

What it culled from out our center, a persistent deadly smell.

And we know upon the instant that it reaches for the nose

(For a western zephyr wears it like a perfume in its clothes),

It's the river.

OLDEST MAN IN HIS COUNTY.

Eben Lancaster of East Bowdoinham,
Me., Has Celebrated His 98th Birthday
and is Still a Strong Man.

The oldest person in Sagadahoc county, Me., is Eben Lancaster, who passed his 98th birthday last October, having been born Oct 16, 1798.

At East Bowdoinham Mr Lancaster lives with his son, a veteran of the civil war, where he has resided for the past 60 years. The son is a man of about 60. He served four years in the 15th Maine regiment, and has followed the sea, visiting nearly all the principal



EBEN LANCASTER.

cities in Europe. About 10 years ago he returned to his old home to care for his parents.

Mr Lancaster, senior, was born on the post road leading from Augusta to Portland, and is the only surviving member of his father's family. When about 30 years of age he married Maria Preble of Bowdoinham, who died about four years ago, at the age of 80. Nine children were born of the union, eight of whom are living.

Farming has been Mr Lancaster's chief occupation, though in his younger days he worked at shipbuilding. Aside from sawing a little wood at his door, he has not performed manual labor for a number of years.

At the time of The Globe man's visit the old gentleman was in good spirits, and in full possession of his faculties. One could hardly realize that the two men are father and son. He usually retires about 8 o'clock and rises about 9. A little gruel serves for his supper, a doughnut and a cup of coffee constituting his breakfast. At noon he eats heartily. Mr Lancaster enjoys a chew of tobacco, having used it more than 60 years.

When he was born Maine was a part of Massachusetts. His native town has been divided since then, Richmond being set off.

He was 13 years of age when the war of 1812 broke out. The first four-wheel carriage he ever saw was owned by Hallowell Gardiner, the founder of the Kennebec cities bearing his name. His first presidential vote was for James Monroe and his latest for Mc-Kinley.

Mr Lancaster was identified with the great Advent movement of 1843. He states that he looked for the return of the Lord to earth that year, always in expectation of hearing the "midnight cry." He still believes in the doctrine of the personal second coming of Christ, but sets no time for that event. He is known far and near as a powerful exhorter in the schoolhouse near his home.

His home is within two miles of where

LAMENT OF THE RAINES SANDWICH.

(New York Journal.)
And this is all I get for it,
For all my long year's work—
A scarred and damaged warrior now,
I get the four-ply shirk.
I've lain upon the counter's top,
On shelves behind the bar,
Been handed out and handed back,
Nor kicked at any scar.
And only what I knew would come
(and yet it sort of sticks),
The plain result of getting tangled up
in politics!

There was a certain dignity
Attached to me at first;
I wasn't any cold-blooded ham
Or common weiner wurst.
Of course the price they charged for me
Was nothing that you'd care,
But still, you wouldn't get a drink
Unless this friend was there.

But, as I said, it's what you get for
helping people out.
Ask Tommy Platt and other ducks,
Whose words you cannot doubt.

I'd hate to say how many men
Have bit their names in me;
And yet, though scarred, I'm active still,
As any one can see.
The mustard in my heart's congealed,
The ham is petrified;
And yet I'm still within the ring
In which to shine I've tried.
Yet, like McClosky, I'm "run down."
Ah, well, I'm quite content.
You always get it good and hard when
on strict duty bent!

It's just a case of jealousy—
I couldn't quite expect
That all my enemies would see
Me thrive and not object.
I couldn't be a cold lamb's tongue,
Nor yet a currant bun.
A herring, tripe—but yet I tried
To act for every one.
It's just another case of an ambition
(without doubt),
Downtrodden—for, you know, the gang
all had their hammers out!

And now there's nothing left to do
But be a storm door hinge,
Or else a piece of armor plate—
And yet I do not cringe.
But, some day when you tread the pave
(And I'm a cobblestone)
Look down and smile and thank me for
The happy days you've known.
When I came with the glass of beer
for which you thirsted so.
And say, "Well done, old friend!"
That's all I ask before I go!

spondent. A. E. W.

THREE KISSES.
The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not,
And earth's forgot,
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss on unanswering clay,
When dead lips tell
We must say farewell
Till the dawn of the judgment day.

PARTNER WANTED.



"Please, ma'am, won't you sit down
on this drain tile a few minutes? We're
playing hide and seek, and if you sit
here they won't find me." —Le Samedi.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

(Browning's Monthly.)
The meanest old miser that ever was seen
Was a fellow who lived upon our village green.
He starved himself daily, the better to save,
And never a cent to a beggar he gave;
He split all his matches in two, to do twice;
He made himself bald to save hair-cutting
price;
He lived on his neighbors, whenever he could,
And picked up odd pieces of coal and of wood;
He begged all the clothing that he ever wore,
And added each day to his fast-growing store.
He had saved fifty thousand, when one day he
died,
And his two nephews came in to divide.
The nephews were young, and the nephews
were fast;
With their lavish expenses no fortune could
last.
They'd no thought of working from morning
till night,
But lived in an epicurean delight.
The theater, party, reception and ball—
These two gay young fellows attended them all!
And, ere the old miser was dead quite a year,
The youths saw the last of his cash disappear!
So what took a lifetime of thrift to acquire
One year of expense burned in profligacy's fire.
'Tis the way of the world, and it ever will be—
'Tis simpler to squander than save, you can
see!

DEAD, POOR MAN!



Willie—Papa, was Mr Jones never in
time for anything?
Papa—What do you mean, my son?
Willie—I was wondering why you always
call him "the late Mr Jones."



When first I went to work for you in eighteen eighty four,
I used to climb three flights of stairs to reach the sanctum floor;
And, breathless with excitement, I used to sit me down
And write a thrilling article that should have scooped the town.

But the grim blue pencil sages
Made incisions in my pages,
And cut the graceful mazes
Of my French and Latin phrases
And English that Macaulay wouldn't hesitate to sign;
Till, instead of high position,
And leading each edition,

My article was published as a little local line!
Those grim blue pencil villains! how I thirsted for their gore,
When first I went to work for you in eighteen eighty four!

When first I went to work for you in eighteen eighty-four,
How many greetings then I heard that now are heard no more
From men who thought and toiled for you through every doubt and fear,
And helped to make your countenance grow brighter every year;

Helped to give your eye the twinkle
That obliterates the wrinkle;
Helped to keep you cool and steady,
With a brain that's ever ready
To see the spot of greensward in the driest sands of life,
And to look for joy, not sorrow,
And believe one glad tomorrow

Is certainly worth millions of the yesterdays of strife.
O such you were at twelve years old, and grown so more and more,
Since first I went to work for you in eighteen eighty-four.

When first I went to work for you in eighteen eighty-four,
Your years were just a dozen and a smaller suit you wore;
But man and clothes kept moving, till, enormous grown your girth,
At twenty-five you stand among the leaders of the earth;

Stand among the leaders
Of the myriads of readers,
And first in circulation
In this section of the nation—

The marvel of New England and the captain of her press.
You're a peach, and women bless you,
A plum, and tots caress you,
And celebrate your wedding to the goddess of success!
To honor, then, your wedding day, this lyric draught I pour—
So glad I went to work for you in eighteen eighty four.

DOWN IN OLD ST AUGUSTINE.

There are quaint and narrow streets
Where the dull coquina houses
Look like fortified retreats,
Many a dread tale arouses,
Or some legend, weird, romantic
Clings about the moss draped tree,
While the thundering Atlantic
Tells of escapades at sea.

Once I listened to their tales,
Reveled in their old romances,
Now another charm prevails
That a thousand times enhances
All the happy, restful glory
Of the slumberous, dreamy town;
All by heart I know this story,
Ev'ry word and smile and frown,

In a dingy little store,
Curios strange, and some uncanny,
Snakeskins, lizards, shells galore
Filled up ev'ry nook and cranny.
Once for curios prospecting,
Enterling at the narrow door,
Eyes looked into eyes, reflecting
Splendors never seen before!

O'er a strange Bahama chain,
Intricate with bead and winkle,
This fair daughter of old Spain
Smoothing out each kinky wrinkle,
On each beauty much enlarging
Let me place it round her neck,
Doubtless for such favor charging
As I wrote her out a check.

On those beads her smiles I told,
"Mariana," lisped each wink'e,
And my bliss was four days old
As I straightened out each kinkle.
But alas, a jealous midget,
Stole the charm my love did wear—
Said her truly name was Bridget,
And her father came from Clare!

Boston. Hale Howard Richardson.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

(Nashville Banner.)
O, a home is a terrible handicap
To a soul that fain would be free;
It has captured many a prisoned chap,
But it shall never shackle me.

Instead of the cares I would have to face
In the same old rounds each day,
O, give me a room in a lodging place
And a lunch at a chance cafe.

I never need hurry to catch my car,
For I haven't a place to go,
And early or late, no meals I mar.
For I'm dining alone, you know.
The hands of the clock I never chase,
For I drift in an easy way,
Since I sleep in a transient lodging place
And lunch at a chance cafe.

A brother of mine—I loved him well!—
Went wrong in his early years,
For he married and bought him a place to dwell

(O, the thought of it brings me tears!)
And there he has lived—what a pitiful case!—
And there he will likely stay,
While I still sleep in a lodging place
And lunch at a chance cafe.

I sometimes think of his wife and child,
And the vine at his cottage door,
While I dream of the perfect lips that smiled—
But they smile for me no more.
And I muse, "If the saint with the angel face
Had answered me 'Yes' that day,
Would I sleep in a transient lodging place
Or lunch at a chance cafe?"

Yes, but the Nine's Away Just Now.

O, take a day off when you can—
Don't wait to cross mountains and seas;
There's holiday fit for a man
Wherever there's sky and a breeze.

—(Chicago Record.)

The Way the City Editor Does.

"What is 'dolce far niente'?"
"Well—in its finest phrase, it is sitting
perfectly still and watching somebody
else work."—(Detroit Free Press.)

THE BRUTE!



Young husband—Do you know what I would do, my dear, if that lady was not sitting opposite?

Bride—No, what would you do?

Young husband—I'd sit over there myself, for I can't bear to ride backward.—
(Humoristische Blätter.)

GLADYS AND HER WHEEL.

(Somerville Journal.)

It was a windy day in March
When Gladys got her wheel.
The sort of day when crimp's need starch,
And many were the glances arch,
When Gladys got her wheel.

The neighbors all looked out to see,
When Gladys got her wheel.
Her wild gyrations toward a tree
Filled their unholly souls with glee,
When Gladys got her wheel.

Nine little boys sat on the fence,
When Gladys got her wheel.
They saw her fall, with grief intense,
And watched her ride, with joy immense,
When Gladys got her wheel.

But little work was done that day
When Gladys got her wheel.
Folks couldn't keep their eyes away,
And some felt there was need to pray,
When Gladys got her wheel.

For O, the wind was bold and free,
When Gladys got her wheel.
It blew her over finally,
And Dr Johnson got a fee,
When Gladys got her wheel.

[By George MacDonald.]

There came a man to our town-en'
And a waesome carl was he;
Snibblet-bit, and crouikit-mou'd,
And gley'd o' ae blinter ee.
Muckle he spied, and muckle he spek,
But the overcome o' his sang,
Whatever the tune, was aye the same;
There's name o' ye but's wrang.
Ye're a' wrang and a' wrang,
And a' thegither a' wrang;
There's no a man about the town
But's a' the ither a' wrang.
That's no the gait to fire the bield,
Nor yet to brew the yell;
That no the gait to haud the pleuch,
Nor yet to ca' the mill;
That's no the gait to milk the coo,
Nor yet to spean the calf;
Nor yet to tramp the girenl-meal—
Ye kenna yer warf by half!
Ye're a' wrang, etc.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
And lat alone to preach;
He nowher had the gift o' grace,
Nor yet the gift o' speech.
He mind't him o' Balaam's ass,
Wi' a differ we may ken:
The Lord he open'd the ass' mou'.
The minister opens's ain.
He's a' wrang, etc.

The minster neva can sing,

A BABY UNBOSOMS ITSELF.

I wish I wasn't pretty and I wish I wasn't sweet;
I wish folks didn't think I look "just good enough to eat;"
I wish—if I'm a rosebud, as they say—that I had thorns
As sharp as Mama's needles and as big as Mooley's horns.
I wish that great big grown-up folks weren't mean enough to take
Advantage of a little, teeny-weeney mite, and make
Life a burden to a baby, pouncing on it, one and all,
In a way they wouldn't dare to if it wasn't weak and small.
I guess, if you were me, that you'd be mad—
Tho' you're as meek
As Moses—if each woman poked a finger in your cheek,
And said, "Oo pitty itty sing!" and all but took your breath
Away with her hard hugging, while she kissed you most to death.

They call me "little angel," but an angel would be roiled
By such outrage, and an angel's disposition would be spoiled;
Yet these fool folks they all wonder why I double up my fist,
And with angry haws bombard them ev'ry time that I am kissed.
I'm a baby that's abused, and I just think it is a shame
The busy, big society that's got the great, long name—
What is it that they call it, now—the S. F. P. C. C.?—
Can't keep those cruel women from forever kissing me!

—More Norton Readings—

NOT MEANT FOR HIM.

[From Pearson's Weekly.]

A countryman who was walking along a certain street the other day stopped in front of a fire station and looked in.
"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No; not unless they're in our district, or unless there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"Oh, yes."

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out, and were quickly hitched to the hose cart, and within a few seconds men, horses and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The interested young man watched the performance with undistinguished admiration.

"By gum!" he exclaimed. "That's something like! There ain't a town in the whole o' the country where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do."

AN AWAKENING.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Proud pop (to old bachelor friend)—I tell you, Dawson, there's no baby like my baby."

Dawson—I'm glad you've waked up to that fact. I knew mighty well there never was a baby like the one you described.

But Not in Somerville on Sunday.
Now lumb'ring up the street there comes
A wagon and a man;
While on the startid air there hums
A merry rataplan.
Just at the crossing, sure as fate,
A cataract he'll start;
Who is this roving reprobate?
The spritler and his cart.
—(St Paul Dispatch.)

ANSWERED.



Old man (who has just been bumped) — You haven't got the manners of a pig.

Young man—No; but you have.
So he crept along.

PHILLIDA'S LENT.

(Charles G. D. Roberts in Truth.)

In smart attire my Phillida
Was gayest of the gay,
The giddy world was all to her;
But that was yesterday!
For, strange to tell, she seems content
With serious things—because it's Lent!

She goes to matins every day
And bows her knee demurely,
A nun of moonlight-colored mood
You would esteem her surely.
Some young Madonna she might be,
Made pale with prayer and ecstasy.

You'll swear 'tis fasting makes her cheek
Seem just a trifle thinner,
As plaintively she calls herself
A miserable sinner,
And finds in that convenient sentence
The fervor of profound repentance.

And yet be sure her utmost warmth
Of picturesque devotion
Will not be suffered to provoke
A too severe emotion.
With timely tears her eyes may swim—
But not enough to make them dim.

To play the part of penitent
To her is most becoming,
Or else I fear that round her feet
The world would still be humbling.
Less for her soul than her complexion
Is Lent a much desired protection.

Just watch her eyes and you will see
The naughty imp still in them;
And if you tempt her witcheries
She'll very soon begin them;
For when she's deepest in her prayers
The spell may take you unawares.

TWO VOICES.

Can't you hear the woodland stirring and the katydids a-whirring,
And the bullfrogs croak for gladness in the mere?
Is this a time for whining, over this and that repining,
When the mayflower and the crocuses appear?

Jones' Bill is due tomorrow, and for that I'll have to borrow,
And the Lord knows where the credit's to be got;

Times are hard, there's no denying, everybody goes a-sighing

That the country very surely's gone to pot.

Stuff and nonsense! Time is passing while you're dolorously gasping,

Suff the balsam of the springtime in the air,

For you the flowers are springing and for you the birds are singing

Just as truly as for any millionaire!

West Gardner, Mass. R. Easton.

WHEN JOHNNY IS NAUGHTY.



Visitor—Johnny, do you ever play
"hunt the slipper?"
Johnny—No; mother does sometimes.

IN SOMERVILLE ON SUNDAY.

Should Nature start to lay the dust
In Somerville on Sunday,
Would hyper-pious people pray
To have her stopped till Monday?

The most refreshing shower must meet
With their disapprobation;
How could the straight-laced count it aught
But Sabbath desecration?

All growing things—the flowers, the trees,
The grasses—may be gladdened;
But O, by such a sinful sight,
The "unco guid" are saddened!

She gives these thirsty things a drink?
The upright must agree, then,
That—since it's done on Sunday—she's
No better than a heathen.

This pagan, Nature, who works on—
And knows, alas! no one day
From any other—should be made
To shut up shop on Sunday!

M. N. B.

HIS IDEAL AND HIS REAL WIFE.

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)

The woman I marry
Shall be stately and fair,
Her skin like the lily,
And golden her hair;
Her eyes blue as heaven
On a fair day in June,
Her voice soft as silver
Bells chiming in tune.

She shall love all things lovely
In nature and art;
Her smile shall bring sunshine
Into every heart.

The earth will seem fairer
Where'er she is seen;
All the world shall admire her,
My beautiful queen.

A YEAR LATER.

Ah! the world has no woman
So sweet as my wife;
She's the light of my household,
The joy of my life.
She's as brown as a gypsy,
With eyes black as sloes;
Her lips are like cherries,
Her cheeks like a rose.

Though she is not aesthetic,
Nor a stately queen,
She's the winsomest creature
That ever was seen.
With her home is happy,
Free from trouble and strife;
Heaven bless her, my darling!
My dear little wife.

O, WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

(Washington Star.)

His business never leaves a chance
To take a holiday
When his wife reads the announcement
Of a coming matinee.
Life is much too short for trifles
And his time she must not claim.
But when a friend invites him out
To see a baseball game—
That's different.

He vows a man should ne'er complain
About the tax he pays,
But gladly help the government
Its revenue to raise.
Each one should swell the public purse
That threatens to grow slim;
Yet when the bland assessor comes
Interrogating him—
That's different.

He ever counsels gentleness,
And says no person ought
To let himself forget the calm
Of philosophic thought;
Nothing in life is great enough
To justify our ire.
But when, eleven miles from home,
A tack sticks in his tire—
That's different.

HIS GARDEN.

(Somerville Journal.)

He spaded it with diligence
(And also with a spade),
And O, he had the back-ache
By the time he got it made!
He raked it off quite smoothly,
And made some pretty beds,
And at night he dreamed of turnips
And great prize cabbage-heads.

Well, when he got it ready,
He planted seeds galore
Of every kind provided
At the agricultural store,
With fetticus, and celery,
And radishes, and beans,
And pepper grass, and onions,
And various kinds of greens.

And cabbages, and melons,
And cucumbers, and peas,
And artichokes, and parsley,
And a few lettuce trees.
At last the whole was loaded,
And, having done his best,
And being somewhat tired,
He sat him down to rest.

Alas! that fatal error
Made all his labors vain.
The man who makes a garden
Should never rest, that's plain.
Attention every moment
A planted garden needs,
But he, he stopped to rest him—
And his only crop was weeds.

IN NOVEMBER.

(Somerville Journal.)

The winter days will soon be here,
With ice, and sleet, and snow.
The mercury will go down stairs,
The icy winds will blow.
To you, beside a cheery fire,
The cold will seem remote;
But don't forget your fellow-man
Without an overcoat.

The coming of the winter means
Keen suffering for him.
A feeble fight with numbing Cold
And Hunger, gaunt and grim.
You may be clad in costly furs,
A muffler 'round your throat;
But don't forget your fellow-man
Without an overcoat.

Your bins are heaping full of coal,
Now winter has begun;
He buys a hodful at a time,
At twenty dollars a ton.
Enjoy your life. Your thought and care
To those you love devote;
But don't forget your fellow-man
Without an overcoat.

AT THE CONCERT.



Long-haired enthusiast—You don't
know what that selection was out of?
Bored friend—O, yes, I do.
Enthusiast—You do—what?
Friend (shortly)—Out of tune.

A BOY AZ IZ A BOY.

(William S. Hillyer in Up-to-Date.)

I like a boy az iz a boy—not one of them air
kind
So dressy-like an' dellikey—so cultured an' re-
fined,
With Fantleroy hats an' suits an' stringy yal-
ler curls,
An' general get-up like ez if they wuz only
girls;
I like a boy thet's hearty, and not like a great
big toy.
I like a boy thet's human-like—a boy az iz a
boy.

I like a boy az iz a boy, who plays leap-frog
an' tag,
Whose hank-chief sometimes resembles—well—a
discolored rag;
A boy thet splashes in th' pools when summer
rains come down,
A boy thet likes t' foller a perseshun 'round
th' town.
I like a boy az iz a boy—one who sometimes
glories
In tales of bloody piruts an' thrillin' Indian
stories.

I like a boy az iz a boy—one thet y' can't
mistake,
A boy thet will occasionally some command-
ments break;
I like a boy who's apt sometimes t' dirty shirts
an' collars,
Who's got an appetite, too, thet's worth ten
thousands dollars.
Tho' sometimes he's a nuisance, he'll finally
prove a joy;

I like a boy thet fights, by gosh—a boy az iz a
boy.

I like a boy az iz a boy—a boy who's not a
fool,
Who'd rather go a-fishin' eny day than go t'
school.

I like a boy thet climbs up trees, goes gunnin',
too, fer rats,
A boy who stones all strayin' dogs, and pelts
the neighbor's cats;
Tho' this seems cruel-like, it's only boyish glee,
by gum,
Which th' sorres of th' after years will knock
t' kingdom come.

I like a boy az iz a boy, whose hands ain't al-
ways clean,
A boy thet's rough but generous, a boy thet
isn't mean;
A boy who's sometimes sassy, but loves his
dad an' mother,
A boy who'd allus fight fer his comrade er his
brother.

I like a boy like this t' love—an' sometimes,
too, t' swat him—

I like a boy az iz a boy, an', thank God, Ihev
got him.

SMART BOY, THIS.



Lady—I want some oranges. What have you in the shape of oranges?
New apprentice—Round ones, mum.

MISTER MOONLIGHT.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

O Mister Moonlight, go yo' way
En don't you shine like dat!
For it mos' come time fer de break er day,
En de melon round en fat!
Don't you shine like dat—
Kase de melon round en fat;
Go yo' way!
It'll soon be day,
En de melon round en fat!

O Mister Moonlight! Hope dat cloud
Gwine ter put you out—like dat!
De dogs wake up, en dey barkin' loud,
En de melon round en fat!
En I feels like I could shout
Fer a wind ter blow you out!
Go yo' way!
It'll soon be day,
An' dar's melons all about!

WIVES ARE SO UNJUST!

Husband—Dearest Mathilde, I have made up my mind to grant all your wishes. You shall go to the mountains six weeks, you shall have a new dress, and the parlor shall be supplied with new rococo furniture.
Wife—O, Charles! What have you been doing?—(*Fliegende Blaetter*).

BUT SERVED BY A FASCINATING GIRL.

"Tommy asked me what a festival is."
"What did you tell him?"
"I told him it was an occasion when church people are called together to pay 50 cents for a dish containing seven strawberries and a dab of ice cream."—(*Detroit Free Press*).

THIS SEEMS TO HIT ALL CASES.

First clergyman—As good Americans, I don't think we ought to pray for the queen today.
Second clergyman—As good Americans, I think that's just what we ought to do, for we ought to believe that she needs praying for.—(*New York Tribune*).

THE TRANSCRIPT KINDLY TRANSLATES IT.

Chambermaid—Last evening monsieur took me for his wife.
Cook—Ah! He kissed you, I suppose?
"Not in the least. He called me names and made a terrible scene."—(*Le Figaro*,—(*Boston Transcript*).

A WORD TO THE WISE.

(Puck.)

Brake, brake, brake,
With your foot on the foremost wheel,
And never let up on the tempting slope,
No matter how you may feel.

"Tis well for the scorching bold
As he skims on his level way,
With the toe-clips firm on his wary feet,
And his ninety-gear at play.

But the coasting fool goes on
To a smashup under the hill,
With splintered bones and a fractured skull,
And his good wheel cold and still.

Brake, brake, brake,
With your foot on your front wheel true,
And the broken fate of that imbecile's fate
Will never occur to you.

THE LORD WORKETH IN WON-
DROUS WAYS.
(Even on Sunday in Somerville.)

In a no-license town, not far from the hub,
In a very dry place—and there comes the rub—
A dear little baby took sick one day,
So the doctor was sent for, right away.
'Twas on Sabbath morn, all sultry and brown,
When the wind swept the dust straight through
the town,
The church-goers cov'ring from toe to crown.
That the doctor came from the city straight
And sprang from his trap at the garden gate.
A few seconds later, as he knelt at the cot,
Smoothing lightly the brow, now so fey'ish and
hot,
While noting the pulse that was running wild,
He softly murmured: "You poor little child;"
Then turned to the mother, and gruffly said,
"The baby's stuffed up with dust in her head;
Lungs are choc full; you can write on the bed
So thick is the dust that has sifted in . . .
Your streets are not watered! Why, what a
sin!"

"O, how sad is my lot," the poor mother cried;
"It cannot be helped, tho' my baby had died.
Our pastors and choirs both work, sing and
pray,
But others must rest on the Sabbath day;
One out of seven we holy must keep,
Tho' cinders and dust cause our eyes to weep,
And germs of disease in stealth on us creep.
In other words, doctor, they steal their hearts—
List not to our cry for watering carts."

When doctor for baby had done what he could
He declared he'd water the street—that he
would.
Even beneath a divine's very nose,
If shown the way to the garden hose!
But meanwhile it seemed the Lord had looked
down
On the dusty, dirty, sweltering town,
And witnessed its state with a black'ning frown.
So he worked at his sprays with might and
main

—was drenched with my blessed
HE DIDN'T PROCEED.

[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

Young Mr. Homewood had long been smitten by Miss Northside's charms, and had made up his mind to propose. By way of leading up to the offer of his hand and heart, he said:
"Miss Northside, I think I'll marry and make some girl happy."

"But, Mr. Homewood, are you not overestimating your ability?" replied the young lady, and the proposal never went any further.

AN INSTAN'E.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is the courage that makes a boy do what he thinks is right, regardless of the jeers of his companions."

"Then," said Willie, "if a feller has candy and eats it all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers callin' him stingy, is that moral courage?"

STILL WITH U.

[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

"Apparently there is no use for horses in these days of electric cars, bicycles and horseless carriages," remarked McSwillegen.
"Oh, that's not so," replied Squidig. "Since they commenced to slaughter horses and can them for food, we can still have them in our midst."

IN THE VERNAL PLATE.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"No," he said, musingly. "I see that I can make no impression on that heart of ice."

"That is to say," replied the Boston maiden, with a smile that was like the glint of the arctic sun across the glacier, "in this case you cut no ice, as the vulgar would put it."

UNPERTURBED.

[From the Washington Star.]

"I am afraid," said the young man who is candidly critical, "that there is some foreign substance in this coffee."
"Certainly," replied Mrs. Hashem.
"That remark shows that you have the palate of a connoisseur. The coffee itself is import."

THE SONG OF THE HAT.

(Carolyn Wells in Chicago Times-Herald.)

With manner haughty and proud,

At a crowded Saturday mat.,

A woman sat in unwomanly gear,

Wearing a Theater Hat.

Bob, bob, bob,

Now this way and now that;

I tried to get a view of the stage

From behind that Theater Hat.

Bob, bob, bob,

As the interest grew more keen,

And bob, bob, bob,

When the stars come on the scene!

It's O, to be a Turk,

Or to join a Zulu band,

Where woman has never a hat to wear,

If this is a Christian land!

Bob, bob, bob,

Till the brain begins to swim,

And bob, bob, bob,

To dodge that bobbing brim;

Bird, feather and bird,

Flower, feather and bird—

Until at the end of a second hour

I say an awful word.

O, girls, with brothers dear,

O, girls, with lovers and beaux,

It's not the hat you're wearing out,

It's the patience and love of those,

Bob, bob, bob,

If I could only get a peep!

Alas, that hats should be so dear,

And theater seats so cheap.

Bob, bob, bob,

My head incessant wags;

And what is the prospect? A hat of straw,

Or velvet, or felt or rags!

That ostrich plume and this pheasant's wing.

A buckle, a mop of hair;

A bunch of bows and a cabbage rose!

Do you wonder I want to swear?

O, but to see the stage,

The heroine blonde and sweet!

O, to behold the villain rage!

And watch the soubrette's feet!

For only one short hour

To see us I used to see,

Before I knew the woes of a Hat

Wobbling in front of me!

With manner haughty and proud,

At a crowded Saturday mat.,

A woman sat in unwomanly gear,

Wearing a Theater Hat.

Bob, bob, bob,

Now this way, now that;

And still with my voice at concert pitch,

Would that its tone could reach the rich!

I sing the Song of the Hat.

SOLITUDE.

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "M. J. T." I send Ella Wheeler Wilcox' poem.

L. J. T.

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;

Sigh, it is lost on the air,

The echoes bound to a joyful sound,

But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;

Grieve, and they turn and go,

They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;

Be sad, and you lose them all—

There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;

Fast, and the world goes by.

Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure

For a large and lordly train,

But one by one we must all file on

Through the narrow aisle of pain.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

"Grandmother's Minuet."

To the Editor of the People's Column—Will some kind reader send me the recitation, "Grandmother's Minuet"? M. C.

The Poetry of Birth Stones.

In answer to "P. H. C.," "A. C. E.," "H. R. N." and "R. W.": To her who in first month is born No gem save garnet should be worn; They will insure her constancy, True friendship and fidelity.

The February born will find Sincerity and peace of mind, Freedom from passion and from care, If they the amethyst will wear.

Who, on this world of ours, their eyes In March first open, shall be wise In days of peril, firm and brave, And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

She who from April dates her years Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears For vain repentance flow; this stone, Emblem of innocence, is known.

Who first beholds the light of day In spring's sweet, flow'ry month of May, And wears an emerald all her life, Shall be a loved and happy wife.

Who comes with summer to this earth, And owes to June her day of birth, With ring of agate on her hand, Can health, wealth and long life command.

The glowing ruby should adorn Those who in warm July are born; Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee No conjugal felicity;

The August born without this stone,

'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

A maiden born when autumn leaves Are rustling in September breeze, A sapphire on her brow should bind; 'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October's child is born for woe, And life's vicissitudes must know; But lay an opal on her breast, And hope will lull those woes to rest.

Who first comes to this world below With drear November's fog and snow, Should prize the topaz' amber hue, Emblem of friends and lovers true.

If cold December gave you birth, The month of snow, and ice, and mirth, Place on your hand a turquoise blue; Success will bless what's'er you do.

"They Say."

To the Editor of the People's Column—in answer to "C. R. W." I send this poem: A. A. "They say!" Ah well! suppose they do! But can they prove the story true? Suspicion may arise from naught. But malice, envy, want of thought. Why count yourself among the they Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say!" But why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the bitter wrong redress, Or make a pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!" O, pause, and look within! See how thy heart inclines to sin; Watch lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its pow'r! The frail, then, pity for their fall, But speak of good, or not at all.

Aug. 28, 1872.

WHEN SAMANTHY GOES TO BOSTON.

Samanthy, she's been tellin'
How, sometime, 'long this fall,
She's goin' ter visit Boston;
An' goin' ter make a call
On all our rich relations
Out ter Jamaica Plain.
Says I, "Yes, I'll believe it,
When I see ye 'board the train!"

Ben savin' up her bes dress
For nigh on thutty year,
So's to hev somethin' ready—
Fer clothes is awful dear!
She's goin' ter set a flower-pot
Inside her bonnet crown,
An' hev some bat'ral roses,
Like those they wear in town.

Some things I've ben a wantin'
She can send home by freight.
I'll hev a hossless carriage,
I hear they work fast rate;
I've got 'bout forty dollars—
I'll hev a bran new suit;
Our boy shall hev a fiddle,
An' a bicycle to boot!

I'll send an' git a mower,
An' a good new cider press;
Things are cheaper'n dirt in Boston!
An' wife can spend the rest;
She'll want to do some shoppin',
An'take in all the sights
From 'scursions down the harbor
To the theater o' nights.

Says I, "The law is 'Off with hats,'
When you sit at the play."
Says she, "I'll take the flower-pot out
'Twll be a nice bouquet!"
Says I, "Ner you won't like it,
When the actor gals kick high!"
Says she, "When I'm in Boston
I'll be Boston, if I die!"

Samanthy'll set the fashion,
When she comes home from town;
She'll be invited out to tea
By Smith's an' Jones' and Brown!
Fer she's bound to see the elephant,
The chutes, the dogs an' all,
When Samanthy goes to Boston
Sometime, fore long, this fall!

Everett. E. U. Snow.

MY SCHOOLROOM.

(Katherine Lee Bates in American Agriculturist.)

I have closed my books and hidden my slate
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;
Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself, like a school boy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the sassy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O, come! O, come! or we shall be late,
And Autumn will fasten the golden gate.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

I.
I must wake and get up early,
Get up early, mother dear;
For tomorrow is the biggest day
Of any in the year.
I've bought the horns and powder, mother,
And cannon crackers, too;
So I must wake and get up early
As all the boys will do.

II.
Last year we had a high old time,
We went all through the town—
And changed the names of all the stores,
And pushed the fences down.
We tied tin cans on all the dogs—
Except a few we knew—
And in addition to the tins
We tied torpedoes, too.

III.
Tonight, I watched the red sun set;
And as it set, I smiled—
For I knew the night would soon pass by
And bring the morn so wild.
For we'll blow our tin horns loud, mother,
At every one we meet;
And you'll hear our cannon crackers
Sputter! Fizz! Bang! in the street.

IV.
There'll be many a big black eye, mother
And heads swelled twice their size;
And fingers burned, and eyebrows singed—
Before the great day dies.
So have your plasters ready, mother,
And the salve and liniment;
For I may need them all you know,
Before the day is spent.

V.
Then good night, good night, mother dear,
Call me early in the morn,
If you find it hard to wake me—
Blow loud on my tin horn.
For you know I sleep so sound, mother
That I fear I may not wake—
Unless you rise and call me
When the day begins to break.
Milford, Mass. Margaret Heaphy.

Feminine Financier.

THE VAMPIRE.

(Rudyard Kipling.)

A fool there was, and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I).
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care);
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I).

O, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was, and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I).
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant);
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I).

O, the toll we lost, and the spoll we lost,
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why),
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his—o'ish hide
(Even as you and I).
Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried).
So some of him lived, but most of him died
(Even as you and I).

And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame,
That stings like a white-hot brand;
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why),
And never could understand.

Tr
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MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN.

(Janet Sanderson in The Churchman.)
Up over the wall at the garden's end
The ivy climbs. Bright nasturtiums bend
Their brilliant blooms to the glossy leaves
As in and out the sunlight weaves.

At early morn and at evening hour
My neighbor cares for this blooming bower;
Little knows he that just over the way
One shares his beauty day by day.

'Tis a homely garden, but O, so fair!
Its precious fragrance fills the air.
The morning glories of many hues
Are the first to greet the early dews.

The prince's feather nods and bends
A greeting to its humbler friends;
While pansies, with their gentle grace,
Tell the old tale—the stepmother's face.

The tiger lily lifts its head
Close by a bed of zinnias red;
The graceful bluebells wave and swing
And the gorgeous marigolds upward fling

A mass of color, a field of gold;
And the roses' bloom! O, wealth untold!
The hollyhocks so grand and tall
Lean over against the garden wall.

A sturdy vine o'er trellised stair
Lifts its flaming trumpets high in air;
The poppies and geraniums red
Make a scarlet coverlet for a bed.

Only the common garden flowers,
With common sunshine and common showers,
But life is sweeter each summer's day
For my neighbor's garden just over the way.

WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)
Jes' a-wearyin' for you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;

Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Room's so lonesome with your chais'
Empty by the fireplace there;
Jes' can't stand the sight of it!
Go out doors an' roan a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Comes the wind, with soft caress,
Like the rustlin' of your dress;
Blossoms fallin' to the ground
Softly, like your footstep sound;
Violets like your eyes so blue—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Mornin' comes; the birds awake;
Use to sing so for your sake!
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats;
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Evenin' comes; I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
Seems jes' like you arter be
There to open it for me!
Latch goes tinklin'; thrills me through—
Sets me wearyin' for you!

Jes' a-wearyin' for you!
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' for you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home agen.
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jes' a-wearyin' for you!

Worn Out.

Tramp—"Please, sir, won't you give me a pair of shoes? I've worn these all out looking for work. I'm a gardener, sir."

Benevolent Individual—"I will give you another pair with pleasure. Here, take these. By the way, the seat of your pants is all worn out, too."

Tramp—"Yes, sir; I wore them out while workin' at my last job."

Another Convert.

Small Boy—"Papa, this book says that when an office-holder in China gets rich the people cut his head off and confiscate his property, 'cause they know he stole it."

Great Statesman—"Jee Whittaker! We don't want any Chinese notions over here. The Chinese must go."

LUTE HAWKIN'S WIFE.

(Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.)
Lute Hawkin's wife's a worker, I'm willa an' free to say,
There ain't no laziness in her, she's hustlin' night & day
An' tellin' yer jest the truth on't, an' givin' Old Nick his due,
There may be thrifter women, but I guess they're mighty few.
Her house is as clean as a whistle, there's nary a speck nor crumb,
An' she'd a-been jest perfection if only they'd made her dumb;
But her tongue's got more rough aiges than a rake-tooth, cross-cut saw,
An' she rasps yer all to thunder whenever she starts her jaw.

We've been there a-visitin' lately, Mary—my wife—and me.
Stayed there a fortnight, I reckon, an' it made us sick to see
The way she'd light on Luther for the littlest triflin' things.
An' the kinder talk she give him is the kind that sticks and stings.
An' him, good land! he doesn't tell folks his soul's his own,
An' he answers her awful humble, in the meekest kind of a tone.
I sez to him, "Have some gumption," but he only sez, "Gee whiz!"
I reckon you never see her when her dander'd reely riz."

But say, one night—O, lordy! I ain't got over it yet—
Lute started away with a pitcher, intendin' to go an' git
Some cider they had in the cellar, but his foot ketched, unwarens,
An' away went Lute an' the crock'y to the foot of the cellar stairs—
Bumpety-crash-tellarn'! wonder he wa'n't killed dead;
But his wife she thought of the pitcher, an' not of the old man's head.
"Did yer break the pitcher, yer looney?" she hollered to him, jest so;
An' Luther ran up, b'ilin', and he fairly screched out, "No!"
"It ain't hurt nary an atom, it ain't got even a crick."
But you'd think of a ten-cent pitcher if I broke my tarmal back;
Your blamed old jug is solid, but now I'll settle its hash!"—
An' he up with the thing, by ginger, an' busted it all to smash.
Well, wa'n't that woman a pictur, her mouth was as big as a cup,
But before she could git it to workin', Lute sings out, "Yew shut up!"
An' I reckon yer won't believe it, but I wish that I might be hung
If the rest of that blessed evenin' she didn't jest hold her tongue.

THE PIGSKIN CHASERS.

(Athlete's Journal.)
Hip! hip! hurrah! A tiger, too,
And all that sort of thing—
Let loose the loudest kind of yells,
And high the headgear fling.
We've waited long and now we join
In wild tumultuous cheer,
For on the long gridiron fields
The football teams appear.

The heroes with the padded limbs
And Paderewski hair
Now own the earth—that is, as much
As on their suits they wear.
Like athletes bold of ancient times
They're always out for blood,
But now and then they take a turn
At wiping up the mud.

With sturdy hearts and curving backs
They line up for the pass,
Then helter-skelter off they go
To tumble in a mass.
Perchance they rise to find that nose
Or ear or tooth is gone,
But when the ambulance is filled
The game goes gaily on.

A thousand chap'les, crazed with joy,
Disturb the atmosphere
By giving vent to yell's that play
Sad havoc with the ear.
The football girls, who heretofore
Had seemed as mild as doves,
In frenzy clasp their hands until
They burst their dainty gloves.

Though some may call it brutal sport,
They surely must be wrong,
Else how would jollity prevail—
Among the watching throng?
So let us join in loud hurrahs,
And all the heroes praise,
For now we've reached the time of year
That brings the football craze.

Queen City Gas Co.

TROUBLE IN THE HOUSE OF YORK.

(Cleveland Leader.)
George has been flirting, so they say.

So they say:

He has been bestowing kisses

On a prince's pretty missus,

While her unsuspecting hubby was away,

So they say.

George's little duchess found it out, so they say.

So they say,

And she went to George's grandma right away,

So they say:

"O, George, come and tell us

What has made your wife so jealous."

Said grandma: "You've been gettin' gay,

So they say."

Then George stood confounded, and he blushed a rosy red,

So they say:

But he pulled himself together and he confidently said,

So they say:

"What's the use of all this bother?

I am following my father—"

Whereat everybody present took a turn at raising Ned,

So they say.

O, George's mother wishes she were dead,

So they say,

And an angry husband's buying lots of powder and of lead,

So they say:

In the palace there is lawing,

Also intermittent clawing,

And, at last accounts the duke was hidin' underneath the bed,

So they say!

A COLLEGE TRAINING.

(Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.)
Home from college came the stripling, calm and cool and debonair,

With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair,

With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate of work,

And a cigarette devotion that would shame the turbaned Turk.

And he called his father "Guv'nor," with a cheek serene and rude,

While that raging, wrathful rustic called his son a "blasted dude,"

And in dark and direful language muttered threats of coming harm

To the "idle, shiftless critter" from his father's good right arm.

And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the shed.—

"Now I'm goin' ter lick yer, sonny," so the sturdy parent said.

"And I'll knock the college nonsense from your noddle, mighty quick!"

Then he lit upon that chappy like a wagon-load of brick.

But the youth serenely murmured, as he gripped his angry dad.

"You're a clever rasher, Guv'nor, but you tackle very bad!"

And he rushed him through the center and he tripped him for a fall,

And he scored a goal and touchdown with his papa as the ball.

Then a cigarette he lighted, as he slowly strolled away.

Saying, "That was jolly, Guv'nor, now we'll practice every day."

While his father from the paddle, where he swallowed in disgrace,

Smiled upon his offspring, proudly, from a bruised and battered face,

And with difficulty rising, quick he hobbled to the house.

"Henry's all right, Ma," he shouted to his anxious, waiting spouse.

"He just licked me good and solid, and I tell ye, Mary Ann,

When a chap kin lick your husband he's a mighty able man."

LIEUT GARIBALDI IN NEW YORK.

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The Young Son of Garibaldi, the Italian Patriot, a Lieutenant in the Italian Navy, Came to New York Unexpectedly on the Kaiser Wilhelm to Spend an Eleven Months' Furlough in Traveling.

WITH HER EYES.

[From Judge.]

When you smile upon others and flirt a wee bit,
Or in waltzing with rivals quite near me
Never think I am jealous; for have you
That your eyes tell me, dearest, you love
me the best?

And as ever I see that sweet light in your eyes
When I look into them, dear, your bashful soul tries,
Oh! so hard to conceal it; but, dear,
You've confessed
By the light in your eyes that you love
me the best!

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.



Clergyman—My child, beware of picking a toadstool instead of a mushroom. They are easy to confuse.
Child—That be all right, sur! Us ain't a-goin' to eat 'em ourselves—they're a-going to market to be sold.

AWKWARDLY PHRASED.



Miss Plutus—But, Capt Hawleigh,
would you love me when I grow old
and ugly?
The captain (gallantly)—You may
grow older, my dear Miss Plutus, but
you can never grow uglier. (And he
wondered why she rejected him.)

LOVE ON THE LINKS.

(Life.)

I see her face in the distance,
From under her jaunty cap;
They're over the run—they've nearly won!—
My love and the other chap.
They sit on a stile together
And wait; it is still our "Lie;"
I flourish my club, and the skin I rub
From over the caddy's eye.

Confound that chap who's with her—he will
utter

The words I've as yet had no chance to speak;
The devil take the driver and the putter!
The lofter and the mashy and cleek!

At last, on the green, we join them,
But what does he whisper low?
I very much doubt if it's "your hole out,"
Or as to the score, you know!
Four-somes are gresome, I'm thinking,
You're pain from the time you start,
When a winsome maid, in a gay Scotch plaid,
Tees off, and the ball's your heart!

You've lost the game—you fear you've lost the
lassie,

Because of t'other fellow, and his cheek;
You mutter low; "The devil take the brassay!
The lofter and the driver and the cleek!"

Not a Bit Like You, is He?

"Did you say that boy of yours was
ambitious?"

"Ambitious! Well, I should say! Why,
that boy does nothing but sit around all
day and think of the great things he's
going to do."—(Philadelphia North Ameri-
can venuers.)

THE PROUD PAPA AT PRINCETON.

When on Fame's dizzy height he stood,
Great Grover's cup of joy
Ne'er lacked its bitter drop—Joy's crown
Was ne'er without alloy;
Then he was president, but now
He's Father of a Boy!

The heavy hand, that erstwhile held
The reins of power, now pokes
Its pudgy fingers in the soft
Pink cheeks, or gently strokes
The hand, of the young king who'll rule
The White house 'mong the oaks.

Were all earth's crowns his own, he'd give
Them all—nor e'er repent—
For what lies in the bassinet
By which he sits content
And hushabys the Baby who
May yet may be President!

M. N. B.

"JOE" IS A WONDER.

Orang-Outang Who Wears Clothes and Smokes.

He is Expected to Arrive in Boston Friday from the Pacific Slope.

Comes East in a Special Car and Will be Exhibited at the Zoo.

There was great good feeling at the Zoo yesterday morning.

Manager Dexter was wearing a smile as broad as the elephant's ear, and the only Mr Bostock, animal trainer and impresario of the aggregation of jungle favorites now playing at the old public library building, was giving everybody a warm hand and throwing out his chest as he looked over the morning mail and took a turn in the exhibition hall to see how the day's business was opening.



JOE TAKES A SMOKE.

The cause of all this jollity was a message from the far west, saying that Joe was well on his way toward Boston.

Joe is a "monk." He is not only one of that interesting species of prehistoric man, but he is the smoothest "monk" in the zoological outfit.

There have been some wonderful gentlemen of the "monk" persuasion shown to the public at different times, but the noise of their fame would be like the sound of dropping cotton compared with the furor that will be made when Joe arrives on the beach.

Joe is the only orang-outang in the world who wears clothes, to begin with. He doesn't wear them as the organ grinder's poor little simian wears his red blanket, as if it were a mustard plaster, but because he likes them. He has worn them for years, and is as much at home in them as he is in his skin.

Then Joe has acquired some of the habits of his fellows a little farther along the road of evolution that make him specially interesting. He smokes, and is rather fond of his pipe. He is not averse to taking a quiet "ball" for his stomach's sake, though he knows

enough not to get too much aboard, which is to his credit, and reflects a moral that may be inferred.

The story of the way Joe happened to come this way has not been told. Until a few months ago Mr Bostock did not know there was such a monk in the world as Joe. When he learned by chance about the wonderful animal he lost no time in trying to make terms with the owner, which was no easy task, for there's not a monkey in this land with a price like this same Joe's.

The people who owned the animal positively refused to listen to any proposition to show him. Mr Bostock kept the wires hot, but it was no go. Joe was on the Pacific slope, where he had resided since his arrival from Borneo, and the owner did not want to bring him into the raw climate of the Atlantic coast.

That made no difference to the Zoo people. They were bound to have Joe, and they knew it would pay them to get him mighty quickly, for the circus season is at hand, and there isn't a circus man in the business who would not mortgage his show to get such an animal as this one.

So when the Zoo managers found they could do nothing toward getting the orang outang by correspondence, they sent a representative to the Pacific coast with instructions to get Joe at any rate.



JOE WRITING HOME.

The representative of the Boston managers got the animal. They are not telling what they had to pay for him. The price, however, is the largest ever paid for an attraction of the kind. Joe's salary will be bigger while he is here than that of the president of the United States for the same period.

The almost human animal is coming east in a private car, and is expected to arrive in Boston Friday.

If he gets here on time, and is in good health, he will be placed on exhibition the first of next week. The management anticipates a crush when Joe makes his bow, and are arranging for special facilities in handling the crowd.

Indeed, if the crowd is anything like what the management of the Zoo anticipates it will require a cordon of police to keep the street clear in front of the building.

Students of psychology will find in Joe a phenomenon that cannot but prove of the greatest interest. The animal seems possessed, from all accounts, of almost human intelligence, if this hackneyed phrase may be used.

Joe's only misfortune is that he cannot talk. His intelligence seems to be such that he would make a very interesting conversationalist if nature had been more liberal with him. He seems to feel his misfortune, it is said, and at times shows the greatest desire to talk.

One of the most striking things about Joe is the look of understanding that is shown in his face. He never fails to notice all the fine points in a situation, and when he poses for his photograph,

as is shown in the illustration, he puts feeling and expression into his mobile countenance.

One of the pictures given shows Joe in the act of writing. He does not write much English, though he is up in monkey talk, which unfortunately none of his present acquaintances can translate.

Joe, as he appears when enjoying a whiff at the weed, is shown in the other illustration. The attitude is one that he often assumes and it has never failed to delight those who have been so fortunate as to see the animal.

Joe is now 26 years old. He is of hardy constitution, and as he has always been treated by his owner as an equal he has acquired many of man's ways that have never been taken up by any other representative of the monkey family.

His keeper, who is traveling east with him, treats Joe as he would a brother, and the fellowship of the man and monkey is one of the strangest things psychologists can witness.

The love of the orang-outang for his master is great. The animal is seldom refractory, and always yields to reason. He imitates his master in all he does, and the result is the most remarkable manners ever possessed by a monkey, so remarkable, indeed, that the average bear can hardly divest himself of

the idea that there is something human about the animal.

All the facts about Joe that are known to the management of the Zoo were secured by their representative, who made a study of the animal, and secured many photographs of him, as Joe is fond of being photographed and is always ready to pose.

The Zoo people are confident, however, that the charms of Joe can never be half told in any advance story, and they are impatient to get him here and give the Boston public a chance to see him.

"In the Downhill of Life."

To the Editor of the People's Column—In answer to "E. F. W." I send the following poem.

C. G. N.

IN THE DOWNSHILL OF LIFE.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be.

Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'er looks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,

While I carol away idle sorrow;

And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,

Look forward with hope for tomorrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
And a small spot of ground for the use of spade too,

With a barn for the use of the fall;

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,

And a purse when my friend wants to borrow,

I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,

Or the honors that await him tomorrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cat be completely

Secured by a neighboring hill,

And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,

By the sound of a murmuring rill:

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,

With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,

With my friends will I share what today may afford,

And let them spread the table tomorrow.

And when I at last meet throw off this frail covering,

Which I've worn for years three score and ten:

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,

And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;

As this worn out old stuff, which is threadbare

today

May become everlasting tomorrow.

LIVES ON KING GEORGE'S GRANT.

Ammy Blodgett of West Brimfield Occupies Part of the Estate His Grandfather Received from the King.

Ammy Blodgett, the old mountaineer, dwells in the solemn grandeur of the rocky region about West Brimfield, a monarch, as it were, of all he surveys. Ammy Blodgett is the only living representative of the once famous family of that name, and he is a perfect type of longevity.

Mr Blodgett is in his 92d year, but is wonderfully keen of intellect, although his body shows the marks of time. His health is good, however, although he is so bent that he usually uses a staff in his walks about the neighborhood.

Time was when the Blodgetts were a power in this section. His grandfather was one of the original settlers. He was a land proprietor, his grant being signed by King George. This land grant extended eastward far into the Wadduck range.

Ammy Blodgett was born in Warren, where his father had lived for some time before his birth. During his early years



MR AMMY BLODGETT.
Mountaineer, West Brimfield.

he worked in various shops and mills, finally learning the shoemaker's trade. This occupation he followed for two years, giving it up to become a blacksmith.

Five years he followed this occupation. He then worked in blast furnaces in Brookfield and Stafford, Conn., but later returned to the vicinity of his birthplace and found employment in the saw mills in that section. In 1851 Mr Blodgett decided to become a farmer and settled on the farm where he at present resides. Mr Blodgett had married at the age of 25, and with his wife settled down to enjoy the remainder of his days in agricultural pursuits.

He dislikes to be idle, and in spite of his years, finds much pleasure in constant employment. He is still a great walker, and has no difficulty in visiting on foot friends several miles away. His hearing is slightly impaired, but his eyesight is wonderfully good. He finds no difficulty in reading ordinary print without the aid of glasses, but cannot see off to long distances.

Mr Blodgett's memory is remarkable. He remembers recent happenings and older ones with equal facility. He loves far better, however, to discuss the old times rather than the more recent part of his career.

His grandfather built a portion of the house which he now occupies, and as a boy he frequently visited it. The country at that time was heavily wooded. A

few survivors of the ~~our Indian tribes~~ still remained. Mr Blodgett well remembers old John Leathercoat.

John and his wife lived, with their three sons, on the mountains; and the family was supported by the sale of baskets and other articles of Indian manufacture. He and his wife, together with two of their sons, were frozen to death. The other son, Columbus Quan, went to sea, and was never again heard from.

Two Indian squaws, who lived in Holland, were also known by Mr Blodgett. He remembers them particularly well. He says they lived by weaving, and that one was especially fond of liquor, and to keep her from a constant state of intoxication, the sister drank a sufficient share of the liquor to make a really successful jag difficult for either.

West Brimfield at the present time can scarcely be called a village. There is a collection of houses there, however, and a good-sized brickyard. In Mr Blodgett's boyhood days houses there were very few. Old Isaac Powers kept a tavern, and there were two log cabins, one of them occupied by Daniel Frost.

Sportsmen of the present day can have no conception of the abundance of game which at that time inhabited this region. Mr Blodgett says gray squirrels were then more abundant than birds are at the present time. Game birds were just as plentiful, while larger game was sometimes seen.

Catamounts were occasionally killed, and a few bears. Deer were rarely seen. The country was alive with wild turkeys. They were killed in great numbers by the settlers. Occasionally a nest would be found and the eggs taken home by the finder to be placed under a setting hen.

Mr Blodgett lacks words to express the abundance of fish in the streams, especially trout. A trout brook runs through the fields back of the house, which is at present known as one of the best brooks in the vicinity. When a boy Mr Blodgett has many times fished it, usually catching in a few minutes a sufficient quantity for a meal for the family.

There was no market for farm produce within reach of the settlers, and they lived principally upon what they raised. In the spring they usually went to Springfield with calves, veal often bringing three cents a pound. While there they never failed to go "shading" in the Connecticut river. These expeditions were made as regularly as the seasons came.

This country was not a good one for wheat, and bread was almost entirely made from corn and rye meal. The first time he ever heard of wheat flour was one day when two children came to school and stated, with a great deal of pride, that their father had purchased a barrel of York flour.

He says there is occasionally a piece of "common land" found that he believes he could hold under his grandfather's land grant. The old document, signed by King George, was in his possession for many years, but has been mislaid or lost.

Mr Blodgett's farm is now managed by his son, with whom he lives. His wife died six years ago. They had four children, two of whom are dead. The survivors are Asa, with whom he lives, and a daughter, Lucy, living in Waterbury, Conn.

Mr Blodgett has always been a democrat, his first presidential vote being for Jackson. For several years, however, he has not voted, as it is several miles from his home to the polling place in Brimfield, and he is not enough interested to make the journey.

Besides, the Robin Tastes Better Broiled.

There is such a thing as too much cheerfulness. Take the canary; he sings all the year round, whatever the weather, and however small his cage. I prefer the sincerity of the robin; when he sings, you can be sure it is springtime. He is not making the best of winter.—(Truth.)

As a Matter of Fact, the Devil Does.

"Do you advertise?" asked the reporter.

"No," responded the devil, meditatively, "I don't; but a fellow's got to have a mighty good thing to be able to get along without it."—(Truth.)

TRAINING HIS NEW OFFICE BOY.



"Why didn't you come when I rang?"
"Because I didn't hear the bell."
"Well, when you don't hear the bell
you must come and tell me so."
"Yes, sir."

Looking on the Bright Side.

The palsied old man sat by the fire, his head shaking from side to side in the manner peculiar to his complaint.

"It must be awful to be afflicted that way," said the sympathetic young person.

"O," chirped the old gentleman, "I find it right handy in the summer when I want to look at a two-ring circus."—Indianapolis Journal.

Which Was the Greater Risk?

"My dear," said Mrs Darley, "could you leave me about \$25, this morning?"

"My 'sweetness,'" replied Darley, "a bank cashier has just died from the effect of handling paper money, and I'm afraid to expose you to the danger. Can you wait until I can procure gold for you?"—(Harper's Bazar.)

The Bald Truth.

Mrs Styles—I gave my husband a beautiful silver comb for his Christmas.

Mrs Dresser—And is he careful of it?

"Is he. Why, he says nothing could induce him to part with it!"—(Yonkers Statesman.)

Good Advice, Anyway.

"Pa, who was Shylock?"
Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror)—Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school every week and don't know who Shylock was? Go and read your Bible, sir.—(Twinkles.)

THIS SWEET LITTLE WOMAN OF MINE.

(F. L. Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.)
She ain't any bit of an angel—

This sweet little woman o' mine;
She's jest plain woman,
An' purty much human—

This sweet little woman o' mine.

For what would I do with an angel

When I looked for the firelight's shine?

When six little sinners

Air wantin' their dinners?

No! Give me this woman o' mine!

I've hearn lots o' women called "angels,"

An' lots o' 'em thought it wuz fine;

But give 'em the feathers,

An' me, in all weathers,

This sweet little woman o' mine.

I jest ain't got nuthin' agin 'em—

These angels—they're good in their line;

But they're sorter above me!

Thank God that she'll love me—

This dear little woman o' mine.

PEOPLES TALK ABOUT.

HEIR TO THE EX PRESIDENT.

Little Girl Cherub Weighing 8 3-4 Pounds, Born to Mr and Mrs Benj Harrison.



MRS BENJAMIN HARRISON.

INDIANAPOLIS. Feb 21.—The expected advent of an heir at the residence of ex Pres Harrison was realized at 5.30 this morning, when Mrs Harrison presented her distinguished husband with a daughter, a plump little cherub weighing 8 1/4 pounds.

The event had been expected for several days and some of the intimate friends of the mother had begun to express uneasiness over the delay, but she remained cheerful and did not seem to participate in the feelings that were engendered on her account.

At midnight last night the family physician, Dr Henry Jamison, was summoned to the residence, and five hours later he had the pleasure of placing the new-born infant in the arms of the father, and answering the look of solicitude upon his face with the assurance that the mother was in no danger.

Though the ordeal was somewhat protracted, the robust health of the mother and a naturally strong constitution tended to mitigate the suffering, and tonight she is reasonably free from nervous exhaustion. Besides the family physician, Mrs Parker, sister of Mrs Harrison, and a nurse were in attendance upon the mother.

When the announcement was made to the ex president that the infant was a girl, it was thought a shadow of dis-

appointment passed over his face, but if it was it passed away as quickly as it came, and he appeared to take as much pleasure in the new addition to his household as his anxiety for the welfare of his wife would allow.

When assured of her safety he expressed a desire to see the child again, and it was shown to him by the nurse. He gazed upon it long and earnestly, and seemed to take great interest in contemplating its well formed features.

Notwithstanding the rain this morning, a number of the intimate friends of the family called to offer their congratulations on the event, and to a few of the lady callers the infant was shown with great pleasure by the nurse in attendance.

It is said that the wardrobe prepared in anticipation of the advent is the handsomest that was ever made for a similar event in this city, consisting of gowns of the finest fabrics, handsomely trimmed with French lace, and nearly or quite all of the work was done by Mrs Harrison's hands. The cloaks are of the finest cashmere, handsomely embroidered, and the long dresses are made from the daintiest patterns that could be found in New York, where the goods were purchased, when Mr and Mrs Harrison returned from their summer sojourn in the Adirondacks.

BALLAD OF NELLIE HANKS.

(Will Dillman in Minneapolis Times.)
Daylight when I got to town; roused the doctor out;

Told him Nellie Hanks was worse; wanted he should go;

Watched my smokin' horses snort clouds of steam about,

After seven miles of ice, seven miles of snow.

Seen an engine with a car sixin' creakin' past,
An' a brakeman froze to death, warin', signalin'.

Got the doctor bundled up on the seat at last;
Pulled the lines up tight, and whang! off we went agin.

Past the stores an' Op'ree House, past a church an' school;

'Crost the river where the black steamin' water howed;

Sun most risin' in the east, mornin' sharp an' cool—

Past the court house an' the jail, struck the county road.

Horses wild to go ahead, an I let 'em scoot;
Struck a swift and stiddy trot, tried to hold 'em so;

'Crost the bridges an' the pikes, ruts an' holes to boot—

Seven miles of icy road, seven miles of snow.

But I knew my jumper'd stood more 'un that before;

Horses flingin' cannon balls past the doctor's ear;

How we flopped and banged about; how we ripped an' tore;

How the doctor clung to me like a droundin' steer.

"Man," said he, "for heaven's sake, all my teeth are jes'

Droppin' out; an' all my tools will be lost; an' where

Will my cussed bottles be?" "Can't help that," I says,

"Nellie Hanks is sick, an' I'll try an' get you there."

Down the hills an' crost the flats, on through Jones' Gap;

Neighbors rushin' out the doors, wild to see us go.

Lost a blanket an' a quilt; doctor lost his cap—
Seven miles of ice an' rats, seven miles of snow.

Up through Hanks' trees we rushed, plungin'
'crost the banks,

'Round the haystack an' the barn, knocking down a cow;

Landed at the kitchen door. "My," says Missis Hanks,

"Sorry that you've burried so; Nellie's better

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

(Ernest McGaffey in Truth.)
My grandmas wore no corset-steel,
But gave their figures nature's scope;
For tolling at the spinning wheel
And carding wool and stirring soap.

Made them deep-chested as the men,
And vigorous, and noble-browed,
And strong as any modern ten,
With health and beauty well endowed.

And well they played a trying part:
Reared buxom daughters, stalwart sons;
Could drive, at need, the two-wheeled cart,
Handle an ax, or use the guns.

They trembled not in winter time
When through the frosty forest bare
Came echoing o'er the steely rime
Weird wolf-hows from the darkness there.

And they were taught to sew and spin,
To card, to weave, to knit and cook,
And, for their reading, dabbled in
The Bible and the spelling-book.

So, too, they gossiped less or more,
And sought advice for gossip's sake,
As in those palmy days of yore
When Eve consulted with the snake.

And now, within these latter days,
We find them when the dust we wipe
That, reverently veiling, says
Thick on some old daguerreotype.

MR SMILER HASN'T ANSWERED
YET.



Johnny—Mr Smiler, there's just one more question I should like to ask yer."

Mr Smiler (who has been pestered all the morning)—Well, go on! This must really be the last!

Johnny—if a lodging-house hen lays eight thousand shop eggs a week on an average, how many could she lay supposing she hadn't got an average to lay them on?—(Comic Cuts.)

O. K.

Tho' discretion's good to have,
Courage comes in handy.
Hip, hurrah for Grover and
Yankee doodle dandy!

In re Venezuela, J.

Bull doth now abandon
His contention—owns he's got
Not a leg to stand on.

Meanwhile, Yankee doodle, dear
Yankee doodle dandy,
Is, as John admits, O. K.
In his locus standi!

M. N. B.

Love's Reputed Warmth Proved Unavailing.

"Nothing shall part us," she murmured. An hour elapsed. "Go," she said. In that brief hour she had grown cold, through the machinations of a cruelather. You see he machinated with the furnace, cutting off all the heat from the front parlor.—(Detroit Tribune.)

Comparatively Speaking.

"Do you think your daughter has good time, Grumpy?"

"If she has no better time while she is thumping that old piano than I have, you better present your bill, professor, and quit."—(Detroit Free Press.)

Otherwise She'd Bend It.

Sympathetic friend—I don't see how your husband can keep a straight face and tell you such stories as that.

Energetic wife—Well, you see, he always manages to keep beyond my reach.—(Chicago Journal.)

Making Due Allowance He Got a Dozen.

"One kiss," he said, "before I go?" The girl knew what she was about, And said to him, "The rule, you know, In kissing is, 'three times and out.'"—(Manchester Union.)

Lightning Twisted his Neck.

A boy named Burtt, living in Pittsburgh was a victim of a queer accident during Friday's storm. He was struck by a flash of lightning, and his head twisted around on his neck to one side. The muscles have stiffened, and up to last night the physicians had been unable to straighten his neck.

COUNTING THE APPLE SEEDS.

(Sacramento Union.)

Made rosy by the great log's light,
Beside the hearth one winter night
That flaming up the chimney dark,
Hit every cranny, every nook,
Upon the rug a little maid
Sat curled, in pose demure and staid.

In pensive mood, with dreamy eyes
She sits, while up the chimney flies
A thought with every fiery spark
Glimming and flashing through the dark,
'Till with a sigh profound and deep
She moves, as one moves in her sleep.

A rosy apple in her hand
A weight of thought seems to demand,
She taps it with a finger light,
Then carefully she takes a bite,
Another bite, now one, now two—
The core is thus exposed to view.

Another sigh! what can it be,
My little maid, that aileth thee?
Ah! what is this? Some incantation?
Muttered with such reiteration?
Hark! as each seed her bright eyes see,
These are the words that come to me:

"One I love, two I love,
Three I love, I say!
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away."

Here a tear rolls brightly down,
What the secret she has won?
Who can say? But just behind
Sounds a voice so soft and kind:
"Look again! Thou must indeed
Find for me another seed!"

Rosier her bright cheeks glow
In the firelight's ruddy glow,
Sure enough! a culprit seed,
Finds she in the core indeed—
"From thy lips I fain would hear
What the sixth one means, my dear."

"Six he loves," she murmured low
And the firelight's flickering glow
Two happy faces now disclose
With cheeks aglowing like the rose,
But here we'll let the curtain fall
For the end is best of all.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

(Good Housekeeping.)

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,

"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won—

"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,

"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry.
Ever as the days go by,

"Where's mother?"

PATRICK MAGUIRE.

In grief bowed down beside the clay
Of him who was our guide and friend,
We cannot fully comprehend
Or measure our great loss, today.

Nor can our city realize
The depth and summit of her loss,
Though she may sadly bear her cross,
And weep it with a thousand eyes.

Tomorrow, ah! tomorrow, when
The pall of doubt enshrouds our way,
And we no more can seek the ray,
That lit our path, we'll miss it then—

We'll miss the steadfast voice of right,
The sleepless foe of guile and wrong,
The man who led our legions long,
But never to dishonest fight.

Nor grieves our town or state alone,
Away beyond the heaving sea,
The Isle of his nativity,
Will weep her sturdy champion gone.

Religion, too, will bend above
The tomb that wraps his honored clay,
And 'mid her sighs will ever pray
His soul may rest in God's pure love.

He was an honest man and true,
A father to the orphaned poor,
Distress found comfort at his door,
And none but heaven ever knew.

Peace to thy shade! Immortal rest!
Thy friends will miss and weep thee long,
O dauntless foe of crime and wrong!
Who knew thee longest loved thee best.
Charlestown.

J. T. Gallagher.

WEARY FOR HER.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)

I'm weary

For my dearie

From the mornin' to the night;

I'm missin'

Of her kissin'

An' her footsteps fallin' light—

O, I'm weary

For my dearie

From the mornin' to the night!

I'm weary

For my dearie

When the lark flies o'er the loam,

When the meadows

Feel the shadows

An' the cows come lowin' home—

O, I'm weary

For my dearie

An' she's far away from home!

I'm weary

For my dearie

When the hearthstone flickers bright;

When the lily

Dews fall chilly

An' the hollows hold the night—

O, I'm weary

For my dearie

An' her black eyes beamin' bright!

So weary

For you, dearie—

An' you're hidin' from my sight,

An' the blossom

Seeks your bosom,

An' the snow falls ghostly white

Where you're sleepin'

An' I'm weepin'

From the mornin' to the night!

WHAT PEOPLE TALK.

Caller—Is your father at home?
Little Daughter—What is your name, please?

Caller—Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill.

Little Daughter—Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.—Washington Times.

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CELEBRATES 99TH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs Lydia Gale, Assisted by Four Generations
Of Her Descendants.



MRS LYDIA GALE OF EVERETT, 99 YEARS OLD.

With Her Daughter, Granddaughter, Great Granddaughter and Great Great Grandson.

EVERETT, Jan 6—Mrs Lydia Gale of West Everett today celebrated her 99th birthday, and helping her in the quiet celebration were her daughter, granddaughter, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren, five generations in all.

Mrs Gale lives at 9 Bellrock st, and with her lives her daughter, Mrs Sarah Wells, her granddaughter, Mrs Frederick S. Wright, her great-granddaughter, Mrs Addie Niles, and her great-great-grandchildren.

Their home is a pretty little house of modern architecture, but a short distance from the West Everett station, in a northerly direction. It is two and a half stories in height, cozily arranged and neatly furnished. All the members of the several families are home bodies, and thoroughly enjoy remaining at home. They are careful readers of the daily papers and standard books. Strange to say Mrs Gale, Mrs Wells, Mrs Wright and Mrs Niles are all widows, the first, whose 99th birthday was observed today, having become a widow 61 years ago.

Many of the friends of Mrs Gale, resident in this city and its neighborhood, as well as friends from Boston, called upon her today and extended their congratulations. Although usually enjoying the best of health, Mrs Gale this week has

been suffering from a cold, yet she received her guests with her usual cordiality and graciousness. She is yet capable of standing and moving about, and today was about the house as usual, sometimes up stairs and then again on the lower floor.

Among her guests were friends of long ago who knew her when she was a resident of Boston, and those she made when she resided in South Boston, which was but six years ago. Many letters were received from friends expressing their gratification and pleasure at her remarkably good health at such an advanced age.

Mrs Lydia Gale was born on Cape Elizabeth on Jan 6, 1798, and during the early part of the present century came to Boston. She lived in Roxbury and other sections of the city, and in 1861 removed to South Boston, where she remained until 1891. Her recollections of the city of Boston go back many years. She remembers when there was no means of conveyance from Boston proper to Roxbury unless one was fortunate enough to catch the Providence stage, which traveled daily. When that stage came along it was seldom that room could be found thereon for another passenger.

Mrs Gale remembers South Boston as it was 35 years ago. She frequently

speaks of Flagstaff Hill, now known as Thomas Park, on Dorchester Heights, and remembers the scarcity of houses in the peninsula at that time.

Although she removed to the peninsula in 1861 she was a frequent visitor there for many years previous, and she has recollections of incidents as far back as 1812.

On the death of her husband in 1835 Mrs Gale had to support her three daughters, which she started to do with great determination. She has ever been an earnest and hard worker, and to this she ascribes her good health. She was then 37 years of age. She was a good carpet layer and sewer, and was engaged in this occupation for many years. For a long time she laid carpets in the state house, and was employed to repair the flags at that place. In 1872, when Mrs Gale was 74 years of age, she used to delight to walk from South Boston to Cambridge, at which place she was employed. The walk she did not mind at all.

Mrs Gale had three daughters, two of whom died. One is now living. Mrs Sarah Wells is now about 72 years of age. For the picture sent herewith Mrs Gale was seated on one end and her daughter, Mrs Wells, on the other.

The husband of Mrs Wells was in his day a well-known barber in Boston, his place of business being on Washington st, near the Boston theater. She has two children living, Mrs Frederick S. Wright and George Wells, the latter being connected with the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn railroad.

Mrs Frederick S. Wright has four children. They are Addie, now Mrs Niles; Fred Wright, Thomas Wright and Fannie Wright. The two boys work and the little girl goes to school. Mrs Niles has two daughters, Addie and Polly.

Mrs Wright's eldest daughter, Nellie, who became Mrs Hinds, when she died left a young son, Freddie Hinds, who sat in the front of the group picture. In the group, in addition to Mrs Gale and Mrs Wells, both of whom are seated, are Mrs Wright, who is standing on the left, and her daughter, Fannie Wright, who is by her side.

Mrs Gale herself is a wonderful woman. She has all her faculties, although her sight of recent years has been quite poor. Her hearing is very acute and she is an interesting talker. Notwithstanding that she has always been a hard worker, she has found time to read many books, and she is well informed. Up to a few days ago, when she was taken with a slight cold, Mrs Gale was able to walk about the house, up and down stairs, and had the weather been favorable could have left the house for a walk without any danger. She has been very fond of sewing and knitting, and until her eyes troubled her frequently had the needle in her hands.



Thomas E. Bram,
Declared to be the Bark Herbert Fuller
Assassin.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



Wife—How people stared at my new ball dress! I suppose they thought I'd been shopping in Paris.
Husband—More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank.

THE AIR.

(Puck.)
The air is made of oxygen
And gas and germs and things;
It lifts the little sparrows when
They only flap their wings.

The air is very, very light;
I cannot understand
Why, when I grasp some of it tight
I have an empty hand.

If with an ax I chop the air,
Or poke it with a pole,
I know I make a fissure there,
But who can see the hole?

If I should saw the air in chunks
I know I'd soon lose heart;
For I could never keep the hunks
Of sawn-up air apart.

The rain and hail fall through the air,
As likewise does the snow;
You'd think they'd punch holes everywhere;
But they do not, you know!

I often think about the air,
Because it is so queer;
It is around us everywhere,
All through the atmosphere.

What Had You Eaten for Supper, Ella?
Methought a great wind swept across the earth,
And all the tollers perished. Then I saw
Pale terror blanch the rosy face of mirth.
And careless eyes grow full of fear and awe.
The sounds of pleasure ceased; the laughing song
On folly's lip changed to an angry curse;
A nameless horror sized the idle throng
And death and ruin filled the Universe.
—(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Sun.)

Or New Year's Bills.

"Insomnia?" 'Tis but a name
Formed through the doctor's habit
Of striving mystic words to frame,
It merely means "Weish rabbit."
—(Washington Star.)

Did He Wait?

"Please, may I have a kiss?" he said,
And straightway she
Spoke sharply with averted head:
"Sit-i-r-r-r-r-tainly!"
—(Baltimore News.)

Usually Misspelled.

Man's fate is not in his control;
As he scans the stars for fame
He steps into an open hole,
And the papers print his name.
—(Chicago Record.)

At This Time of Year She Gets 'Em.

"Man wants but little here below"—
This fact's won him renown,
While woman wants a lot of things,
And wants them all marked down.
—(Chicago Record.)

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



First boy—You're afraid to fight, that's what.

Second boy—No, I ain't; but if I fight you my mother'll lick me.
"How will she find it out—eh?"
"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

Maybe the Man Wouldn't Have Minded
Edgah's Cigarette.

"Did you vote, Edgah?"

"No, dear boy. I went to the election booth, don't you know, and there was a horrid man in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe. So I came away."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Willie Was Good at Arithmetic.

"Mama," said Willie, leaning toward his mother and speaking in a loud whisper, "the preacher said a little while ago, 'one word more and I have done, and he's talked 563 words since he said it. I've been countin' 'em on him!'"—(Chicago Tribune.)

Kinked or Unkinked?

A commercial traveler tells the Washington Post that he recently saw in Mississippi a colored woman with hair 11 feet long.—(New York Tribune.)

Doesn't Need To.

As a rule you will find that the man who has troubles of his own never wears a button saying so.—(Atchison Globe.)

His Feelings Match the Sky.

It ain't changed any;
For the sky's still blue;
It's the same old country,
And the house rent's due!
—(Atlanta Constitution.)

Most of Them Are Pretty Yellow.

"Do you like colored servants?"
It depends on the color. I don't care
for green ones"—(Harper's Bazaar.)

Flag Day.

Unfurл the flags and let them wave,
And let the eagle scream,
In the land of the free and home of the brave,
Let flow—the silver stream.

Please, "Old Glory," don't float so high
We cannot read the name—
Of Bryan, who'll make Texas fly.
If he only gets the gal.

Dear Globe sisters, let us pray—
All of us, both young and old,
That the man may win election day.
Who can use silver, as well as gold.

Gold is an object so seldom seen
In this, our own, our "native land."
That gold bugs are looking to the queen,
Hoping she will sanction their demand.

Our flags would hide their stars in shame.
Their stripes would lose their beauty,
To think America could not provide a man
Who dared, and loved to do his duty.

Who asks not help from "over the sea"
To manage for us our situation,
Which means, all men shall be free,
In our glorious "Yankee nation."

The eagle would spread its wings and then
Swiftly to old England fly—
To beard the lion in his den,
And scratch out his "other eye."
Melrose.

M. H. S.

GOING TO THE DOGS.



Bathos—They say that young Rakket is going to the dogs! I am so sorry.
Cynicus—So am I. I'm very fond of dogs.—(American Field.)

THE DENTIST.

(Susie M. Best in Collier's Weekly.)
Who can make me wish to flee,
When the fatal sign I see
Pledging pain-less dentistry.

The dentist!

Who can make me quake and shake,
When he gets prepared to take
From my jaws the teeth that ache?
The dentist!

Who no sign of mercy shows,
But about his business goes,
Oblivious of his victim's woes?
The dentist!

Who with various points of steel
Probes and delves until I feel
The marrow in my bones congeal?
The dentist!

Who before my vision brings
Inquisitions and such things,
When his dental engine sings?
The dentist!

Who can put me on the rack
With each automatic whack
Of his heavy mallet's back?
The dentist!

Who can with a rubber dam
Check my speech until I am
Voiceless as a sheep-sorn lamb?
The dentist!

Who assumes I ought to smile
In a Spartan stoic style
Tho' I suffer all the while?
The dentist!

Who can laugh with ghoulish glee
As he pockets the fat fee
He demands for torturing me?
The dentist!

It Will be Different After Election.

A wholesale house in New York started a drummer on the road, giving him \$100 for traveling expenses.

A week passed, and nothing was heard from Mr. Traveler. Still another week passed, and still no word.

Finally the house wired him as follows: "Nothing from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

An immediate answer came: "Yours of this date received. Have made a draft on you for \$200. Am still with you."—(Texas Sifter.)

What is Home Without a Mother?

Mrs. Billus—Johnny, if you don't go to bed right now I won't wake you up tomorrow morning at all.

Mr. Billus (looking at her over his glasses)—What good do you think that'll do, Maria?

Mrs. Billus—It will bring him. He has made arrangements to go fishing tomorrow morning.

It did.—(Chicago Tribune.)

DIED.

In this town, 5th inst., Sarah, widow of David Bunker, aged 73 years, 11 months, 21 days.

In this town, 5th inst., John Winn, aged 84 years, 11 months, 10 days.

In this town, 6th inst., Michael Ring, aged 77 years, 11 months.

In this town, 7th inst., James Terry, aged 31 years, 3 months, 16 days.

In this town, 8th inst., Mary C., wife of Albert Easton, aged 75 years, 2 months, 7 days.

In San Francisco, 23rd ult., Henry Clay Swain, formerly of Nantucket, aged about 68 years.

In East Boston, 6th inst., suddenly, Miss Lizzie A. Cathcart, daughter of Ann, and the late Edward H. Cathcart, formerly of Nantucket, aged 50 years, 1 month.

RECLAIMED.

The door of the smoking room swung open, and the boy reeled out on to the deck. Wild eyed, with white lips, he staggered to the ship's side, and stood gazing in misery over the unbroken expanse of sea, as the great vessel plowed her way on toward the cape.

Was this night's work the crowning act of folly in a foolish life, he wondered, or was he destined to go on forever slipping from bad to worse? Why not end it all at once, over the ship's side, then and there?

A light hand touched his shoulder, and he turned to see his sister at his side.

"What's the matter, Frank?" she asked.

"Why?" he said at last. "I've been playing poker, and I've lost every half-penny of that \$100."

"What! All of it? O, Frank, when will you learn wisdom? All the money that poor father gave you to start afresh with! What will you do when you get to the cape?"

"Why should I ever get there?" he

said. "What can I do but chuck myself over the side, here, and rid you of an incubance?"

"Don't be a fool, Frank," she said. "Archie will meet us at Cape Town. We shall be married at once, and you can live with us for a little and look round. Now go and get a brandy and soda, or something, and come back to me when you're better."

The boy turned away, but she called him back to ask:

"Who were you playing with?"

"John Askew. Have you seen him? Short man, thin face, gray whiskers. Hush, here he is!"

As Frank Langworthy slunk hastily away, his sister turned to see at her side the man her brother was talking of. In his hand was a small bird cage, and he was chattering away to a bulfinch inside it.

Ethel Langworthy's first impulse was to flee from the man. At a glance she could tell what he was—gambler, adventurer, rook of the worst type. But there was a look in his eyes as he chattered to the bird that told of a kind heart hidden away somewhere under a mass of evil-doing, and, after a moment's hesitation, she approached him:

"What a sweet bird!" she said.

"Yes; he's my only pal in the world," he said.

His accent was the vilest of Johannesburg Cockney, and Ethel shuddered. Perhaps he noticed her distaste, for he added:

"Leek here, miss, take my advice, and don't be seen talking to me. You'll get disliked. I've an ugly name, and I know it; and I'd be sorry for a lady such as you to be mixed up with me."

"Your only pal in the world?" she asked, not heeding his advice. "Do you mean that? How dreadful!"

He laughed uneasily. "Well, I don't know. There's thousands of fellows would have a drink with me any day, but not a soul who likes me, except this chap here in the cage, and he's a fool. My name is known from Cape Town to Johannesburg. When the white men hear it they sneer, and the blacks swear and spit. It wouldn't do for Miss Ethel Langworthy to be seen palling up to me."

"Why?" she cried, "how do you know my name?"

"I know more than that," he said. "You're engaged to Archie Black, and you'll be married to him the day after the ship gets into port."

His manner changed suddenly. "Look here," he said, roughly. "I'm a gambler, a forger and a thief. For your own sake, don't try to be kind to me."

"But suppose I want to?"

"I shan't believe it unless you make me. You walk up and down this deck with me every day for the rest of the passage, and I'll trust you. Not before!"

The voyage lasted for a fortnight after the first meeting between the gambler and the girl. Every day, in spite of remonstrances from all the old ladies and young men on board, Ethel Langworthy took her walk with John Askew.

Table mountain was at last in sight. There was a general rush to the deck,

anxious inquiries after shrubs, bunches and language, and much display of field glasses and telescopes.

In the deserted saloon stood Ethel Langworthy and John Askew. She was leaning against a table, and the man was holding out to her the bird cage...

"Take him," he said. "Do take him. What! Take your 'only pal' Mr Askew?"

"Yes, he belongs to you. I belong to you."

"Huah!"

"I will speak!" he declared. "In an hour or so we shall be ashore, and I'll never see you again. Do you think I'm going to shut my mouth now? Not much! You've shown me what a real pal can be, and why I've never had one before. Good God, Miss Ethel, since I knew you, I've lain awake night after night wondering why the sea didn't swallow up the ship that had a fellow like me on board it. But then I remembered you were on board, too, and that was why God spared me."

"Why, Mr Askew, I've done nothing for you except be kind to you."

"Done nothing for me? Why, you've made me! Do you know what I'm going to do when I get ashore? Go right off and set to work to break up that turf business of mine; sell all I've got, and then go on to California and try and start fresh there. It's so easy to live crooked; it gets into your very blood. But I'm going to have a good try at living straight now, thanks to you. Take the bird. I'll know you can never forget me while he's with you. When he sings in the mornings to you and your husband, think a kind thought for the poor devil you've saved. There! Good-by, and—and—and—God bless you, Ethel!"

Ethel Langworthy sat till her brother came to take her ashore.

"Look here, Ethel," he said. "See what I found in my pockets just now. Who on earth could have put it there?"

He handed her a roll of bank notes.

"One thousand dollars," he said, as she looked up with eyes full of tears.—(London News).

BEFORE AND AFTER.



"When I married you," he said. "I thought you were an angel."

She looked at him coldly. "I inferred as much," she said. (There was something in her tone that told him there was trouble in store for him.) "From the very first you seemed to think I could manage with scarcely any clothes and less to eat."

Harvard Style.

Old Goalpost—You ungrateful scamp! Did I send you to college to while away your time and in the end fail to win the honors when they were right in your grasp?

Young Goalpost—Father, forgive me. I tried hard to kick the goal, but the wind was against me, and oh, heavens, the ball fell two feet short!—(Philadelphia North American).

Why Doesn't He Bring in the Plants.

There is a man who sits forlorn;
He finds it, as the seasons go,
Too late to mow the lawn at morn,
Too early still to shovel snow.

—(Washington Star).

SHE IS EXPOSED.

Continued from the First Page.

the fountain in the pool must be full before the jets are allowed to play over the figure.

In the old Bacchanalian revels, when the Romans made several "nights of it," as they usually did, the program included a bath of some kind, that is an exterior ablution in addition to the generous interior potations, but Librarian Putnam insists upon having Bacchante in a continual swash. She had many friends yesterday who objected to it, not on the ground of incongruity either.

Having the appearance of being a woman who would in these days earn the term of "a jolly good fellow," some spectators thought it a shame to drape Bacchante even in water, and such water too—unfiltered Coquettude. If they had accorded her bottled mineral water—something with a pop to it—it would not be so inconsistent.

But Bacchante stood up well under



the rivulets from Sudbury river. The water "didn't do a thing to her," but only aggravated those who thought they could see better if the streams were turned off.

But the streams were not turned off, and they will not be until the art commission makes its final decision as to whether the bronze lady shall exhibit her water-draped loveliness in the public library court yard, or be compelled to seek some place where they have less fastidious art commissioners.

This water question aroused as much discussion as any other thing connected with the public view. There were numerous men who looked like artists—that is they wore vandyke beards, red neckties, slouch hats and had coffee stains all over their trousers. These gentlemen, who ought to have been artists, for they knew Sarah Brown's pedigree, talked on the water effect.

"Do you know," said one, with the end of a briar pipe sticking out of his pocket, "I don't think that statue was made to be placed under a fountain. It does not look well there, and the

water does not drip from the figure as it would if the artist had intended it for such surroundings. Look at the river running from that big toe!"

An artistic companion coincided with the opinion that "The water obscures the figure and also prevents the appreciation of the beauties of the pose. The streams are so directed that although the face is turned toward us it is difficult to make out the features. It is too pretty a face to be hid in that fashion."

Of the figure itself the artist critics had not a word but praise.

Two tall young women, both of whom had their hair rolled over their ears not unlike that of the lady in the pool, stopped to gaze. They admired all but the face. One turned up her nose and remarked: "Her face is vixenish, but the rest is all right."

"Well, you can't have both," was the other's reply.

There was one very little man, not a connoisseur, but a practical thinker. He studied the personification of revelry and life from the tilted toe clear up to the bunch of grapes held aloft in the right hand. Then he looked for a "mark" upon which to inflict his conclusions.

"They object to this Bacchante because she got drunk, don't they?" he asked of his neighbor. He was told that his was one way of putting the case.

"Well, I don't know nothing about her, but I tell you that she didn't. Look at the way she's standing. A woman couldn't drink much wine and balance herself and the kid the way she's doing, with her best foot up in the air. She's all right, I tell you. I've seen 'em." And he walked off, having settled all objections to his mind.

A middle-aged woman comes along eyeing the statue as she walks until she reaches the point from which the infant and the features of the Bacchante are best discernible.

"I don't see much out of the way about that woman," she says slowly, with due appreciation of the importance of the issue. "But dear me," turning to her companion, "that child is awful; it's too homely for anything. The idea of any woman parading such a homely child! Its head is too big."



Following her came quite a number of women who used the only superlative in their vocabulary, "Lovely!" in effusively breaking into a rhapsody over Bacchante's watered stock-in-trade, but did think her uplifted infant "positively distressing." Some were a little dubious about the exact propriety of Bacchante's features. Her figure alone was beyond criticism, but when that "queer," en-

trancing, but somehow a little off-color smile was considered with it, there was a meaning."

Those scrupulous, hypersensitive and high-minded women could stand everything except Bacchante's smile. That ruined the chastity of the bronze outlines to their minds.

To turn from this it was a relief to listen to this frank outburst of surprise from a little bustling woman.

"Why, is that all it is?" she exclaimed. "Why, Anna, if they had only not called it Bacchante, we wouldn't have heard anybody say anything against it. They ought to have called it 'The Water Queen,' or 'Maid of the Mist,' or some catchy thing like that."

She was easily satisfied. Change the name and Bacchante will be all right.

In all of the afternoon there was no remark heard that the figure was objectionable because it is indecent, or because it was inartistic.

Naturally there were a number of opinions expressed by the students of mythology, who had a large tablespoonful of 19th century discrimination in their makeup, against the propriety of the little lithe form executing the graceful dance being admitted to the sanctity of learning. Several, including a thin man with carefully trimmed "alfalfas" and spectacles objected on the ground that "the debauchery and the licentiousness that Bacchante typifies, the dancer

that in pose and feature expresses all of the excesses of those revels, could not consistently be made a part of the decorative scheme of the Boston public library."

This man had not heard the little man explain that no lady addicted to intoxicants could assume any such pose.

From the balcony off the main staircase there was a view of the back of the figure. One critic looking down from this eminence found fault with Macmonnie's infant, as its head was too big, and, further, it "had a lot of unnecessary wrinkles in its back."

As the infant had streams of cold water running down its back, it should be pardoned for wrinkling it.

One timid little woman, every line of whose face and the hang of whose gown meant propriety of the strictest sort, didn't know at first whether she objected to the statue or not. She was deliberating over something which troubled her. She had not heard much about these votaries of Bacchus, and inquired, "Was she married?"

"Was who married?" asked her companion on the balcony.

"Why, she—Bacchante," pointing to the dark damsel on the green box.

Among the clergymen who called to look at Bacchante was Rev John S. Lindsay, rector of St Paul's, and Rev A. S. Gumbart of Roxbury. Dr Lindsay had a little joke about evident mixture of water and wine, and then remarked that he did not see anything objectionable in the statue.

"Any one who has seen the leading works of art abroad," said Dr Lindsay, "I do not think would criticise the Bacchante, and I think it is a very graceful figure."

The Bacchante will be kept on exhibition in the courtyard, where the trustees propose to locate it if accepted, for several days, or until the art commission makes its decision. The fact that it had been placed there for the public to see seemed to convince most of the visitors yesterday that the statue was there to stay.

A REVERSED PROVERB.

"Be good and you will be happy" is a proverb that when understood means, simply by changing the wording, "Be happy and you will be good."

The child laughs out in her gladness, No burden of care does she know, God knew that the child must be happy In order to prosper and grow.

Health, we say, is the greatest of blessings, More precious than beauty or wealth, And the doctors unite in declaring That happiness brings us good health.

So let us learn to be happy, Nor yield to a sorrowful mood, And let us remember the proverb: "Be happy and you will be good." Annie E. Smiley, Milford, Mass.

ZIZZAGGED.

Lightning's Trip About a Maine Tenement.

Mother Shocked Who Watched by Her Dead Child.

Damage Done Within a Few Inches of the Corpse.

(Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.)
Sanford, Me., Aug. 29.—The lightning has been coming very close to Sanford during the past few weeks. After every thunder storm, therefore, come reports of damages done by the action of the electric fluid. But it is not often that it selects as its mark the house of death, as happened this morning. There was more or less rain during the night, accompanied by an occasional flash of lightning, but at about 7 A. M. the storm became more continuous.

In fact the town clock had scarcely ceased ringing the hour when a vivid flash of lightning was instantly followed by a deafening crash, and everybody in the entire township knew that something extraordinary had happened.

On Spruce Street there stands a four-story tenement block, the property of Moulton Brothers, and this was nearly torn in two. The bolt of lightning first struck the chimney of the tenement occupied by a French family named Gilbeau.

The chimney was knocked off the roof. Then the electric fluid tore off a few shingles and entered the attic, making a hole nearly two feet square and tearing out sections of the rafters. In the attic there was a sheet iron stove, which was partially demolished. Next it found its way into the chamber below, where it tore the plaster from both walls and ceiling, covering the bed with a miscellaneous mass of rubbish. Under the bed a cat was sleeping, and she lost all her alleged nine lives at once. Two windows in this room were wrecked, while the studding was torn to shreds.

Then the bolt passed to the kitchen, on the ground floor. In this room Mrs. Armstrong sat by the cradle of her dead child, which had breathed its last only three hours before. On her lap she held another infant. The cradle had been placed between the two kitchen windows. As the fluid came down the wall it ripped off the plastering, pieces of the studding and laths, throwing them promiscuously about the room, and even tearing them away from directly behind the cradle, and in fact from within two or three inches of it, yet made not the slightest mark on the body of the dead infant. The mother received a severe shock, from which she did not fully recover for the space of several hours.

Mary Gilbeault sat at the breakfast table. She was stunned, and 10-year-old Georgiana Gilbeault, who also sat at the table and within four feet of the cradle, was struck on the shoulder and again on the wrist, the flesh being bruised so that the blood spurted forth. The bolt next entered the cellar, passing through the cellar of the next tenement and into the last tenement in the block up the stairway to the cellar door, rending the fastening and splitting a panel in the door, then back down into the cellar again and along the cellar wall, out through which it passed, throwing the dirt high in the air and covering a line full of white clothes with mud. Then it ripped the top board off a sink drain and disappeared.

THE PRAYER OF COELEBS.

(London World.)
Another gone! Alas, one more
Deluded by a woman's trick!
Another stalwart bachelor
To figure as a Benedick!
"A marriage," see, "has been arranged
Between Miss Blanche and"—yes, and Harry!
My well beloved friend you must have changed—
You, of all men alive, to marry!

At Cambridge, on debating nights,
Brown and yourself shone in the lists
As valiant foes of "Woman's Rights."
A pair of starch misogynists;
How valueless your speeches prove!
Brown, too, I understand, is fatid
To make, like you, the deadly move
Which loses all, by which you're mated.

But though I mourn for you, my friend,
My fears are not for you alone;
This fall of yours, does it portend
A like disaster of my own?
Is love a brief insanity?
Which seizes all of us? Shall no men
Escape its ravages? Shall I
Become a lover? Absit omen!

O, Maud, or Muriel, or Kate!
Your name from force of circumstance,
I cannot definitely state;
Let me entreat you in divine,
O, unknown maid whom I shall woo!
Let me put forward my petition
Before you have reduced me to
A semi-imbecile condition!

When, on some fragrant summer eve,
I vow that you are quite divine,
And ask you simply to believe
There never was such love as mine,
Despite such platitudes as those.
From my demented self protect me,
And, if I finally propose,
Be kind, be generous, and reject me!

E. F. P.

THE TWO LIVES.
Two babes were born in the selfsame town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very selfsame way;
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the selfsame town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curly brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair;
The children both grew up grace
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw, through the curtains part,
The world where her sister moved;
And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the selfsame town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone
On her pallet all thin and bare;
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus who died for the rich and poor,
In wondrous, holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms
And carried them above,
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

WHICH IS QUITE AS WELL.



Magistrate—You are charged with stealing Col Juniper's chickens. Have you any witnesses?
Jaded James— I have not. I don't never steal chickens before witnesses!

What Hospital is He in Now?

Robert (holding up a long hair)—How's this, old boy? How do you account for that?

Richard—O, that's all right. One of my wife's.

Robert—Sorry I spoke, Dick; found it on Charley's shoulder, you know.—(Transcript.)

Said it Plain for Once.

Talkative passenger (to ticket-chopper on the platform of the Grand St station of the 6th av 'L' road)—This is a pretty cold place.

Ticket-Chopper—Yes, but the next station above is Bleecker.—(New York Evening World.)

Revised to Fit the Times.

"Pretty soon, I suppose," murmured the ex cowboy, "we'll even have to change our proverbs."

"Which one, for instance?"

"We'll have to say that one should not look a gift bicycle in the spokes."—(Odds and Ends.)

If She Should, They Wouldn't Dare To.

Queen Victoria has 60 pianos in her various homes, but as long as she doesn't play the "Maiden's Prayer" on them at midnight, the neighbors will not be justified in finding fault.—(Somerville Journal.)

Sweet Innocence!

He—Twenty-five dollars for a hat! It is perfectly ridiculous!

She—I know it is, but you said that was all you could afford.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Eventually She Will Believe It.

If you tell a woman she is beautiful, whisper it softly, for if the devil hears it he will echo it many times.—(During.)

IN THE WIND.



Muriel—Where does the dust come from, auntie?
Auntie—They say from the stars, my dear.
Muriel—Well, I wish the stupid stars wouldn't go shaking their dusters out right over us.

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